THAT GOLD CANNOT BUY.

By MRS. ALHXANDER,

author of "The Wooing O't," "Her Dearest Foe," "What Shall it Be?" etc.

COMPLETE.

AUGUST, 1890

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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1	No. 232.—"Douglas Duane." By Edgar Fawcett. No. 231.—"Kenyon's Wife." By Lucy C. Lillie. No. 230.—"A. SelfMade Man." By M. G.
ı	No. 231.—"Kenyon's Wife." By Lucy C. Lillie
1	No 280,-"A Self-Made Man." By M. G.
1	McClelland.
1	No. 229"Sinfire." By Julian Hawthorne.
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١	No. 237"Brueton's Bayou." By John Hab-

WHAT GOLD CANNOT BUY.

BY

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PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,

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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1890.

WHAT GOLD CANNOT BUY.

CHAPTER I.

IT was quite the end of the season, some twelve or thirteen years ago, and for some months the British public had breakfasted, dined, and supped full of the most abundant crop of horrors ever supplied to its readers by the busy pens of an industrious press. The session had been enlivened by animated debates on the part England ought or ought not to take in the war then devastating eastern Europe, and bitter personal abuse levelled at each other by contending orators. Now, politicians were counting the days till prorogation should set them free to use their tongues still more unscrupulously at county meetings and local dinners.

In the town residence of a wealthy widow, the Honorable Mrs. Saville, Stafford Square, Belgravia, a note of preparation had sounded. The housekeeper had remarked to the butler that they had not too much time to get things ready before going down to the country.

Indeed, Mrs. Saville had stayed unusually long in town, and, at the moment chosen to open this story, was sitting at the writing-table in her private room, a richly-furnished and luxurious apartment with yellow brocade curtains and stained-glass windows. She was a small, slight woman, with regular, delicate features, quick, dark eyes, and hair nearly white, combed back in the style that used to be called a *l'Impératrice*, and surmounted by a tiny cap of exquisite lace with a tuft of scarlet velvet ribbon. The small thin hand which held her pen was loaded with rings that flashed and glittered even in the subdued sunshine, while the other gently caressed the head of a small, silky, pearl-colored dog which lay on a chair beside her.

She was speaking with a fair, large lady about her own age, who occupied an arm-chair at the other side of the table, and who was

rather gorgeously attired in out-door dress.

"I am sure I interrupt you. You are always so busy," said the latter, with a comfortable smile, but showing no inclination to move.

"I do not mind being interrupted this morning," returned Mrs. Saville, not too graciously: "my eyes are very tiresome. They smart so when I read or write for any time. I really must get an amanuensis."

"Is it possible? I should never suspect your eyes of being weak. They seem strong enough and sharp enough to see through anything."

"Thank you: they have served my purpose well enough."

"When do you leave town?"

"I am not quite sure. I do not care to go until Hugh returns. He ought to be here now. This scare about trouble with Russia may bring him his appointment to a ship any day, and he ought to be on the spot. He has been ashore now for nearly a year."

"I wonder he chose the navy," said the visitor. "I should think

the army must be much the most agreeable profession."

"My dear Lady Olivia! who can account for a young man's vagaries? My son is positively enthusiastic about his profession. He is very scientific, you know, and will, I have no doubt, rise to great eminence."

"Oh, I dare say he is very clever, but he is not a bit like other

young men. I confess I do not understand him."

"No," returned Mrs. Saville, with much composure, "I don't sup-

pose you do."

"Not clever enough myself, eh?" said Lady Olivia, with a goodhumored smile. "Where is this bright particular star of yours just now?"

"When he last wrote he was still at Nice. He has stayed on there too long, I think. I trust and hope he does not visit Monte Carlo too often: I am not much obliged to Lord Everton for introducing Hugh

to his gambling friends there."

"I don't fancy poor Everton's friends are generally what would be considered eligible acquaintances for the young and inexperienced, especially when they have pretty daughters who sing like angels—or prima donnas," she added, with a comfortable laugh.

"Pooh!" cried Mrs. Saville, with a flash of anger in her keen black

eyes, "Hugh is quite indifferent to all that nonsense."

"Is he? What an unnatural monster!" said Lady Olivia, rising.
"I wish I could say the same of my George! However, he has taken

to admire married women lately, -which is a great relief."

Mrs. Saville also stood up, and rang the bell. "Where is Everton just now? I want him so much to write to his cousin Captain Brydges on Hugh's behalf. I don't understand how it was he did not do so before on his own account."

"Oh, nobody knows where Everton is to be found. He is coming

to us in September. We go down to Herondyke on the 20th."

"Lady Olivia Lumley's carriage," said Mrs. Saville to the man who answered the bell.

"Good-morning, then, dear Elizabeth. Don't try your eyes too much. Shall we meet you at the Montgomerys' to-night?"

"No; I am really sick of society."

"My dear, you must be seriously ill!" cried Lady Olivia, with another good-humored but rather silly laugh, and the sisters-in-law

(which was their relationship) shook hands, and parted.

Mrs. Saville picked up her little dog and took a turn up and down the room with it under her left arm, a look of extreme annoyance quivering in her eyes. "What a fool that woman is!" she murmured to herself; "not even a well-bred fool! and to look at her, who would imagine she was the daughter of one earl, the sister of another? yet there she is, started by the mere accident of birth in a position which cost me all my fortune, my aristocratic marriage, my brains, to achieve. Still, I do not complain: had these class distinctions not existed, there would have been nothing to strive for, nothing to attain. Still, Lady Olivia is a fool! you are a wiseacre to her, my precious Prince," she continued, patting the dog's head; "you are a natural aristocrat; so is Hugh, though he has some abominably radical ideas."

Here the footman opened the door, and said, deferentially, "If you

please, 'm, Mr. Rawson would like to see you."

"Yes, certainly. Show him up."

In a few minutes the door again opened, to admit a gentleman, a short, stout, well-dressed man, slightly breathless, and apparently well braced up in his admirably-fitting clothes. His hair and complexion were of that neutral tint which is termed "pepper and salt," his eyes light gray and twinkling with a perception of the ridiculous, and his air, though it was politely respectful, showed a certain assured familiarity indicative of a confidential position.

"Well, Mr. Rawson," said Mrs. Saville, resuming her seat and placing her small favorite on the chair beside her, "what has brought

you here to-day?"

Her tone was considerably more amiable than it had been to her

previous visitor.

"What will, I hope, give you satisfaction. I fancy we will succeed in getting that piece of the Everton property you have been so anxious to purchase, for your price, and it will be a decided bargain. I am to see the vendor's solicitor finally on Thursday, when I fancy he will

come in to our terms."

"I am very pleased, Mr. Rawson, very pleased indeed. I must say, you always manage my business most satisfactorily. But you say several farms on the property are unlet. Now, I want my money to bring me in a decent percentage. What do you propose doing with the land?" Whereupon solicitor and client plunged into an animated discussion, in which Mrs. Saville proved herself to be a shrewd woman of business.

"Well, Mr. Rawson," she said, after a short pause, "respecting a smaller matter, yet not an unimportant one. Have you made any

inquiries about an amanuensis or companion for me?"

"I hardly thought you were serious in the wish you expressed—"
"I am, exceedingly serious," she interrupted. "My maid who has just left me was really a very superior person, and could read aloud very well; now I have a totally different woman. I must have some one who is fairly educated, who can write, and keep accounts, and read

French,—I like French novels; she must be fit to associate with, yet ready to leave me to myself at a nod: I cannot be hampered with any one whose feelings I have to consider. She must have pleasant manners and a sweet voice, and look fit to be seen at luncheon and when she comes out with me."

"My dear madam, you have indeed set me a task! You must

give me some time to find out such a treasure."

"I cannot give you much time. You must find her as soon as you possibly can. Advertise in all the papers; heaps of young women will apply; pick out one or two, but on no account let me be worried with an indiscriminate string of candidates: I know I shall be disgusted with them. I will not ask any of my acquaintances: they always recommend the most unsuitable people and are offended if you do not take their protégées. Then they bore you with pitiful stories. No, my dear Mr. Rawson, let it be a purely business matter."

"I shall do my best. Suppose I try an advertisement in a pro-

vincial paper——"

"Do what you like; only remember I must have a presentable, well-educated, well-mannered young woman,—young, mind, who will save me trouble, not give me any."

"The labors of Hercules were a trifle to this, the quest of the Holy

Grail plain sailing," sighed Mr. Rawson.

"Oh, you will do it as cleverly as you do everything. Now, tell me, have you heard anything of my sou lately?"

"Of which, may I ask?—Mr. Saville?"

"No; of Hugh."

"Well, no, not for a week. He was at Nice, I think."

"I know that, and it makes me very uneasy. Why does he stay there? It is not the season."

"Are you afraid of Monte Carlo? I don't think you need be. Mr. Hugh Saville never was inclined to gamble."

"I am afraid of something much worse,—a designing woman."

"Indeed!" And Mr. Rawson glanced curiously at her.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Saville, stroking the little dog's head thoughtfully. "When he was abroad some time ago (in the winter, you know) he made the acquaintance of a horrid old gambling, disreputable friend of Lord Everton's. This man has a daughter, and I heard accidentally that Hugh was a great deal with her. When my son returned I warned him against such penniless adventurers. He laughed in an odd, bitter way, and said, 'Don't trouble yourself, my dear mother: Miss Hilton would not look at me.' I at once saw some deep scheme in this: don't you?"

"Well, I can't possibly say; there are so many sides to human nature,—feminine human nature especially. The young lady must be rather peculiar if she would not look at Mr. Hugh Saville. I should

say he was rather a pleasant object."

"I know you are fond of Hugh, Mr. Rawson: your regard for him strengthens the old ties that your excellent service has created."

"Humph!" said Rawson to himself, "does she think I am her footman?" "Yes," he observed, "your son was a true friend to my

poor wild lad. It's owing to him that he is what he is now, and has a

chance of a respectable life."

"I am very glad he was of use to your son," returned Mrs. Saville, with an air of infinite superiority. "But, Mr. Rawson, do you not think Hugh's answer evasive?"

"Mr. Hugh Saville is never evasive. He may have been a little

huffed with the young lady."

"Then she was on the track of some other prey," said Mrs. Saville, scornfully. "I have an admirable match for Hugh, desirable in every way: so, when I found he had wandered back to Nice and was lingering there, I felt not a little uneasy."

"Did you say the young lady's name is Hilton?" asked Rawson,

suddenly.

"Yes; her father is, or calls himself, Captain Hilton."

"Then I don't think you need distress yourself. I saw the death of a Captain Hilton about a fortnight ago in the *Times*. He died somewhere in France, but not at Nice. I noticed the name, because—oh, because I have heard Lord Everton speak of him."

"How can you tell if it be the same?" Mrs. Saville was beginning, with great animation, when the butler appeared, carrying on a salver a large envelope bearing the inscription "On Her Majesty's Service"

and addressed to Lieutenant Hugh Saville.

"This is some appointment for my son," cried Mrs. Saville. "I knew it would come in this unexpected way. Is it not maddening that he should be absent?" As she spoke, she tore the letter open and glanced at it, and, exclaiming, "Yes, as I thought!" handed it to her confidential adviser. He took it, and read as follows:

"ADMIRALTY, WHITEHALL, July 20, 187-.

"SIR,—I have the honor to inform you that you are appointed to H.M.S. Vortigern, Flag-ship of Admiral Wardlaw, on the West Indian Station.

"You will proceed by the Mail leaving Southampton on the 26th

instant for Port Royal, Jamaica.

"If H.M.S. Vortigern has left, you will report yourself to the Senior Naval Officer, from whom you will get directions where to join your ship.

"I have the honor to be, sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"ROBERT BROWN,
"Secretary to the Admiralty.

"To Lieutenant Hugh Saville, "Stafford Square, S.W."

"There, that is just the opening Hugh has wished for,—lieutenant of the flag-ship on the West Indian Station. Why, if this threatened rupture with Russia comes to anything, the West Indian squadron would most probably be ordered to the Black Sea,—nothing is more probable: then he might have a chance of distinguishing himself. I

want to see my son an admiral! How infinitely provoking that he

should be absent!"

"You must telegraph to him without a moment's loss of time," said Mr. Rawson. "If he starts to-morrow, or to-night, why, he'll be here in thirty-six or thirty-eight hours,—say Wednesday night or Thursday morning. Then he may have two days to get what he wants and catch the P. & O. boat on Saturday. Very little time need be lost. Shall I wire for you?"

"Oh, yes, please; and reply to this, too. Let them know he is

coming."

"Well, there is little danger of your son being caught now, Mrs. Saville. If Venus herself had her hand on him he must break away, when such a summons may mean fighting. Good-morning. Leave the telegraph to me, and accept my best congratulations." Mr. Rawson bowed himself out.

Mrs. Saville mechanically rose and rang the bell. Then she stood

in thought for a minute, and rang again.

This time the butler presented himself.

"Atkins," said his mistress, "I expect Mr. Hugh on Wednesday or Thursday. He will only stay to collect his luggage, and goes on to join the ship to which he has just been appointed. I want you to look out his chest and all his things. Let me know whatever you can see is wanting, and order the carriage immediately after lunch. Send Jessop to me."

"I really think I might as well go to the Montgomerys' this evening," she thought. "I feel so relieved, and even a glimpse of Hugh

en passant will be delightful."

CHAPTER II.

THE two ensuing days were full of excitement—pleasurable excite-

ment-to Mrs. Saville.

Her keen eyes shone with a hard glitter as she thought that her son was probably saved from committing some dangerous folly, and launched afresh on a career which promised honor and promotion. In truth, Mrs. Saville's hopes and ambitions were centred on her second son. Her eldest was an apathetic, well-bred, briefless barrister, of dilettante tastes, given to writing elegantly-expressed papers in the more exalted periodicals on obscure passages in Shakespeare, and latterly in Browning, on the derivation of obsolete words, and other such topics, in which ordinary mortals took not the slightest interest.

Mrs. Saville was the only child and sole heiress of an exceedingly wealthy Sheffield manufacturer. She had married (not in her teens) the accomplished, amiable, distinguished-looking younger brother of the Earl of Everton, an impecunious peer whose sole means of existence was derived from the rent of the family mansion and domains. Mrs. Saville was an extremely ambitious woman; she had a keen desire for personal distinction, and in her own mind had resolved that as her

eldest son must in the order of things succeed his uncle and become Earl of Everton, so Hugh must marry a woman of rank and fortune (whom she had already in her own mind selected for him), and thus she would be free to give the bulk of her belongings to support the title which would devolve upon her eldest son. He was a steady, irreproachable young man, but her heart, her pride, centred in her

Benjamin.

Mrs. Saville's love was a somewhat onerous obligation: she had a very tough, inexorable will, and a profound belief that she could manage every one's affairs considerably better than they could themselves,—a doctrine in which her younger son rarely agreed. His mother's greed for power was greatly developed by her early widowhood, though the deceased Honorable her husband was a peace-loving soul who rarely contradicted her. Such was the condition of things at the beginning of this narrative.

Receiving no reply to her telegram, Mrs. Saville sat up late on the following Wednesday, hoping her son might arrive, and retired to rest

weary with unfulfilled expectation.

When her maid brought her early cup of tea, the following morning, she announced that "Mr. Hugh arrived about half an hour ago,

'm, and has gone to his room."

Whereupon Mrs. Saville ordered her breakfast to be brought to her in her own apartment, that she might not delay her son's refreshment, and prepared herself leisurely to meet him in her morningroom.

She was already there to greet him when he came up-stairs.

"Well, my dear Hugh! I am glad to see you. My best congratulations. Have you read the Secretary's letter? I told Atkins to give it to you."

"Yes, he did," said Hugh, shortly; then he kissed his mother's

brow and stood looking at her with a troubled expression.

He was a fair, sunburnt man of perhaps six- or seven-and-twenty, rather above middle height, broad-shouldered, and seeming shorter than he really was. His features were good, and a pair of large hand-some brown eyes lighted up his face, which was square and strong; his hair and thick moustaches were light brown, with a reddish tinge.

"Why, Hugh, you are looking ill and worn. Have you been ill?"

"No, not in the least; never was better."

"What is the matter, then? You do not seem like yourself.

Why did you not arrive last night?"

"I came as quickly as I could: the trains at this season are inconvenient," he returned, still in an absent tone. He had a pleasant, deep-chested voice, and, though he had never given much time to its cultivation, could sing a good second.

"If you had started on Monday night after you had my telegram,

you might have been here yesterday."

"I could not, mother." And he began to pace the room in quarter-deck style.

"Why?" persisted Mrs. Saville, with vague uneasiness.

"Because I had a rather particular engagement on Tuesday morning."

"What do you mean?"

"I had arranged to be married on Tuesday morning, and I could not disappoint the parson and the consul, to say nothing of my fiancée," he returned, with a grim smile, and pausing in his walk opposite his mother.

"Married!" she repeated, growing white and grasping the arms

of her chair. "Hugh, this is a stupid vulgar jest."

"It is not, mother. I am married as fast as church and state can bind me. If I look haggard and seedy you need not wonder, for it isn't pleasant to leave your bride almost at the church door, I can tell you."

"Madman!" she hissed through her set teeth, while her keen black eyes flashed with fury. "To what adventuress have you fallen

a victim?"

"Hush," he said, with some dignity: "you must not speak disrespectfully of my wife. To-morrow or next day you will see full particulars in the *Times*."

"What!" she almost screamed, "are you in such haste to blazon

your disgrace to the world?"

"I may as well let you know at once," he continued, not heeding her interruption. "My wife was Miss Hilton, daughter of the late Captain Hilton, an old cavalryman, of good family, I believe; but that

I don't care a rap about."

"I expected this," said Mrs. Saville, in a low, concentrated tone, and rising in her wrath. "Some inner voice told me evil would come of your long, unaccountable stay in that vile place. Now leave me. Never let me set eyes upon you again. You have blasted my hopes, you have destroyed my affection for you, you cease to be my son."

"Stop!" cried Hugh, in such a tone of command that his mother obeyed. "You must and shall hear me. Pray sit down. I have a good deal to say." He resumed his walk for a moment, while he strove to collect himself. Mrs. Saville was silent, watching him with

cruel, glittering eyes.

"You have a right to be angry," Hugh began, throwing himself into a chair near his mother's. "You have been a good mother to me, and you deserve that I should have consulted you,—no, not exactly consulted, for a man has no more unquestionable right than that of choosing a wife, but that I should have told you in time of my intentions. Knowing that you would do your best to forbid or prevent the marriage, even to the length of writing cruelly to Kate, I determined to say nothing till the deed was accomplished. Now hear me. I first met the Hiltons in Naples nearly two years ago, when I was with the Mediterranean squadron. My uncle Everton was there, and I had leave now and again while we lay off Sicily. You know I never bothered about women, mother; but before I knew Kate Hilton a week, I was fathoms deep. I don't know whether other people think her beautiful or not, to me she is the best and loveliest—" Mrs. Saville made a motion of the hands expressive of disgust and repulsion,

while a contemptuous smile curled her thin lips. "There, I will not trouble you with details," continued Hugh, grimly. "She sang—well, like a prima donna, and she used to let me sing with her, but the more I showed her—well, the feelings I could not repress, the colder and more distant she grew. She drove me half mad. Then I was ashore, as you know, and went off wandering abroad, hoping to meet her, as I did. Still she kept me at arms'-length, but something told me that she wasn't as indifferent as she seemed."

"No doubt!" ejaculated Mrs. Saville.

"About six weeks ago, I went back to Nice, and found old Hilton very ill,—so bad that I could scarce get speech of Kate. They were lodging in the outskirts of the town. Then he died very suddenly at the last, and Kate, unnerved with watching and grief for the old man, who, though by no means a good father, was never actively unkind, broke down and clung to me. She was friendless, penniless, helpless. I took the command and insisted on her marrying me."

"Have you done yet?" asked his mother, harshly.

"Nearly. Have a little patience. As a woman I ask you what opinion you would have of a man who could have deserted the girl he loved with all his heart and soul in such desolation? Could I have helped her, given her money, protection, anything, save as her husband? She was not her usual proud self, or she would have seen through the thin excuses with which I veiled your silence. Now, mother, be tender, womanly,-ay, and reasonable. Make up your mind to the inevitable. Kate is my wife. See her before you condemn me, before you banish me. Give her the protection I cannot stay to give. I have left her with the kind old Frenchwoman in whose house her father died. I dared not endanger my career, my reputation, by losing an hour: so, for her sake as well as my own, I tore myself away. I don't think I ever asked you a favor: now I pray you, if you ever loved me, take my wife to your heart; let her live near you; give her a chance of winning your good opinion, vour-

A scornful laugh interrupted him. "Do you imagine I am as weak a fool as my son? such an abject weakling? No, I shall have nothing to do with you or your wife. Go; I shall not see you again. You have never asked me a favor? Have I not paid your debts?"

"Yes, at old Rawson's request, not mine, nor should I have incurred them, had my allowance been measured by the needs and habits with which I had been brought up. My God! did you ever love my father, that you are so hardened against the first love of your son's

life?"

"I had a proper affection for my husband, but I should never have forgotten myself for any man. I repeat it, you cease to be my son from this hour. You shall have the quarter's allowance now due to you, but after this not a penny more. See how you will get on with the beggarly pittance you derive from your father. To-morrow I shall see Rawson about altering my will. What wife will compensate you for a life of poverty and obscurity?"

"Poor we may be, but obscure, if I live, we shall not be," said

Hugh, rising, and looking steadily at his mother, while he spoke very calmly. "I may deserve some censure for not informing you of my plans, but this treatment I do not deserve. And yet I believe you have a heart, though so calked and coated with worldliness that its natural impulses are hopelessly deadened, your natural good sense blinded to the relative value of things. What would the wealth of a kingdom be to me, if I knew the woman I love was groping her way painfully with a bruised spirit and bleeding feet through the rugged ways of life without a hand to help her? No, mother, your son is man enough to risk everything rather than that. I will obey you and go. Good-by. God be with you. I will never see your face again, until you ask me and my wife to visit you."

"Then it is farewell forever," said Mrs. Saville, sternly. "Take my thanks for this repayment of all the care and thought and affection

I have lavished on you."

Hugh stood half a minute gazing at her, then, turning sharply, left

the room without another word.

Mrs. Saville had risen to utter her last sentence, and now walked to

the fireplace to ring sharply.

"Tell one of the men to be ready in ten minutes. I want to send a note to Mr. Rawson. It requires an answer," she said to the butler. "And, Atkins, I shall not want you any more to-day: you had better assist Mr. Hugh. He is pressed for time. I wish everything belonging to him in this house to be packed and removed by to-morrow evening at furthest."

"Yes, 'm," said the man, with a bewildered look, knowing that Mr. Hugh was the favorite with his mother, as well as with the whole

household.

"You understand me," said his mistress, sternly: "everything must be removed. And, Atkins, telegraph to Mr. Saville. I think he has returned to his chambers: he was to be away only a week. Say I want him to come here to luncheon." The man, still looking stupefied, quitted the presence of his imperious mistress, who sat down to write with a steady hand and a curious scornful smile on her lips.

Mrs. Saville's son did not come to luncheon, and Mr. Rawson's partner wrote his regrets that the head of the firm had left the office before Mrs. Saville's note had arrived, and they did not know when he would return, but that the writer would wait on Mrs. Saville at once

if she wished, and would telegraph.

So the obdurate mother's intention of destroying her will at once was for the moment frustrated. She therefore ordered the carriage, and, after paying a round of visits, took a long drive, reaching home just in time to see Atkins inspecting a pile of luggage being placed on a cab. He hustled the men who were assisting out of his lady's way, saying officiously, as he did so, "We have nearly cleared away everything, 'm. Just one or two boxes are left for to-morrow. I did not like to take them so late into a private house, and it's a goodish step to Porchester Terrace."

"Do what you like," said Mrs. Saville, coldly: "do not trouble me." And she passed through the hall, thinking, angrily, "So that

weak-minded man Rawson is giving that miserable, ungrateful dupe, my son, shelter and encouragement! I will call him to account for this."

It was a wretched evening. Mrs. Saville was to dine with a distinguished dowager, and, with Spartan courage, arrayed herself in her best and went forth to smile and utter bland nothings about her dear boy's haste to get off in good time, about his good fortune in being appointed to the flag-ship, and many more things about her mingled regret and satisfaction,—polite inventions with which she vainly hoped to throw dust in the world's shrewd eyes.

Next day detection took the wings of the morning and came flying (if anything so solid could fly) in the shape of Lady Olivia Lumley. *Times* in hand, breathless, excited, she arrived before mid-day, a mark of unauthorized familiarity.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Saville, my dear Elizabeth, have you seen what is in the *Times?* I came off at once. I could not bear that any one should break it to you but myself." And she held out the paper doubled down at the fatal announcement among the marriages.

"No, I have not," cried Mrs. Saville, savagely, snatching the paper, crushing it, and throwing it from her, "but I heard all about everything yesterday morning. I have disowned and banished my son. I will never see him again. But if you have come here to gloat over my rage and distress, you will be disappointed. I have merely cut off an offending member. He is not worth regretting. If you ever dare to mention the subject again, I shall decline to hold any communication with you or to give a reason for cutting you. The world can fill up the blanks."

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Rawson found even a warmer reception than he had anticipated awaiting him when he presented himself the following day in Stafford Square.

Bitter reproaches were showered upon him for his disloyal encouragement of an ungrateful son, a weak contemptible dupe. But Mr. Rawson defended himself bravely.

No one could do so much with Mrs. Saville as the family solicitor. First, he was a shrewd, far-seeing man, of great experience and undoubted integrity, in whose judgment she had the greatest confidence. Then, too, he was a rich man and perfectly independent, both in position and in character. So high was her opinion of him that she deigned to call periodically on his daughters, and some years before, when she was in the habit of giving a large ball every season, sent them invitations, which were generally declined. Hugh Saville had been at school with the solicitor's only son, who was also in the navy, and, when the young fellow evinced a tendency to drink, stood by him and helped him at the turning-point where, but for friendly help, he might have taken the downward road.

Mrs. Saville, though decidedly a parvenue, was too clever a woman to be a snob, though her love of power and distinction made her over-

value the effect of rank and title upon her fellow-creatures. She was quite willing that her sons should be on familiar terms with Mr. Rawson's family; they were perfectly safe in the society of his quiet, unpretending daughters; while the sincere regard entertained by Mr. Rawson for the family of his distinguished client, whose debts, difficulties, and involvements made many steps in the ladder by which his father and himself had climbed to fortune, lent something of a feudal

character to the tie existing between them.

To Mrs. Saville the greatest power on earth was money; to it she felt she owed everything; but she was no miser. She could be lavishly generous at times, especially to any one who had served or gratified her own precious self. She could throw alms, too, to the needy, as you would a bone to starving curs; but to her the poor were not exactly men or brothers. Yet, as her son said, she was not without heart, only lifelong undisputed command and unchecked prosperity had hardened it; no one could do much for her, or give her anything she had not already, and amid the splendid sunshine of her existence one small cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," cast a deep shadow against which her inner heart rebelled. She was conscious that no one loved her, except, indeed, her son Hugh. This it was that made her so hard: she did not realize that her manner, her haughty aspect, repelled such sweet free-will offerings as love and tenderness.

Hugh Saville was fond of his mother, in spite of many quarrels: he had inherited much of her pride and strength, and a certain degree of sympathy existed between them. When therefore he had, as it seemed, thrown her over for a mere clever adventuress, without a moment's hesitation, the one tender chord in her heart snapped, and a

tigerish fury raged within her.

"My dear madam," said Mr. Rawson when she paused in her reproaches, "I can quite understand your displeasure, but suffer me to suggest that I have a right to receive whom I like in my own house. I do not defend your son's imprudence; but, though you renounce him, surely you would not wish to deprive the poor young fellow of friends as well as kindred? You may be right in renouncing him, as an act of justice; to persecute him, is revenge, and to that I will be no party."

"I do not understand these nice distinctions," cried Mrs. Saville, but I think your giving shelter to—to that disobedient boy is incon-

sistent with loyalty to me."

"Not in my opinion. Your son is not the first young man who has left father and mother to cleave unto his wife. He has been singularly imprudent; still——"

"Imprudent! A dupe! a fool! an ungrateful idiot! Can't you

see the game of the adventuress all through?"

"I must say, such a construction might be put on the disastrous story. If you are right, however," continued Mr. Rawson, with an air of profound consideration, "your son is more sinned against than sinning, and our aim should be to cut the fatal knot if possible."

"Possible! Why, it is not possible. The marriage is strictly

legal."

"Nevertheless, if Mr. Hugh Saville's wife is the sort of woman you imagine,-and it may be so,-she will hardly live for a year and more away from her husband (the Vortigern will not be out of commission for fourteen months at least),—she will hardly live for all these months alone, and within reach of the crew with which her father used to associate, without getting into a scrape of some kind. I propose to have her carefully watched. If she gives us just reason for action, let her be punished and your son saved from her clutches. If she proves a good woman and true, why, you must relax something of your severity.'

"I can safely promise what you will, if she proves good and true.

How do you propose to find out?"

"The lady remains near Nice, in the same rooms occupied by her father. Mr. Saville thinks that the owner of the house is kind and respectable; his wife—well, I must call her so at present—knows little of English ways, and, besides, it is cheaper. Now, there is a man already employed in similar dirty work by an eminent firm (not mine, I beg to say), and he can quite well accept a second commission; only he must be warned not to find out what does not exist. We want facts, not condemnation."

"I want freedom for my son; but the idea is a good one, Mr. Rawson. I shall never be the same to Hugh, but I should prefer pun-

ishing the woman."

"It is but natural," remarked Rawson.

"At all events, I give you carte blanche. And remember, Mr. Rawson, I must have my will to-morrow; I am determined to destroy it. It strikes me that your coming without it to-day looks very like

playing into Hugh's hands."

"You do us both injustice. I am reluctant you should change it, but your son never mentioned the subject to me. Indeed, he is too breathlessly busy, and a good deal harassed by his-by the lady's anxiety to come out as a public singer, for which she was trained. He-

"For God's sake, no!" cried Mrs. Saville, starting from her seat. "Anything but that! Great heavens! imagine the name of Mrs. Hugh Saville in huge letters at the top of a play-bill! It would be

"Oh, she would come out as Signora somebody. I would not oppose it if I were you. But I think your son has forbidden the plan."

"Why should I take any further trouble?" said Mrs. Saville,

throwing herself back in her chair. "Let things go."
"Very well." Mr. Rawson rose to take leave. "Lord Everton arrived yesterday. He makes some short stay in town, but no doubt he will call on you."

"Then I shall not see him. I shall get away, I hope, next week: I cannot stay in town; yet I dread the country. Do not forget to

send my will this afternoon by a special messenger."

"I shall be sure to do so."

"And come the day after to-morrow to take my instructions for a new one. I don't wish to die intestate."

"My dear Mrs. Saville, what a comic idea!"

"If you knew how I felt, you would not think it an unnatural one."

"A few weeks' quiet in the country will set you up."

"The country without companionship will not be cheerful; yet I want to get away from every one. At Inglefield, however, I have my gardens."

"A delightful resource," said Rawson, absently. His attention

had begun to wander, and he hastened to make his adieux.

A conspiracy of small things, however, seemed to have been formed

against the execution of Mrs. Saville's plans.

Rawson faithfully fulfilled his promise, and sent her will, which that very night she tore up with vicious energy and burned in the empty grate of her dressing-room, but the trusty adviser was immensely engaged for the next fortnight, and when he offered the services of his partner they were invariably declined. Then, by some mistake, there had been a delay in beginning certain repairs and decorations at Inglefield (Mrs. Saville's villa in Surrey), and when she drove down to inspect them she found the smell of paint so overpowering that she at once postponed her removal for at least ten days. Finally she sent for her doctor and commanded him to prescribe for the bad feverish cold she declared she had caught, and above all to order absolute quiet. All this time her eldest son was absent. He was spending a delightful and profitable few days, which stretched into a fortnight, with a learned antiquarian who had a place in Lincolnshire, from where they enjoyed themselves examining the fine old churches to be found in that shire, taking rubbings of brasses, and spending happy mornings in deciphering half-effaced inscriptions.

These were bitter days to the proud, selfish woman, who felt that the love which had kept her heart from freezing, her nature from growing quite stony, had been snatched from her by a stranger, a mere adventuress, who most likely saw in Hugh only a useful husband, whose money and position would make life luxurious and secure. For the sake of this stranger, the son she loved so well in her own silent, exacting way had cast aside all sense of duty, all affection, all regard for her rightful authority. It was the first check she had ever received;

and to her it seemed a moral earthquake.

The feverish cold she feigned at first became really an attack of low fever, and her medical attendant grew anxious that she should have

change of air.

I'll or well, she never ceased to insist on having her new will completed and brought to her for execution. In vain Mr. Rawson begged of her to await the return of her eldest son and consult him first. Mrs.

Saville rejected the suggestion with scorn.

"Richard knows no more about business than one of his own chipped alabaster saints. He has preposterous unworldly notions. I have no respect whatever for his opinion: so just bring me my will, without further manœuvring. I know you are working for that ungrateful, worthless son of mine; but it is of no use. If you refuse to do my bidding I can find plenty who will,"

"Very true, Mrs. Saville; but I do not deny that I am reluctant to see my young friend cut off without even a shilling. Do not be in a hurry. You cannot tell what time may bring forth."

"No, Mr. Rawson, I will not wait. Death may come at any moment, and I could not rest in my grave if I thought that designing

minx was revelling in the enjoyment of my money."

"Well, then, I will do your bidding. The day after to-morrow I will send my head clerk with the will. You can get one of your own people for a second witness."

"Then I shall leave town on Thursday. Until I have signed, sealed, and delivered it into your hands, I shall not quit this house.

Can I trust it to you, Mr. Rawson?"

"My dear madam, do you take me for a felon?"

Mrs. Saville smiled,—a swift, bright smile, such as at rare—very

rare—intervals lit up her grave face.

"Well, I shall leave it in your hands." There was a short pause, and she resumed: "Among all this worry, I suppose you have not

had time to find me a lady companion?"

"Yes, I have made some inquiries, and find it is no easy matter. The fact is, I enlisted my eldest daughter in your service. She is a sensible, thoughtful young woman, and very anxious to select the right article. She was speaking to me only this morning, and was rather depressed about it. There are shoals of women seeking such an appointment, but very few that are suitable."

"One that did not suit would be worse than none."

"Exactly. Now, my daughter suggested something that might suit, if you do not mind waiting a week."

"I fear, Mr. Rawson, I shall have to wait considerably longer."

"Well, the lady I was going to mention is the niece of our rector down in Wales, my native place. He has been dead many years, but this girl lived on with his widow, who died a few months ago. She is an orphan, very slenderly provided for, and is coming to stay with my girls for a few weeks. She is a gentlewoman, and well educated. I have not seen her since she was very young, so I will take a look at her before I say any more. If I think it worth while troubling you, she might call, and you could form your own judgment, or take her on trial for a couple of months."

"Thank you, Mr. Rawson. I am very much obliged. I should like to see her; for I cannot have a fright or a dowdy before my eyes

every day. When do you expect this girl?" "I am not quite sure. Soon, certainly."

"I should like to see her before I leave."

"I will ask my daughter to write this evening and ask her to come

a little sooner."

"Yes, pray do. If she is at all reasonable and intelligent, she may be of great use to me. Imagine, Mr. Rawson, Lady Olivia proposing to give me her 'dear Sophia' for six months, to be my daughter and to cheer me up! Why, the girl is as great an idiot as her mother!"
"Indeed! The offer was well meant."

"I hate well-meaning people."

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Mr. Rawson laughed. "I suppose I may tell you I had a few lines from Mr. Hugh—" he began, when he was swiftly silenced by an imperative, "No, you may not. I will not allow that name to be mentioned before me, unless, indeed, we can succeed in breaking this unfortunate marriage."

Mr. Rawson, looking very grave, bent his head.

"By the way, what is the name of the lady you mentioned?"

"Oh! Miss Desmond."

"Desmond does not sound Welsh."

"She is Irish on one side."

"Hum! I do not like Irish people."

"She is only half-Irish."

"I could not have her reading aloud with that horrible accent."
"Well, is it worth while taking the trouble of seeing her?"

"Yes, I will see her," said Mrs. Saville, with decision. "I can

tell at a glance whether she will do or not."

"Then I shall wish you a very good morning, and my daughter will let you know when Miss Desmond can wait upon you."

Mrs. Saville thanked him again, and bade him a gracious good-by.

CHAPTER IV.

THE vindictive pleasure of signing her will, and receiving a stiff acknowledgment from Mr. Rawson of its safe receipt, occupied Mrs. Saville for a few days, before the expiration of which she received a few polite lines from Miss Rawson saying that, if quite convenient, her young friend Miss Desmond would call on Mrs. Saville between one

and two on the following day.

"I am sure I hope she will do, and not be too silly," thought the imperious little woman, as she penned a brief acceptance of the appointment. "The generality of women are wonderfully foolish and narrow; though men are idiotic enough too, occasionally. A whole day of Richard's company is almost more than I can stand; yet he is always respectable, and would never commit the culpable folly his——there, I will not think any more of that."

The morrow came bright and warm, as befitted the last days of summer; and Mrs. Saville established herself in the smaller of her two drawing-rooms, a beautiful and gorgeously-furnished room, full of buhl and marble-inlaid tables, luxurious chairs and sofas, old-china statuettes, flowers, and all the etceteras which wealth can give. It opened on a small conservatory in which a fountain played, and was

cooler than her boudoir.

She was half reclining among the cushions of a lounge, with her precious little dog beside her, and trying to give her attention to the Times, when the door was opened and "Captain Lumley" was an-

nounced.

"Why, where did you come from?" she exclaimed, not too cordially, and holding out her small be-ringed hand to a tall, slight, well-set-up young man, with light hair and moustaches, laughing eyes, and a

certain resemblance to Hugh Saville, though of a slighter, weaker

type.

"From Herondyke, my dear aunt," he returned, drawing a chair beside her. "I have just a day or two in town, and I thought I'd try if you were still here. Deucedly hot, ain't it?"

"Yes, pleasantly hot. Are you on your way to Hounslow?"

"Yes, just like my luck! they give me my leave when there's not a thing to do. And that young beggar Mignolles, my sub, gets it next week, and will come in for the 12th."

"What a misfortune!" said Mrs. Saville, sardonically. "I sup-

pose you are all as usual?"

"Yes. Uncle Everton is at Herondyke just now, and in great force. He is the most amusing old boy I ever met. Are you better, Aunt Saville? My uncle said he called here on his way through, and you were not well enough to see him."

"I was not well; and I certainly should not get out of my bed to

see Lord Everton."

"Wouldn't you? Well, I—— Oh—ah—yes, to be sure," said the young man, hesitatingly, as he suddenly remembered his aunt's reason for wrath against the offending peer.

"I am glad to see you looking so much better, at all events," he

went on. "When do you go down to Inglefield?"

"On Saturday."

"I can often ride over and see you," continued Lumley, with a fascinating smile. He had a nice voice and a pleasant caressing manner: indeed, he was considered a very irresistible young man by the women, and "not a bad fellow" by the men.

"You are very good," frigidly.

"I suppose there is hardly a soul left in town. Just called at the Montgomerys', and found the house shut up: so I came on here to

have a chat and a bit of luncheon."

"My dear George, I don't mean to give you any luncheon. A lady is coming here; she ought to be here now. I am going to test her qualifications for the onerous office of companion and 'souffre-douleur' to myself, and I can't have you here talking nonsense."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the young man, "this is quite a new

idea !"

"Then of course it is strange to you."

"Won't she be a bore?"

"Do you think I shall allow myself to be bored?"

"Well, no, Aunt Saville," said Lumley, with a bright smile, "I don't think you will."

Here the door was again thrown open, and the butler announced,

with much dignity, "Miss Desmond."

"There, you may go," said Mrs. Saville, impatiently.

"Very well," said the young man, good-humoredly. "I will call again before I leave town. My mother sent you her best love."

"I am very much obliged. If you want a dinner, come back here

at seven-thirty."

"A thousand thanks, I am already engaged. Au revoir!" He

shook hands and retreated, pausing at the door to let a lady pass,—a tall, slender young woman, in a simple black dress, as straight as it could be at that period of flounces, furbelows, draperies, and sashes. The new-comer was young, yet youthfully mature; she wore a quiet, becoming bonnet, and was rather pale,—warmly, healthfully pale,—with wavy nut-brown hair, a pair of dark gray or blue eyes, deepened by nearly black brows and lashes, a sweet pathetic mouth and red dewy lips; she moved with easy undulating grace suggestive of long, well-formed limbs.

"A deuced fine girl," was the young dragoon's mental commentary, as he stood aside to let her pass, and, with a slight bow, dis-

appeared from the room.

"Miss Desmond," repeated Mrs. Saville, "come and sit here beside me." She looked piercingly at her visitor as she made a slight courtesy and handed her a note before taking a seat, saying, in a soft, clear, refined voice, "Mr. Rawson was so good as to give me a few introductory lines."

"Quite right. A lawyer's instinctive precaution," returned Mrs.

Saville, opening it and glancing at the contents.

"I suppose you know the usual sort of service expected from a companion?—reading aloud, writing letters, doing the agreeable when there is no one else to talk, and, above all, understanding when to be silent. It can't be the most delightful kind of life; but you will have a comfortable home if you stay."

Miss Desmond had colored faintly while she listened, and now smiled, a pleasant smile, though her lips quivered as if she were a

little nervous.

"When you want to earn your bread, you do not expect to be housed and paid merely to amuse yourself. I think I know what my

duties would be."

"Add to this knowledge that I am a very exacting person, without a tinge of sentiment. I have no notion of treating any one who does me certain service for certain remuneration as a daughter. That is all nonsense."

"I think it is," said Miss Desmond, calmly.

Mrs. Saville looked at her sharply, and met a pair of very steadfast eyes in which something like a smile lurked. "How old are you?" she asked, abruptly.

"I shall be two-and-twenty in September next."

"Hum! you look at once more and less than that. Can you read aloud?"

"Yes. Whether I can read well is for you to judge."

"Can you play or sing?"
"I can play a little---"

"I know what that means. Now, suppose you read me this speech of Lord Hartington's," handing her the paper. Miss Desmond took it, and immediately began. After about ten minutes Mrs. Saville said, not unkindly, "That will do. You read fairly well. You do not pronounce some names properly."

"For names there is no rule, and sometimes opinions respecting

them differ. I shall, of course, pronounce them in the way you prefer."

Mrs. Saville was silent for a moment. "If you are inclined to

try a couple of months with me, I am willing to try you."

"That is best. Trial only can prove if we suit each other."

"Have you settled about terms with Mr. Rawson?"

"Yes; they are most satisfactory."

"Very well. I shall go to the country in a day or two, and then I hope you will join me. You have been on the Continent, I believe; then you can read French?"

"Yes, fairly well."

"There is the bell. Pray join me at luncheon."

"Thank you, I shall be very happy."

"Takes things coolly," thought Mrs. Saville; "knows her own value, probably. So much the better. I could not stand a gushing

girl."

At luncheon the hostess started various topics in an easy unstudied way, and found that her young guest, though far from talkative, was quite equal to discussing them intelligently. As soon as they rose from the table, Miss Desmond took leave of her new lady patroness, promising to obey her summons whenever it came.

"Really," thought Mrs. Saville, as she dressed for an afternoon airing, "I believe that girl may do. If she does not, why, it is no great matter. She certainly has the air and manner of a gentlewoman."

Mrs. Saville, however, was far too much preoccupied by her bitter reflections and vengeful projects to bestow many thoughts upon the new member of her household. But Miss Desmond received the expected summons in due course, and journeyed punctually by the appointed train towards her new home.

Inglefield, Mrs. Saville's place, was scarcely an hour from Waterloo Bridge. It had, nevertheless, an air of seclusion not to be found at double the distance in other directions, the South-Western Line, for some occult reason, never having found favor in the eyes of the smaller fry of city men. The picturesque country round Egham is comparatively free from the eruption of villa residences which crowd other localities.

Mrs. Saville, who felt the quiet of her country home rather oppressive, began to wish for some one to break the painful monotony of her thoughts,—some one whose face and voice were quite unconnected with the past,—"the past," to her, meaning the ever-present image of her offending son. She had a certain sense of relief in the prospect of companionship, for in truth she was, and always had been, a very lonely woman. When, therefore, shortly before dinner, Miss Desmond arrived, she was received with comparative cordiality.

"I told them to send down the omnibus, as it would be more convenient for your luggage," said Mrs. Saville, after they had exchanged

greetings.

"My luggage consisted of one dress-basket," said Miss Desmond, smiling. "Considering that my stay may be but short, I did not like to bring more."

"That was prudent. Now I am going to dine early,—that is, at six,—in order to take a drive afterwards: the evenings are the best

part of the day."

That first evening was trying. Mrs. Saville was very silent, but so long as they moved smoothly and rapidly through cool dewy woods, fragrant fields, and gently-winding lanes with rustic fences and picturesquely-broken banks, the silence was not oppressive. Miss Desmond had plenty to think of,—the struggles and difficulties of youth spent in genteel poverty; the loss of her nearest and dearest; the vanishing of many a dream that even at twenty-two life had taught her must be resigned; and, through all, the enduring hope which in such strong natures is too deeply rooted to be scorched by the noontide heat or withered by the midnight blast,—the instinctive consciousness of her own tenderness and loyalty, which gave vitality to her belief in the possibility of happiness. The quiet beauty of the country, the soothing tranquillity of the hour, gave her an exquisite sense of rest which she thankfully accepted.

Returned, however, and shut up in the lamp-lit drawing-room, silence did become oppressive, and Miss Desmond, remembering her

employer's hint, felt reluctant to break it.

"I suppose you do needlework? Girls like you generally have something of that kind in their hands."

"I do a good deal, and I have some that can appear in a drawing-

room."

"I used to do fancy-work myself," said Mrs. Saville, "for it is intolerable to sit idle; but I find I dare not trifle with my eyes, which I have always tried too much. However, I must do something. I cannot sit with my hands before me while you read."

"Knitting is not bad for the eyes," suggested Miss Desmond.

"I have always despised it as purely mechanical, but now I shall be obliged to adopt it. Do you know how to knit?—can you teach me?"
"Yes; I did a good deal of knitting when I was in Germany."

"Oh! do you understand German?"

"I could make my way in Germany; but I cannot read German

aloud as I do French."

"And I do not understand a word of the language. I was only taught French and Italian. Ah, what a potent epitome of mankind's opinion, the rage for that uncouth tongue as soon as the race that speaks it succeeded! Success is the measure of everything."

"I cannot think so. We have no plumb-line with which to fathom the depth where future triumph lies hidden under present failure."

"That is no argument," returned Mrs. Saville. "Now, Miss Desmond, I am going to my room, and I dare say you will be glad to do the same. I breakfast in summer at eight. Good-night."

The next few days enabled Mrs. Saville and her newly-established companion to fit into their places. "She is less formidable than I expected," thought the latter. "I must keep constantly before my mind that she is on her trial with me, as I am with her. I am not bound to spend my life here, nor have I given up my freedom. She interests

me; for, hard as she seems, I believe she is not without heart. Shall

I ever be able to find it?"

"That girl is not so tiresome, after all. Thank heaven, she is no fool, and she is not a bit afraid of me," mused Mrs. Saville. "How I hate and despise folly and cowardice! they generally go together. There's a great deal of style about her, yet she must have been always steeped to the lips in poverty. If I had a daughter like her, I should want the first statesman in England for her husband. Bah! what folly! If I had had a daughter she would have been as indifferent to me as the rest, and would probably have married a groom to spite me. As no one cares for me, I had better concentrate my affections on myself. People may be indifferent to love, they are never indifferent to power; and money is power, especially if backed by common sense."

So the knitting and reading went on successfully, and Mrs. Saville was sometimes surprised by the light-hearted enjoyment which her lectrice showed in any drolleries which cropped up in the course of their readings. Mrs. Saville herself was not without a certain grim sense of humor, but she was sometimes surprised, and not too well pleased, at the quick perception of the ridiculous which so often gleamed in Miss Desmond's expressive eyes. Laughter is what neither pride nor power can defy, and few can hope to impose on him or her whose instinctive feeling of the absurd can blow away the chaff of pretension. Still, to her patroness the young lady's manner was not only perfectly well bred, but tinged with a sweet deference which implied a willingness to do her service which did not fail to please the stern woman, while it in no way touched her self-respect.

Miss Desmond had been little more than a week at Inglefield, when, returning home from the neighboring vicarage, whence she had been despatched with a message respecting some of the local charities to which Mrs. Saville contributed, she entered the drawing-room through one of the French windows which opened on a veranda and

thence on to the grounds.

The lady of the house was not there, but lounging comfortably in her especial chair sat a gentleman, who, directly Miss Desmond entered, rose and made her a bow,—a bow which proved that bowing was not yet quite a lost art. He was a tall, elderly man of uncertain age, slight and elegant, with fine aquiline features and light-blue laughing eyes that looked as if boyhood still lingered there in spite of the wavy gray hair that curled round a rather low but well-shaped forehead. He was carefully, admirably dressed, and indescribably fresh and cool, though it was a burning August day.

"Allow me to explain my appearance here," he said, in a pleasant, youthful voice. "I have taken the exceedingly uninteresting journey from London to this villeggiatura, and I now await its amiable

mistress's pleasure as to whether she will see me or not."

"Has she been told you are here?" asked Miss Desmond, taking off a large garden-hat, which she continued to hold in her hand, wondering who this could be. Mrs. Saville's visitors had hitherto been few and far between, her acquaintances at that season being scattered in remote regions.

"Yes, I believe her major-domo has conveyed my pasteboard to the august presence." And the stranger, with the air of being very much at home, drew forward a chair, which Miss Desmond did not accept.

"Pray, has Mrs. Saville been long here?"

"About a fortnight."

"And you—have you been here all that time?"

"Not quite."

"Ah! what wonderful resisting power! I should have imagined you would both by this time be extinct from mental inanition." Miss Desmond laughed,—a sweet, well-amused laugh.

"And you can laugh like that!" he continued. "Then your vitality has of course kept my revered sister-in-law alive. It must, however, exhaust your own vital powers to give out ozone-no, what do they call it?—electricity—to such a degree. There is nothing to me so souldestroying, so deadening, as suburban rusticity. Won't you sit down? I can't stand any longer myself."

"Then pray do not. I do not sit down because I am not going to stay. I thought Mrs. Saville would come in immediately," said Miss Desmond, who began to perceive in some way that this pleasant, talka-

tive personage was a good deal older than he seemed.

"Since you permit it, then." And he sank into his chair with a

sigh of relief.

"You see," he went on, "this sort of places is just far enough from London to cut you off from all the conveniences of town life, and too near for any of the legitimate amusements and occupations of the country. Why, if you did flush a partridge you dare not let fly at him, for fear of your neighbor's cocks and hens!"

"As I never hunt or shoot, this seems a most delightful abode to

me," she returned, smiling.

"By Jove! you are easily pleased," said he, looking rather earnestly at her. "By the way, I do not think I have had the pleasure of meeting you before; indeed, I am sure I have not, for I could not possibly forget you!" Miss Desmond made him a pretty, saucy courtesy. "Couldn't, 'pon my soul! So I fear I have not the honor of counting you among my kinsfolk."

"Indeed you have not," laughing a sweet, fresh laugh. "I am Mrs. Saville's demoiselle de compagnie, and am paying her a probation-

ary visit."

"The deuce you are! What immense courage some women have!

-though they say the race of Amazons is extinct."

Here the butler appeared, and said, "Mrs. Saville will see you, my lord, if you will come this way." The gentleman rose, and made another elegant bow as he passed Miss Desmond, saying, in a low tone,

"Pray for me, sweet saint!" and left the room.

"What an amusing person! I wonder who he is. Some relation, I suppose, or he would not speak so freely," thought Miss Desmond. "I must not go to Mrs. Saville at present." She too left the room by a different exit, and ascended to her own pleasant apartment, which looked out to the front; a dressing-closet opened from it, and, except for the bed, it was furnished like a sitting-room. After leaning from the window for some minutes, apparently in deep thought, she went to her writing-table, and, unlocking a desk with a key which hung to her chain, she began to add some lines to a closely-written letter which lay therein.

She had written for a considerable time, when the sound of wheels and horses' feet drew her to the window, from whence she saw the gentleman with whom she had spoken in the drawing-room descend the hall door steps to enter a very rusty fly or station cab. He had a comically rueful expression of countenance, and, looking round over the front of the house, his quick eye caught sight of Miss Desmond. To her annoyance, he lifted his hat and gave a slight expressive shrug before stepping into his cab, which drove off immediately.

"I wish I had not looked out," she thought; then, smiling at the idea, it struck her as very like an "expulsion." "No doubt Mrs. Saville could be very severe,—even cruel; but she is good to me. I had better give her the vicar's message; yet I feel half afraid. This

will not do. My best, my only chance is fearlessness."

She paused a moment, then locked away her writing again, and proceeded down a long passage and a short stair to the wing in which was Mrs. Saville's study. (The word boudoir is quite inappropriate.)

She knocked at the door, and was imperatively told to come in. Mrs.

Saville was walking up and down, evidently much disturbed.

"I beg your pardon," hesitating.

"Oh, come in, come in! I have been worried by an importunate fool; but I am not so overset that I cannot attend to anything else. Did you see the vicar?"

"I did; and he is very sorry, but he has already returned the plans

of the cottages to the builder."

"Then he must get them back," very sharply. "I will walk over myself to the vicarage. I want movement, and Prince wants a walk." She sat down as she spoke, and took her little dog (which was begging for Miss Desmond's notice) on her lap. "Did you happen to see Lord Everton?"

"The gentleman who has just left? Yes; he was in the drawing-

room when I came in."

"He is one of the most contemptible men in England," continued Mrs. Saville,—"a mere butterfly at sixty-three. He has only existed for pleasure his whole life, and even now pleasure still pleases. His sense of enjoyment has been his ruin. A trifler of the most trifling description, without an ambition or an aim; worst of all, reckless of how he may throw others into temptation or difficulty. He has injured me past forgiveness, and yet he comes meandering here to try and talk me over to induce me to pardon the cruellest injury that could be inflicted. I told him my opinion fully; but to be seriously angry with such a creature is like taking a howitzer to shoot a humming-bird. Come, Miss Desmond, let us go out into the open air. What o'clock is it? Nearly five? I shall walk round the grounds until it is time to find the vicar."

They paced somewhat slowly across the grounds to a wooded rising ground on the left of the house, from which a view of it and its

surroundings could be obtained, and when they had accomplished the ascent Mrs. Saville sat down, as if tired, on a seat placed at the best point of outlook. Her companion had observed that the keen active woman was stronger in spirit than in flesh, and felt a sort of pity for this rich, prosperous, desolate lady.

"What a sweet, beautiful place this is!" she exclaimed, after gazing at the scene before her for a few minutes. "I think it is the most

charming I have ever seen."

"Then you have not seen much," returned Mrs. Saville, testily.

"That is true. I have not seen any fine places in England, and the palaces and châteaux abroad are so melancholy; but who could desire anything beyond the exquisite, graceful, home-like beauty of

Inglefield?"

It was, in truth, a delightful abode, sheltered on the east by the upland from which they now looked down; the ground sloped steeply from the opposite side, giving a wide view over a richly-wooded country; while the house, gardens, and grounds occupied the level space between. Fine trees stood about, for Inglefield was an old countryhouse dating tolerably far back, built in the half-timbered style, the first story of fine bricks, the upper part beams and plaster, with high chimneys and many-gabled roofs. The large additions made by Mrs. Saville's father had been carried out in strict accordance with the original plan, and the garden designed to suit it also. A circular lawn, surrounded with flowering shrubs and dotted with several large spreading trees, separated the house from a wide avenue which opened exactly opposite the entrance, overarched by a double row of great old elms at either side. Beyond, on the left, from a wooded hollow, through which a trout-stream had been widened and dammed into a miniature lake, glimpses of which could be caught when the sunlight fell upon it, rose the smoke from some unseen chimney.

"Home-like," repeated Mrs. Saville. "There is an immense amount of nonsense talked about home. I wish you could see Kingswood, Lord Everton's place; it is one of the finest seats in England,—full of family treasures and historic relics,—and he would not make the faintest effort to retain it. He might have entered diplomacy, or taken a foreign appointment and saved money. But he is quite content to derive his income from the rent a Manchester millionaire pays him for his ancestral halls, when he might have married the million-

aire's daughter and kept it for himself."

"Well, if the daughter was not the sort of woman he could love, he was right," said Miss Desmond, thoughtfully. "Suppose she was not companionable, that he could not love her; the finest place in the world could not make up for that."

"You are a foolish child! The thing called love soon evaporates. Rank, importance, high position, last, and duties due to one's station fill up life satisfactorily. It is a low, mean conception of existence to

spend it in personal pleasure."

"Yes, certainly. You are right," eagerly. "To live for one's self alone, in any way, is miserable. But one has a right to try and be happy if it does not interfere with the happiness of others."

"You have been tolerably poor, from what you say," said Mrs.

Saville, not unkindly. "Have you been happy?"

Her interlocutor paused before she replied, "Yes, on the whole I have been happy. Sometimes it has been trying to feel shabby and to be unable to get a new dress, to know that lovely pictures and delightful music were within your reach, yet inaccessible for want of a few francs; still, when I could have the dress, or see the pictures, or hear the opera, it was heavenly. The worst is to want nice delicate things for some one you love and not to be able to get them; that is bitter. Still, nothing can be so poverty-stricken as to have no one to trouble about, no one to love or live for, no one to love you."

"It is, then, very unfortunate for a person of your disposition to

have lost your home," remarked Mrs. Saville, coldly.

"It is sad enough; but I have been fortunate in finding friends like Mr. Rawson and his daughter. It is better, too, to believe that there is some pleasant sheltered nook round the next turn of the road than always to look for sandy deserts. Loneliness is the worst evil of all: it is what I fear most."

Mrs. Saville did not answer immediately; then she said, abruptly,

"What is your name,-your Christian name?"

"My name? Hope Desmond."

"I thought so. It is very appropriate. You have given me a curious mental picture. I suppose it is true, though it is incomprehensible to me, but you give me the idea of being sensible and accurate. Do you not feel that your life has been lost, fruitless, passed as

it has been in this constant struggle?"

"No," cried Hope, her dark eyes lighting, and lifting her head with an unconscious but dignified movement. "It has had much sweetness, and I have been of some use. Though I am not clever, I have done what I could; and that will always comfort me. I do not fear the future. Work will come to me. I would not change with any one. I prefer to remain the 'me' that I am."

"You are an unusual specimen, Miss Desmond, and really a profound philosopher; yet you have refinement and taste, ay, and culture enough, to enable you to enjoy beauty and elegance, literature and art. I congratulate you; only, if every one was as easily pleased the world

would stand still."

"Perhaps so," said Hope Desmond, with a sigh. "I can only see

life according to my lights."

Then, after some minutes' silence, she observed how prettily the

smoke curled up from among the trees down in the hollow.

"Yes," said Mrs. Saville, "I suppose Lord Castleton has arrived. Inglefield Court belongs to him. It is an older and much damper place than this. I must call to-morrow." She heaved a deep sigh as she spoke. "Miss Dacre is one of the fortunate ones according to my estimate. She is her father's sole heiress, and takes the title too when she succeeds him. She is rather pretty, rather accomplished, and decidedly popular. I used to see a good deal of her at one time; now——" She paused and frowned, then, rising, she said, peremptorily, "Come, I feel rheumatic: I have sat here too long. Where is Prince?

Call him, please; he gets lost in the underwood when he tries to hunt

about as if he were a big dog."

Hope dived among the bushes and recovered the little truant, bringing him back in her arms, the creature making violent efforts to lick her face all the way.

Few words passed between the companions till almost at the gate which opened from Mrs. Saville's grounds on a foot-path which

crossed the vicarage fields, when that lady said, suddenly,

"I expect my son to-morrow."

"Your eldest son?"

"I have but one son," returned Mrs. Saville, icily; then after a moment's pause she exclaimed, "Do take Prince up and give him to me: there is a cow at the end of the field, and the little spitfire is sure to attack it!"

CHAPTER V.

RICHARD SAVILLE was not a favorite with his mother, though he had never given her the least trouble. He was a tall, slight young man, but there was no dignity in his height, for it was neutralized by a stoop conveying the impression that he had not strength enough to hold himself upright. He had dark hair, rather thin about the temples, and well-shaped brown but evidently short-sighted eyes; his manners were cold, though gentle, and he gave a general impression of languid circulation and extreme correctness. He had inherited something of the Saville indifference to everything save his own peculiar tastes or fancies, and a good deal of his uncle Everton's obtuseness as regarded personal distinction. His keen-sighted mother soon perceived that her first-born would never fulfil her ambitious aspirations, and this contributed to her strong preference for her younger son, on whose career she had built her hopes, though his choice of a profession had greatly annoyed her. Hugh had inherited all the plebeian energy which made his maternal grandfather a wealthy and useful member of the community, and he cared little for any personal distinction not earned by himself. Nature intended him for a radical, and the accidents of birth and early association gave him certain aristocratic leanings,—which conjunction of centripetal and of centrifugal attraction made him a tolerably round-minded man.

He and his brother were excellent friends, in spite of the low esti-

mate each had of the other's tastes.

The arrival of Richard (no one ever dreamed of calling him Dick) was, on the whole, an agreeable change in the routine of life at Ingle-field. He soon discovered that Hope Desmond was a sympathetic listener; he therefore confided to her the great scheme he had conceived of compiling a book to contain all the English phrases and proverbs that were distinctly derived from the Anglo-Saxon, and he soon grew sufficiently familiar to ask if Miss Desmond would be so good as to assist him in his work, whenever his mother could spare her.

"I will do so with pleasure, Mr. Saville," she returned, in her frank, fearless way. "But you must ask your mother's permission, and before me. She is a person not to be trifled with."

"I know that," he said, hastily, "and I will do so on the first

opportunity." Which he did, in a nervous, hesitating way.

"Who cares for Saxon phrases?" replied Mrs. Saville, contemptuously. "Miss Desmond would be more usefully employed making flannel petticoats for my poor old women. However, if she chooses to bestow some of her spare half-hours on your investigation of such a dust-heap, I am sure she has my consent."

Hope Desmond's time was pretty well occupied, for she had come to be secretary as well as companion to her active employer: still, she gave Richard Saville what parings of time she could, and, if occasionally bored, was not a little amused at the profound importance he

attached to his work.

But Richard Saville's presence entailed other changes. Captain Lumley found it suited him to ride over very often to luncheon, and sometimes to dinner, staying the night, almost without a distinct invitation from the hostess, who seemed to think two such fledglings beneath her notice. Young Lumley did his best to attract Hope's notice, and flattered himself that she smiled upon him.

"So you have really managed to survive—how long?—five weeks under my aunt's jurisdiction?" he said, having discovered Hope with a book in her hand in one of the shady nooks of the garden one day

after luncheon.

"I have, and without any difficulty," she returned, making room for him on the seat beside her, as she greeted him with a kindly smile. He threw away his cigar, and readily accepted the place, thinking he had already made an impression.

"Mrs. Saville has been very nice and pleasant. If she were not I

would not stay."

"Pleasant! Come, that's a little too much. She is an uncommon bright woman, I know, but it's in the flash-of-lightning style, and lightning sometimes kills, you know."

"Well, she hasn't killed me."

"No, I fancy you take a great deal of killing. Perhaps that's

because you are so killing yourself."

"Oh, Captain Lumley! that is a style of compliment a commisvoyageur might offer to a barmaid. It is not worthy of a gallant what are you?—hussar?" said Hope, laughing good-humoredly.

"You have taken a leaf out of Mrs. Saville's book," cried Lumley, while he thought, "What teeth she has,—regular pearls, by Jove!" "If you are as hard on me as she is," he continued, aloud, "I shall not be able to live here."

"I suppose you are not obliged to stay?"
"Well, no; but I do not like to go away."

"Then you must strike a balance," said Hope, and rose up as if to return to the house.

"What! are you going in? It is ever so much nicer here."

"I shall go through the wood to the glebe gate."

"And may I come?"

"Oh, yes, if you like. Here, Prince, Prince."

Lumley felt a little at a loss what to say next. "I suppose you have the care of that small brute?"

"No; I have the privilege of taking him out, and I am very fond

of him."

"Well, he is rather a nice little creature. He never snaps at me."

"He is a very compassionate, forbearing doggie," said Hope, raising her laughing eyes to his.

"Thank you, Miss Desmond. So you are going to help my cousin

Richard with his-dictionary-what do you call it?"

"I really do not know what its name is to be. Yes; if I can find time I will do some writing for him."

"Richard has more sense than I thought."

"At all events he is desperately in earnest, and that is always respectable."

"Exactly: that is just what he is."

A pause ensued, broken only by Prince barking violently at some sparrows, which totally disregarded him.

"Miss Dacre is coming to dinner, and the vicar and vicaress."

"Oh, indeed!" said Hope.

"Miss Dacre is rather pretty for an heiress, and rather a jolly girl. You'll like her."

"Very probably, were I to meet her; but I shall not dine with you."

"No? What an infernal shame!"

"I do not see that it is. It would give me no particular pleasure to join your company, and I shall have that precious time to myself."

"Well, the dinner will be all the duller. My aunt will be as black as thunder. You know she wanted to marry Hugh, her second son, to Mary Dacre. You never met Hugh?"

"Why, I am not yet two months in Mrs. Saville's service."

"What a very unvarnished way of putting it!" said Lumley, laughing.

"I never object to the truth," returned Miss Desmond. "Why

should I not serve Mrs. Saville for the time being?"

"I am sure I don't know. Well, Hugh is a capital fellow, but awfully headstrong: so, after he was sent ashore last time, he went wandering about the Continent, and fell in love with a charming girl, or a girl he thought charming, without asking leave. Rather imprudent, eh?"

"It was more," said Hope, looking dreamily far away. "It was

wrong. A good mother has a right to be consulted."

"Perhaps so; but if a fellow is very much in love he is apt to forget these things. Anyhow, Hugh has been chivied away from the maternal roof. It seems my uncle Lord Everton introduced Hugh to the fair one and her father, so he has been tabooed too; but he is a remarkably plucky old boy, so he came down here to plead Hugh's cause, and caught it pretty hard, I fancy."

"Yes, I saw him, and I imagine he had a trying time of it. Pray,

do you—I mean your special family—talk of each other to every one in this candid fashion?"

"I do; and why should I not? I say nothing that every one

doesn't know and talk about."

"Poor Lord Everton!" said Hope, with a laugh, as if she enjoyed the recollection. "He did look as if he were being led to execution when he was leaving the room and asked me to pray for him."

"Oh, he did, did he? He's no end of fun."

"I can imagine he is. Good-morning, Captain Lumley."

"Why, where the deuce- Must you go?"

"I must. I do not know whether Mrs. Saville may want me, and I have no business to wander about the grounds with you."

"Perhaps you may be at dinner, after all."

"It is not probable. If Lord Everton were to be of the party I might wish to intrude myself. As it is,—good-by for the present."

With a pleasant nod and smile, Miss Desmond turned into a path which led directly to the house, and left the gallant hussar lamenting.

"She is handsomer than I thought," he mused. "What eyes!—and such a smile! She has rather taken to me, I can see that, but there is something unflatteringly self-possessed and frank about her. Treats me as if I were a mere boy. I must be very civil to the heiress. If my father thinks I am making any running there, I dare say he will pay some of my debts."

Lumley's wishes were fulfilled, for Mrs. Saville, shortly before the dressing-bell rang, commanded Miss Desmond's presence at dinner. That young lady hesitated, and said, with her usual good-humored frankness, "You are always so good to me, that you may possibly ask me to dine as a civility, but I assure you I would prefer the

evening to myself."

"You are quite mistaken. I wish you to dine with us to-day. Why, is of no consequence. I may not always ask you, but, when I do, be sure I mean it."

"Oh, very well. I am glad you have made matters clear."

It was a small party, and not very lively. Richard Saville was not an animated host. Mrs. Saville was not talkative. The vicar was a pleasant, well-bred man, and with the help of Lumley, who was

always ready to talk, kept the party from stagnating.

Lumley had brought with him, by his aunt's invitation, a young subaltern, the son of an acquaintance, who made the eighth and balanced the sexes. This youth fell to Hope Desmond's lot, much to his satisfaction, for she managed to make him talk, and talked to him easily and naturally, confessing her ignorance of hunting, shooting, fishing, and sport of every kind, rather to his amazement. However, she atoned for her deficiencies by listening with much interest to his descriptions and explanations. At last he suggested giving her riding-lessons, at which she held up her hands in dismay. Miss Dacre interested her more than any one else. She had never been in the society of a great heiress, a prospective peeress in her own right. "What a tremendous position for a young girl!" thought Hope, with a curious sort of pity. The young girl was, notwithstanding, quite girlish, not

pretty, but far from plain. She was very dark, with small, sparkling black eyes, curly black hair, and a high color. She had a neat figure,

and carried herself well, yet she lacked distinction.

"She might be a very pleasant companion," mused Hope, as she gazed at her while her cavalier was explaining the difference between a snaffle and a curb, "and, considering her gifts, I am not surprised that Mrs. Saville would have liked her for a daughter-in-law. How much, according to her estimate, her son appears to have thrown away!"

During the brief separation of the sexes after dinner Miss Dacre

naturally fell into Hope Desmond's care.

"How charming the conservatory looks!" she said. "Shall we walk round it?" Hope assented, not aware of the curiosity she excited in the future Baroness Castleton. That Mrs. Saville should institute a companion was one source of astonishment; that any one so chosen should survive nearly two months and present a cheerful, self-possessed, composed aspect, was another. "And how nice she looks in that pretty soft black grenadine and lace! How snowy white her throat and hands are! I suppose she is in mourning. Girls never want to be companions unless all their people die. Poor thing! I think I would rather be a housemaid; at least one might flirt with the footman; but a companion!—""

"I don't think I ever met you here before," she said, aloud.

"No; I am not quite two months with Mrs. Saville."

"Poor Mrs. Saville! she is looking so ill. They say she is rather a terrific woman. I always found her very nice."

"She is a strong woman, but there is a certain grandeur in her

character."

"Yes, and I fanoy one must be pretty strong to get on with her," said Miss Dacre, and she gave a knowing little nod to her companion. "Then she is so awfully put out about Hugh. You came after he had gone."

Hope bent her head as an affirmative.

"He was charming, quite charming,—so different from Richard,—though I like Richard too; but Hugh had a sort of rough good breeding, if you can understand such a thing; he was so generous and bright and natural. I knew both the brothers since I was quite a little child, so I can sympathize with Mrs. Saville. To think of his having married some designing woman abroad, twice his age, I believe! isn't it horrible?" ran on the talkative young lady.

"Horrible," echoed Hope. "I trust she is conscious of all he has

sacrificed for her."

"Not she," returned Miss Dacre, with decision. "These sort of people haven't an idea what family and position, and all that, mean. Do you think Mrs. Saville would mind if I plucked some of these lovely waxen blossoms?"

"I am sure she would not; but you know her much better than I

lo. Wait a moment: I will get you the scissors."

"Pray," asked Miss Dacre, when she returned, "are you Irish? You don't mind my asking? Some people don't like the Irish: I

delight in them. My father's great friend is an old general, a dear old thing,—Sir Patrick Desmond: is he any relation of yours?"

"I have heard of him, but if he is in any way connected with me

it is so distant that I cannot 'call cousins' with him."

"If he comes down to the Court while you are here, I will ask you to meet him. Then you are Irish? And I am sure you sing and play?"

"I play a little."

"That is delightful. You can play an accompaniment? I can't bear playing; and I want to try some duets with George Lumley to-night."

"I will do my best," said Hope.

"Don't you think George Lumley very good-looking? He is very good style, too, and so like Lord Everton. I am rather glad he is at Hounslow. This place is too far, and yet too near, to be amusing," etc., etc. And she chattered on, till the gentlemen came to seek them in their fragrant retreat, when Miss Dacre ceased to bestow attention or words on Hope. They soon adjourned to the larger drawing-room, where the singers discovered that Miss Desmond had quite a genius for playing accompaniments, and time flew fast till the carriages were announced.

"Where in the world did you find that nice Miss Desmond, Mrs. Saville?" exclaimed Miss Dacre. "She is so quiet and well bred. Lots to say, too. Do bring her over to the Court. She could be of

infinite use to me in playing accompaniments."

"Very likely; but, you see, I engaged her to be of use to me."
"To be sure," laughed the thoughtless girl. "How frightfully sharp you are!" And she blew her hostess a kiss as she left the room.

"What a glorious night!" said Lumley, with a sigh of relief, sinking on an ottoman beside Hope. "Couldn't you manage to come out for a stroll before saying good-night finally?"

Hope looked at him for a moment gravely, then a smile began in

her eyes and sparkled on "lip and cheek."

"Yes, it could be easily managed, according to novel-regulations," she said. "I escort my kind patroness to her room, receive her blessing, and return to my own, then I throw a mantilla over my beautiful locks, steal down to the garden door, which is of course left open, and, guided by the perfume of a fine cigar, join you in the moonlit shrubbery."

"Precisely," said Lumley, laughing. "It's a lovely picture. I

earnestly hope you will realize it."

"Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle," she returned, rising and making him a slight courtesy. "A moonlight stroll is a harmless amusement under certain conditions, which do not exist at present for me." And she went away to bid good-night to the vicaress and see that she was wrapped up. Then, meeting Mrs. Saville on her way up-stairs, she accompanied her to her bedroom, rang for her maid, and exchanged a few words with her until that functionary appeared.

"I am wofully tired," said Mrs. Saville, throwing herself into a low chair. "Really, life is too wearisome in its disappointing sameness,

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If Richard will invite these stupid chattering boys, I shall dine in my own room. Mary Dacre is sillier than she used to be, and Mr. Rawson writes that he cannot come down till the Sunday after next. We must begin 'Froment Jeune' to-morrow, Miss Desmond, and get away as much as we can from the present."

"I shall be very pleased. It is considered one of Daudet's best;

and I have never read it."

When Hope Desmond reached her own room she undressed rapidly, and, putting out the candles, brushed her long hair by the moonlight, while she thought, earnestly, "How disappointing of Mr. Rawson! I hoped he would be here next Sunday; and I have so much to say to him. True, I can write; but a few spoken words face to face are worth a dozen letters. It will not be easy to get him to myself, but as my own especial friend I have a right to demand an interview. How weary that poor woman is !-- and far from well. Poor and nearly friendless as I am, I would not change with her. No, no; I understand life better than she does, though she has lived so much longer. How her heart must ache when she thinks of her son! Under all her hardness and pride she yearns for the love she does not know how to win. If she will only love me!" Then she twisted up her hair, and, throwing herself on her knees, prayed long and fervently, with tightlyclasped hands, while tears streamed unheeded from the eyes that less than an hour ago had smiled so saucily on Captain Lumley.

"The two months have nearly expired," she mused, when, having risen, she leaned against the window-frame and looked out on the moonlit lawn. "But I am quite sure she will not send me away. I do not want to go among strangers again. It is awful to have no home. But with practice, with the effort to seem brave, courage comes."

Taking some relic sewn up in a little silk bag and hung round her neck by a thin chain of Indian gold, she kissed it lovingly and lay

down to rest.

For the next couple of days Mrs. Saville instituted a severe headache and shut herself up with Miss Desmond in her own special morning-room, leaving her son and his guest to entertain each other. The third day Hope went out for a short stroll, as Mrs. Saville evidently did not want her company in a visit she went to pay at the Court.

She had not gone far when she was overtaken by George Lumley, who immediately began to condole with her on what he was pleased to term her "false imprisonment." She talked with him gayly enough, but always with what he chose to term "a tinge of indulgence" in her manner, and then turned homeward sooner than she would otherwise have done.

"I must bid you good-by. I am going back to my quarters this evening," he said. "But I shall be at the Court next week. I do hope you'll come and help us in those duets. Miss Dacre has planned no end of practising."

"I shall be glad to help you if I may."

"How submissive you are!"

"Would you, a soldier, suggest mutiny?"

"Our duties are very different."

"Nevertheless duty is duty."

"You must have an awfully dull time of it."

"I do not feel dull. Mrs. Saville is a very intelligent woman, and, as we differ on every subject, we have abundance of interesting conversation."

"I should think so. Do you ever convert her?"

"I am afraid not; but I may make a little impression: constant dropping, you know, effects something. I want to convert her to the belief that man does not live by bread alone."

"I see; that he wants the sugar-plums of true love. How tame and flat life is without them! I think I understand: that jolly old

boy Rawson has put you here to be Hugh's advocate."

"By no means. He recommended me as a suitable person to act as reader and amanuensis to your aunt, and I hope to do him credit."

"Do you know you puzzle me immensely?"
"A little mental exercise will do you good."

"Mental exercise! you give my mind plenty to do. You are

never out of my thoughts."

"Good-morning, Captain Lumley," said Miss Desmond, with great composure. "I shall go in by the side door." And she turned down a narrow path which led to a private entrance at the foot of the stair communicating with a wing which contained Mrs. Saville's rooms.

Lumley stood for a moment uncertain what to do. He dared not follow her, and he was reluctant to confess himself checkmated. His

generally placid face grew set and stormy.

"What an infernally provoking woman! She treats me as if I were a mere school-boy, whom she could play with in safety. It is no longer play to me; it shall not be play to her. I never was treated in this way before; and there is an odd sort of liking for me under it all. What speaking eyes she has! I have seen dozens of handsomer women, but there's a sort of fascination about her. I will not let her foil me." He walked rapidly away to the lonely recesses of the wood, more disturbed and resolute than he had ever felt in his self-indulged life. All his fancies had been so quickly and easily gratified that they had scarcely time to crystallize into activity; now he was almost surprised at the vehemence of his own anger and determination. "And if I do succeed in awakening something of passion in her, how will it end?" was a question that passed through his brain. "Time enough to think of that. At all events, I am an only son, and the estates are entailed."

The Sunday but one after this interview, Mr. Rawson came down in time for church. Mrs. Saville chose to stay at home. The service was short, for the vicar did not think it necessary to give a sermon every week. When it was over, there was a gathering of neighbors

and greetings outside the porch.

"I wish you would come back to luncheon, Miss Desmond," said Miss Dacre. "You might, as Mrs. Saville is not here. Lord Everton came rather unexpectedly last night, and I am sure you would like him. He has been asking if you are still alive." "I am very sorry I cannot assure him personally of my safety; but I cannot absent myself in this unceremonious manner. Then I

have my friend Mr. Rawson here."

"What a nuisance! I am coming over after luncheon to ask for assistance in getting up a concert to collect funds for a new school-house: so, till this afternoon, adieu." She stepped into her ponycarriage, attended by Richard Saville, and drove away.

"As we have plenty of time, I will take you by a little longer

way back, Mr. Rawson," said Hope.

"I place myself in your hands, my dear young lady." As they started, Lumley, who had stood aside till Miss Dacre drove off, joined them, and for a short way the conversation was chiefly between him

and the family lawyer.

Lumley had been exceedingly nice and respectful whenever he had met Hope Desmond during the last week, consequently they had been the best of friends, and the captain flattered himself he was making prodigious strides. Arriving at a bend of the road where a turnstile admitted to a pathway leading across a field and into Mrs. Saville's woods, Miss Desmond paused, and said "Good-morning" very decidedly.

"Mr. Rawson is good enough to be my guardian, and I claim the

right to bore him with my affairs whenever I can."

"I understand," said the gallant hussar, good-humoredly, and

stopped with a bow.

"That stroke was well played," said Mr. Rawson when they had got clear of the gate. "I want to say and to hear a good deal, and the youth is persevering."

"Is he so young?" asked Hope. "I thought him an amusing boy,

but I begin to see he is older than I imagined."

"He will never see twenty-seven again. But to business. I am glad to see you get on so well with Mrs. Saville. I thought you would."

"Yes, better than I expected. It was terribly nervous work at first. Firmness and courage are indispensable; the slightest appearance of the white feather, and she would almost unconsciously crush you. It is not easy to impress her gently and politely with a sense of one's complete independence; but this is essential. The tyrannical tendencies in her have been tremendously developed by circumstances and training; but I really believe it is a relief to her to find a companion who neither quarrels nor cringes: she breathes a freer air, her mind is more healthily exercised. I never conceal an opinion, and I try to be as true as possible, and to defend my views as temperately as I can. I also try to give her the impression that she is on trial as well as myself."

"It is a dangerous game; but you may succeed. The day after tomorrow completes your two months. I suspect she would be sorry if you left. Tell me, have you had a chance of putting in a word for

the poor prodigal?"

Hope shook her head. "It is too soon to attempt it," she said.
"Now sit down here on this fallen tree; for I have a long story to tell you."

CHAPTER VI.

MISS DACRE was a very persevering young woman, nor was she restrained by any sensitive delicacy in pursuing her designs. Hitherto she had rather liked Mrs. Saville in a surface fashion, flattering herself

that she was a favorite with the stern little woman.

On this supposed favoritism she was always ready to presume. Hope Desmond and Mr. Rawson were therefore somewhat appalled when the sounds of voices and approaching footsteps in the pleasure-ground to which the windows of the smaller drawing-room opened made themselves heard about tea-time, when Mrs. Saville had come in from a short stroll with her confidential adviser, and Hope had descended from her own room, where she had enjoyed a couple of hours' solitude. These sounds were followed by the appearance of Miss Dacre, Saville, Lumley, and Lord Everton, accompanied by two or three dogs, at which Prince immediately barked defiance, scrambling up on his mistress's sofa for that purpose.

"So sorry you were not able to come to church this morning, dear Mrs. Saville!" said Miss Dacre, effusively, and with the unconcerned assurance of the class which does not hesitate to rush in where the sharper-sighted fear to tread; "so we have all come over to inquire for you. You are looking quite pale. You see I have brought poor Lord Everton, who is so distressed at being expelled from this paradise. You really must make friends. He could not foresee that things would go wrong, and he is so sorry. Now, for my sake, dear Mrs.

Saville, you must forgive him, you are such near relations."

"Connections, you mean," corrected Mrs. Saville, a bitter smile curling her lip. "If Lord Everton chooses to come, I can only admire

his forgiving nature and accept the olive-branch."

"You are, as ever, just and generous," returned the impecunious peer, with a delightful bow and smile. "I am quite charmed with the vision of myself as a dove, which you kindly suggest."

Mrs. Saville turned from him with undisguised contempt, and

addressed herself to George Lumley.

"So you are staying at the Court? How does your regiment, or

your troop, get on without your valuable assistance?"

"Disagreeable old cat!" thought Lumley, while he said, "Oh, I ride over every other day, and the intermediate ones they stumble on as best they can without me."

"I thought you were going down to Herondyke?"

"Here's metal more attractive," said Lumley, melodramatically, with a wave of his hand towards Miss Dacre, who was deep in conversation with Mr. Rawson, on whom she was smiling with her habitual belief in her own power to fascinate all male creatures.

"Metal! Yes, I dare say. I sometimes wonder if you are as

foolish as you seem, George."

"Oh, a good deal more so," said the handsome hussar, showing his white teeth in a pleasant smile. "You know I haven't many ideas."

"Yet I dare say you would be less easily taken in than men who have," scornfully.

"Very probably, my dear aunt."

"What is the matter with you?" asked Miss Dacre, in a low tone, drawing a chair to the tea-table, where Hope Desmond presided. "You look pale and ill, and as if you had been crying. Pray forgive me," she added, seeing the quick color rise in her victim's cheek, "but I knew quite well you could not stand Mrs. Saville for long," in a low tone.

"Oh, yes, I can," said Hope, smiling a brave defiance. "Don't you think I am likely to have worries and bad news apart from poor

Mrs. Saville?"

"Well, I suppose so; but it did not occur to me. She is not popular, you know, though I always get on with her. I am going to play a bold stroke just now: it will astonish you all. 'Nothing venture nothing have,' you know."

"'Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,' "quoted Miss Desmond, with

a somewhat tremulous smile.

"She has been crying,—I am certain she has; though she is braving it out. At any rate, she is going to stick to Mrs. Saville. I wonder what she is saying to George Lumley? Nothing amiable, I am sure."

Here Lord Everton, who had been speaking to Saville, and of whom the mistress of the house had not taken the slightest notice,

approached and begged for a cup of tea.

"It is a beverage of which I am extremely fond," he said, "and I think a decided liking for tea ought to be a patent of respectability to any man. Ah," he added, on taking the cup from her hands, "you never put up one little prayer for me on that trying occasion, you remember?"

"I did not know what to pray for."

"Oh, for my deliverance generally: so instead I was delivered into the hands of the tormentor."

"I am glad to see you have completely recovered."

"The shield of a good conscience, the sword of an innocent spirit, brought me through the ordeal."

"Then you did not want my prayers."

"Yet I deserved them."
"Indeed! Why?"

"I shall explain my claims one day, in the silent recesses of some tangled wood, say in the jungle between this mansion and the vicarage." And the lively old gentleman laughed with almost boyish glee at Hope's rather puzzled expression.

"You have been a good deal on the Continent, I believe, Miss

Desmond?" he resumed.

"I have travelled occasionally in my aunt's lifetime."

"Ah! and enjoyed it, I dare say?"

"Yes; but I also enjoy returning to England."

"Indeed! Well, I do not. The moment I set foot on my native shore, I cease to be a free man: invisible detectives put me in social irons; cruel warders imprison me within adamantine barriers, where I am obliged to cat and drink and speak and have my being according to rigid rules. I must give my money for what satisfieth not, and go to the funereal hostelries frequented by my peers. I must don evening dress, and wear unlimited purple and fine linen. Then my exasperating relatives will pester me with invitations, because they think they must not neglect 'that poor old beggar Everton.' Now, on the other side of the Channel my only habitation is an airy bedroom au quatrième, outside which a whole world of cafés and restaurants are 'before me where to choose' my breakfast and dinner, where I meet pleasant intelligent people of every shade of opinion, with whom I can converse freely in happy ignorance of their names and condition, as they are of mine; and occasionally I stumble on old acquaintances who enjoy life in my own fashion, cheerfully accepting the contemptuous treatment of Dame Fortune, who in emptying our pockets also relieved us of tiresome responsibilities. It is wonderful the clearness of judgment and general enlightenment of those who are not weighed down by this world's goods."

"I dare say you are right, Lord Everton. Still, a few of them are advantageous; though I do not see that money can purchase any essen-

tial of life."

"That depends very much on what you consider essentials."

"That is true—— But Miss Dacre is going to make a speech," for that young lady had said, in an audible tone, "I am going to tell you a story."

"I know," whispered Lord Everton. "If her pockets had always been empty, she would have known better how to hold her tongue."

"This story came to me in a letter from the wife of a cousin of mine whose cousin was eye-witness of the adventure," Miss Dacre was saying, as she posed herself on an ottoman and every one turned towards her. "Scene, a dark, stormy night, a distant sea, one of Her Majesty's big ships tossing about on the waves, which make nothing of her bigness. Young sailor, doing something incomprehensible with a rope or ropes, loses hold or balance and drops into the black depths of the raging waters. Captain orders boat to be lowered. 'He'll be gone before you can reach him,' they say. 'He cannot swim,' cries another officer, throwing off his shoes or boots (I do not know which they wear on board ship) while he spoke, and springing over the side at a bound.

"'This is suicide,' exclaimed the captain. The young officer is a huge favorite with the crew, the crew work with a will, the boat is lowered away, a life-boat probably, they surmount the waves and slide into the watery hollows, they come up with the gallant lieutenant, who is supporting the senseless sailor and nearly exhausted himself, they drag them into the boat, they regain the ship, the men crowd round the —whatever you call it where they get on board, their cheers ring above

the roar of the storm, the rescued and rescuer are safe!"

"Most dramatic," said Lord Everton.

"Worthy of Brandram," added George Lumley.
"I don't exactly see—" began Richard Saville.

"No, of course you do not: there is nothing to see exactly," interrupted Miss Dacre, quickly.

"I have heard the tale before. The only difference is that the weather was not quite so stormy as you—your correspondent, I mean, represents it," said Mr. Rawson, playing with his double glasses.

"It was really much worse than I represent," exclaimed Miss Dacre, with an air of profound conviction. "Now, does no one want to know

the name of my hero?"

There was a moment's pause. Mrs. Saville sat silent in her armchair, stroking with a steady hand the silky head of her little dog, a half-smile curling her lip. Lumley's laughing eyes sought Miss Desmond's, but she was sheltered behind a massive urn which always appeared at tea-time. Only Lord Everton rose to the occasion.

"I am dying of curiosity, my dear Miss Dacre," he said, languidly.

"Name! name!" cried Lumley.

"Hugh Saville!" said Miss Dacre, rising and assuming an attitude.

"I thought so," said Richard.

"Just like him!" cried Lumley, cordially.

"Give me your arm, Mr. Rawson. I have letters to show you in my study. I avoided church because I did not think prayers or sermon would improve my headache. I did not bargain for being obliged to sit out a dramatic recital," said Mrs. Saville, dryly, then added to the company, "You will excuse me, I do not feel equal to general conversation." Holding Prince under her left arm, she touched Mr. Rawson's with the finger-tips of her right hand, and walked with much dignity through the door which Lord Everton with a sad and solemn expression of countenance held open.

As soon as she had passed, he closed it gently, and, advancing a step or two, glanced from one to the other with so comic a look of dismay

that both Lumley and Saville laughed.

"Courage such as yours, my dear Miss Dacre, deserved success; and yet it has not been successful," he said, with an air of deep sympathy, to the fair narrator, and sat down on the ottoman beside which she stood.

"I never saw any one like Mrs. Saville,—never!" cried Miss Dacre, growing red with disappointment and mortification. "I really hoped that such a story of bravery and humanity would have done something towards softening her heart; and I flatter myself I did it pretty well."

"If you had asked my advice," said Richard Saville, "I could

have told you it would be simple waste of breath."

"But," exclaimed Miss Dacre, with a sound of tears in her voice, "Mrs. Saville always used to mind what I said, and—and seemed so fond of me. I was rather proud of it, she likes so few people."

"I am afraid there is some difference between past and present," said Lumley, pushing a chair forward. "Come, Miss Dacre, you have done your best, and your best is very good. Now take a cup of tea, and pardon my aunt her scant courtesy. I am going to write to Hugh, and I'll tell him of your championship."

"You ought," said Miss Desmond, who had not spoken before, but whose voice showed she had not been unmoved. "Very few can count on such courageous advocacy of the absent and of a losing cause."

"You are very kind to say so. Yes, I will have a cup of tea.

My mouth feels parched."

"No wonder!" cried Lord Everton. "I am sure my tongue would have cleaved to the roof of mine, had I dared to utter such words to the Lion of Inglewood. Excuse me, my dear Richard."

"Do not mention it, my dear uncle."

"I wish you would come out and take a little walk with me, Miss

Desmond," said Miss Dacre. "I feel frightfully upset."

"I should like to do so very much, but Mrs. Saville may want me to write for her, or something, and I do not like to be out of the way."

"Herear I what read a writing W soid Miss Doors

"Heavens! what penal servitude!" cried Miss Dacre.

"You must not say so. I agree to perform certain duties, and it

would not be honest to run away from them."

"Why do you always take her part?" and Miss Dacre made an impatient grimace. Then, addressing the gentlemen, "I dare say you are all dying to smoke, which Mrs. Saville will not permit in this part of the house. Just go and have your cigars or cigarettes outside, or walk back to the Court, and I can follow by myself. Then I can have a quiet talk with Miss Desmond."

"Very well," said Lumley, rising. "I will escort my uncle to the Court, and return for you." Miss Dacre gave him a nod and smile, and

the gentlemen left them.

The young heiress was, as she said, much upset, and, besides this, she had felt for some time what she herself would have termed an "aching void" for want of a confidante. A confidante had always been a necessity to her, as it generally is to persons much taken up with themselves. Her last devoted friend, the depositary of her secret troubles, projects, and love-affairs, had lately married a brutal husband who had taught his bride to laugh at Mary Dacre's storms in a teacup and twopenny-halfpenny tragedies: so her heart was empty, swept and garnished, and ready for the occupation of another "faithful friend and counsellor," when fate threw Hope Desmond in her way. In Miss Dacre's estimation, she was eminently fitted to fill the vacant post; there was just the difference of station between them which would make the confidences of the future Baroness Castleton flattering to their recipient, to whom also her friendship might be useful. There was a short pause. Miss Desmond's eyes looked dreamy, as if she were gazing in spirit at some distant scene, and not as if she were quivering with impatience for the revelations about to be made to her.

The silence was broken suddenly by a somewhat unconnected exclamation from Miss Dacre: "He is certainly very nice-looking."

"Who? Lord Everton?" asked Hope.

"Lord Everton! Nonsense! He might have been forty years ago. I mean Captain Lumley. There is something knightly in his look and bearing: one could imagine him going down into the lions'

pit for one's glove, and that sort of thing."

"I do not think I could," smiling. "I do not fancy Captain Lumley or any other logical modern young man doing anything of the kind. He might, if extra-chivalrous, bring you a dozen new pairs from Jouvin's to replace the one you had dropped." "Ah, my dear Miss Desmond, I fear you are not imaginative. Or perhaps you have only known prosaic men."

"I have only known very few of any kind."

"And I have had such a wide experience!" said Miss Dacre, with a sigh. "You can see I am no beauty; yet I have the fatal gift of fascination in an extraordinary degree. Yes, really it is quite curious. Of course ill-natured people say it is les beaux yeux de ma cassette; but no one who is not very dull can be deceived in these things." Another sigh. "I feel in something of a difficult position just now, and I have no friend near with whom to take counsel. Now, dear Miss Desmond, I feel attracted to you. I am certain you could be a faithful friend, and silent as the grave."

"I should be very happy to be of any use to you," said Hope,

seeing she paused for a reply.

"I knew you would. I am so tired of feeding on my own heart! I want a friend. Now, I dare say you are surprised to see how earnestly I advocate Hugh Saville's cause. Ah, there is a little tragic story which will color my whole life."

"Indeed!" with awakening interest. "I trust your life will be free

from all tragic ingredients."

"Ah, no; that it cannot be. You must know that I saw a great deal of Richard and Hugh Saville when I was a little girl; my father worried a great deal about politics, and I used to live at the Court all the summer, that he might see me sometimes (my mother died when I was a baby, you know). Well, as soon as I left off playing with dolls and began to feel, I was in love with Hugh; and he was very fond of me. Then he went to sea, and we did not meet for years, until after I had been presented and had refused half a dozen men. I shall never forget our first meeting when he returned from—oh, I don't know where. He was so pleased to see me; but soon, very soon, I saw that he who was the light of my eyes was the one man of all I had met who resisted the attraction I generally exercise." Here she paused in her voluble utterance and pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

Hope was so amazed at these unexpected revelations that the bright color rose in her cheek,—it seemed to her delicate nature almost indecent thus to lay bare one's secret experiences to a stranger,—and a look of embarrassment made her drop her eyes; but these symptoms were lost on her companion, who thoroughly enjoyed holding forth on the

delightful topic of self and exhibiting her own fine points.

"That must have been very trying," said Hope, feeling she ought

to say something.

"Awful, my dear Miss Desmond. By the bye, may I call you Hope? It is a good omen, your name."

"Certainly, Miss Dacre."

"Well, my dear Hope, I nearly went mad; but it is curious that I never looked better. I flirted wildly with every one; still, of course Hugh knew quite well that I was desperately in love with him."

"Did he? How very trying! Perhaps he did not."

"Oh, yes, he did; and of course I did all sorts of wild things to show I did not care."

"Yes, I understand."

"Then I had that disturbance with my father about poor Lord Balmuir. I behaved rather badly. I did intend to marry him, but I couldn't! And so we went abroad; and I felt better. But it was an awful blow when I found that Hugh was absolutely married! Just think of it!—and to a mere adventuress, a nobody!—such an ambitious man! He will get sick of her, you may be quite sure."

"Why?" asked Hope, looking earnestly at her. "Is he very

changeable?"

"No, not at all; he is as steady as a rock, and very proud. But most men tire of their wives, especially when they have brought them no advantages. I never thought Hugh Saville could fall in love and forget himself. Now, when I saw George Lumley, his likeness to his cousin made my heart beat. I soon saw that he was a good deal struck with me, and I believe I could love him passionately if—if memory was not so importunate. He is very charming; and why should I not grow young again? for one does feel awfully old when one has no love-affair on. Don't you think George Lumley is—very much taken with me?"

"I suppose that sort of attraction is more perceptible to its object than to any one else," returned Hope Desmond, hesitatingly. She had

grown pale and grave, while Miss Dacre rattled on:

"Then, you see, when I heard about Hugh saving that man's life, I thought I might make use of the story to wake up Mrs. Saville's good feelings. It would be rather an heroic proceeding if I were to reconcile the mother, son, and wife. George Lumley said I was splendidly generous."

"What! did he too know all about Hugh-I mean Mr. Saville?"

cried Hope, more and more disturbed.

"Oh, yes; we have quite interesting talks about him. I tell him confidentially how fond I was of Hugh, and then, of course, he wishes he was in Hugh's place: so we get on very well. He is always coming over to the Court, except when he goes away for a few days' shooting. I am not quite sure my father likes it. You have never met Lord Castleton? He is very nice,—rather old-fashioned, and high Tory. Lord Everton was a great friend of his in early days. Now, my dear Hope, you know my heart-history; and you will notice Captain Lumley's manner. You know the Lumley estates are rather encumbered, and I dare say he feels shy of approaching me,—poor fellow! but, if I like him (and I do), that is of no consequence."

"I am always interested in what you like to tell me, Miss Dacre," said Hope, with some hesitation, as if choosing her words, "but I am not very observant, and some older and wiser person would be more

deserving of your confidence than I am."

"Nonsense! I could not tell all these things to a stiff old frump! Now, mind you ask Mrs. Saville if you may come and practise every morning for the concert. I intended to ask her, but my anxiety about Hugh quite put it out of my head. That is always my way: I never think of myself." Hope was too bewildered with her energetic rapidity to reply, so Miss Dacre went on: "She has really no feeling at all.

She is fearfully hard. I am afraid she will never forgive Hugh. But I will do all I can."

"If you will take my advice, Miss Dacre," said Hope, earnestly, "you will leave the matter alone. The less Mrs. Saville hears of her son for the present, the better. Attempts to force him on her notice only harden her."

"Well, perhaps so; but you must back me up whenever you can."

"Trust me, I will."

"Now I had better go home. I dare say Captain Lumley is waiting for me on the way. I am so glad you made me open my heart to you. It is such a comfort to have some one to speak to."

"Thank you," returned Hope.

"So good-by. You are looking quite pale and ill. Be sure you ask Mrs. Saville about the concert." And Miss Dacre departed

through the open window.

Hope threw herself on the sofa as soon as she was gone, and sat there lost in thought, her elbow on the cushion, her head on her hand, unconscious of the large tears which, after hanging on her long lashes, rolled slowly down her cheeks. What unhappiness and confusion Hugh Saville's headstrong disobedience had created !-- and for what? Perhaps only for a temporary whim; perhaps only to regret it, as Miss Dacre said. The thought of these things depressed her. Some incident in her own life perhaps made her more keenly alive to the trouble in Mrs. Saville's; for Hope Desmond was an exceedingly attractive girl, graceful, gentle, with flashes of humor and fire, suggesting delightful possibilities. The day had been trying, for her good friend Mr. Rawson had not brought too flourishing an account of her affairs, and she did not enjoy the idea of being demoiselle de compagnie all her life. At this stage of her reflections a shadow fell across her, and, looking up, she saw George Lumley contemplating her with much interest. She was always pleased to see his bright, good-looking face, and, smiling on him kindly, said, "You have missed Miss Dacre. She has just gone."

"Are you all right, Miss Desmond?" he asked, with much interest,

and drawing a step nearer.

"Yes, of course," she returned; then, becoming suddenly aware that her face was wet with tears, she blushed vividly and put up her handkerchief to remove them.

"The terrible effect of a private interview with one's legal adviser,"

she said, with a brave attempt to laugh.

"He must have brought you bad news, I fear." And Lumley sat

down beside her. "Old Rawson-" He paused.

"Is one of the best and kindest of friends," put in Hope. "Now I must go away. I should have been in my room before this, only Miss Dacre chose to stay and talk about family affairs. If you follow you will soon overtake her: she has taken the vicarage path."

"Why, you don't suppose I want to overtake her?"

"She expects you."

"Well, she may do so. She has nearly talked me to death once to-day. I am not going to run the same risk again."

Hope looked at him with a very puzzled expression, then a smile

parted her lips.

"I think you are all very curious people here," she said. "There are small signs of English reserve about you. But I don't want to hear any more confidences: so I shall leave you."

"This is too bad!—when I thought I should have a minute's talk with you in peace! Did you ever know anything so idiotic as Miss

Dacre's dramatic attempt?"

"I thought you pronounced it 'splendidly generous."

"Well, so it was, considering how mad she was about Hugh herself a couple of years ago. It was a match that would have suited my aunt down to the ground, but he would never hear of it. Are you really going? Well, it is too bad of you! I hope you will not go over to this practising to-morrow? I am on duty, and have to return to quarters to-night."

"What I can or cannot do depends on Mrs. Saville. Good-by for the present." She gave him her hand for a moment, and was gone.

With an air of extreme annoyance, Captain Lumley lit a cigar, and, stepping through one of the open windows, followed the path taken by Miss Dacre.

The dinner at Inglefield was very tranquil that evening. Mrs. Saville, her son, Hope Desmond, and Mr. Rawson made up the whole party. Mrs. Saville looked ill; there were deep shadows under her eyes, and her face seemed smaller than usual; but she was unusually

talkative and gracious.

She discussed politics with her guest, and occasionally directed her remarks to Hope. Mr. Saville contributed some rather original observations, and all things went smoothly. On leaving the table she said to Rawson, "I must leave you to Miss Desmond's care this evening, for I have a very bad headache; but I shall see you in the morning."

for I have a very bad headache; but I shall see you in the morning."

After a little conversation, Mr. Saville went to look for some sketches he had taken of the Lincolnshire churches, and in his absence Mr. Rawson said, "Mrs. Saville is most friendly. She particularly wishes you to remain; she says you know when to be silent and when to speak: so I think things promise well. Go on as you have begun. She talks of going on the Continent in a month or two. You are, I imagine, firmly fixed in her good graces. This is having half your work done."

"God grant it!" said Hope, with heart-felt earnestness; and soon

after they separated for the night.

CHAPTER VII.

"I THINK, Miss Desmond, I shall go abroad next week," said Mrs. Saville, breaking silence one dull, drizzling, depressing November day, when they were sitting by the fire in the smaller of the two drawing-rooms. Mrs. Saville had been in deep thought, and Hope diligently making a long strip of lace which usually occupied her when tele-à-tele with her patroness and not reading aloud.

"Do you wish me to accompany you?"

"Yes, of course. You are very ready to leave me."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Saville; I should be sorry to do so; but I wish you to feel quite free. The secret of comfort in such a relationship as ours is that we are not bound to each other."

There was another pause.

"Very likely," resumed Mrs. Saville, as if she had been reflecting. "However, I do not wish to part company as yet. I must say you are one of the few young women—indeed, young or old—who have any common sense, though your ideas on some points are by no means sound."

"What are my chief errors?" asked Hope, with the pleasant fearlessness which was one of her chief attractions to the imperious little

plutocrat.

"You are a sentimentalist in some directions, and you do not recognize the true value of money. The first is weakness; the second,

wilful blindness."

"I dare say I am weak," returned Hope, laying down her work and speaking thoughtfully; "but do you know, Mrs. Saville, I think I have a truer estimate of the value of money than yourself?"

"How do you make that out?" Mrs. Saville spoke with some

degree of interest.

"I know that a certain amount is necessary, that real poverty is degrading, that every right-minded individual will strive and toil for a sufficiency, enough to secure independence and respectability; but, after that, what can money buy? Not health, nor a sense of enjoyment, nor intelligence, nor the perception of beauty, nor that crown of life, love. Very moderate means will permit of fullest pleasure in all these, but they must be all the free gift of nature: gold cannot buy them."

"And with them all," returned Mrs. Saville, "you can never lift your head above the obscurity of a mean position, if you only possess

moderate means."

"That does not seem a hardship to me. It is true I never knew what ambition meant, and therefore I am no fair judge of what is essential to an ambitious spirit; but men have attained to great power

and yet had but little money."

"Not often,—not often; while to women, with their more limited sphere, money is still more essential. If every one was as philosophic as yourself, where should we be? Where would civilization, inventions, improvement, employment, be, if men did not haste to become rich?"

"But I do not object to people becoming rich, and I acknowledge that men who amass large fortunes are often benefactors to their fellows. I only urge that great wealth is not essential to individual happiness, and that men who increase knowledge and social improvement, who invent and explore, are benefactors equally with those who make the money which pays for it all."

"We are like the two knights who fought over the color of the shield, Miss Desmond. You must grant that if wealth cannot buy

health it can at least mitigate suffering; and it certainly can buy esteem, if it cannot buy love. As to love, who feels it except the young and the imaginative? It is but another form of selfishness; some quality in another gratifies you or flatters you, and you think that person essential to your existence."

"There is something more in it than that," said Hope, gently;

"you must know that. Did you never love any one yourself?"

"Yes; at least I thought I did, and small thanks I had for it. But I am not sure that my reason is not too strong for my affections."

"I think," said Hope, slowly, "that you could love very much." She stopped, and grew a little paler than usual. "Pardon me if I take a liberty in speaking my opinion."

"No; go on; you amuse me."

"We scarcely know what gifts we possess till circumstances call them out, at d yours may not have drawn out your faculties in that direction. But I am quite sure the remarkable strength of your nature would make your love strong too."

"Really, Miss Desmond, you are a profound student of human nature. Unfortunately for the development of my affections, I am not

what is called a lovable person."

"No," said Hope, quietly, "not what a surface observer would call lovable; you are too contemptuous of weakness, which you cannot understand; but if steadiness of purpose, a sense of justice, honor, and loyalty, are worthy of love, you ought to be loved. When I came to you, my first inclination was to fear you, and I determined not to yield to it, or, if I found it insurmountable, to leave you. You cannot support the companionship of a spirit inferior to your own."

"And you consider yours equal to mine?" asked Mrs. Saville, with

a slight smile.

"I do," returned Hope, steadily. "You are my superior in knowledge, in experience, in ability, in strength of will; but my opinions, my individuality, are my own; I will never yield them to the mere authority of any creature, even to one I respect as I do you. If, in speaking as I think, I offend, we are not bound to live together a moment longer than is agreeable. I may love you one day; I will never allow myself to fear you."

"You are rather a curious girl. I do not wish people to fear me.

Why should they?"

"I do not suppose you do; but you have a dominant will, which wealth gives you the power to exercise, and it colors your manner."

"I have always been well served."

"No doubt."

"Well, Miss Desmond, you have interested me a good deal, and, as you say, whenever I grow too tyrannical, or you grow too fearless, we can part company. At any rate, you are more of a rational being than most young women. Now as to my plans for this winter. I cannot stand being worried by the people I know in London, and my relations: so I propose going to Dresden, a town where one meets few English. I have had enough of my compatriots for the present. I shall come to Paris in the spring; and after—oh, that is too remote to

think of. I had a letter this morning from Mary Dacre. She is staying in Yorkshire, at some wild country house, where she hunts and shoots in modern-young-lady fashion. She threatens to return here with her obedient father on the 17th, and that idiot George Lumley in her train. Lady Olivia writes that the preference dear Mary Dacre shows with such girlish simplicity for dear George is quite touching. Of course the Lumleys are enchanted at the possibility of such a marriage. I wonder does it ever occur to them to count up the number of aspirants Miss Dacre has encouraged and thrown over? I do not myself quite understand why George Lumley hung about here so much. I fancy he was rather laughing at the future Baroness Castleton; and he is too much a Saville to do what he doesn't like, even for a wealthy marriage."

"I must say, Mrs. Saville, that seems to me erring in the right

direction."

"I suppose it does, to you. To me it seems weak self-indulgence, when you consider the position George Lumley is born to, and which he is bound to keep up."

"What a terrible birthright!" returned Hope Desmond, laughing, as she resumed her lace-work, and, tea coming in at that moment, the

conversation was interrupted.

Hope had been for four months Mrs. Saville's constant companion. and, having got over the first almost overpowering inclination to fly from her awful presence, every day added to the steadiness of her nerve, and to her influence with her wealthy patroness. She too rejoiced in Miss Dacre's departure for more brilliant fields of conquest, as her constant demands on her new confidante's time and sympathies were rather exhausting. The village concert had been a great success, but the practisings which led up to it had been an equally great trial. Moreover, Captain Lumley's manners had caused her much annoyance. Preoccupied feeling had at first blinded her as to the true meaning of his attentions and efforts to escort her to and from the Court and Inglefield House; while the self-confident hussar was enraged, piqued, and above all fascinated, by the friendly kindly unconsciousness of his aunt's attractive companion. He had never met anything like it before, and gradually prudence, worldliness, every consideration, became merged in an all-devouring desire to conquer the smiling indifference which baffled him, and to revenge the endless slights he thought he had received. At last he had torn himself away, hoping to renew the attack with fresh effect on his return. Meanwhile, he masked his batteries under a very overt flirtation with Miss Dacre.

Before starting for the Continent, Hope had leave of absence for two or three days, which she spent with her friend Miss Rawson. These were a refreshment to her spirit, and after much confidential talk

and some necessary shopping she returned to her post.

The welcome accorded her by the self-contained mistress of Ingle-field was warmer than she anticipated. Mrs. Saville had missed her pleasant companionship. Her presence soothed and satisfied the imperious woman. The sincere respect she evinced was so thoroughly a free-will offering that it was more flattering to Mrs. Saville's amour

propre than the most elegantly turned compliments from a luminary of fashion.

"You will go on and prosper, I have no doubt," were Mr. Rawson's parting words, the day before the intending travellers started, when he had come to Inglefield on business.

"So far all goes fairly. If I can win Mrs. Saville's confidence so completely that she voluntarily mentions her offending son, I shall

think I have done well."

"It will be a long experiment, I fear; but you have twelve months before you."

"Yes; and who knows what a day may bring forth?"

Twenty-four hours later saw Mrs. Saville and her companion dining at Meurice's. In the former's youth this hotel had been the favorite quarters of the well-to-do English in Paris, and she never left it. Hope Desmond had often been in Paris before, but generally in cheap pensions or very loftily placed and diminutive apartments; and her present luxurious surroundings did not please her as much as they saddened by the memories and contrasts they evoked.

After a few days' rest, Mrs. Saville set out for Germany, and in the quiet routine of their comfortable life there the current of this

"ower true tale" seemed to stagnate.

CHAPTER VIII.

BACK in bright Paris, now decked in her garden-party dress of chestnut-blossoms, lilacs, and laburnums, some six or seven months afterwards.

Mrs. Saville had spent a very tranquil winter. She had rarely

been free from irritation for so long a period.

For a week or two at Christmas she had been a good deal tried by a visit from her son, who, to her surprise, brought his cousin George Lumley with him. That over, she settled down again to her books, her fancy-work, of which she was rather proud, her game of whist with some old Grafs and Barons attached to the little court, some of whom had dabbled in diplomacy and even spent a few years in London, and frequent visits to the opera, for almost her only real pleasure was music.

If, six months before, Mrs. Saville had missed her companion when she was absent for a couple of days, the idea of parting with her now would have struck her with dismay. She had softened gradually but considerably,—so gradually that Hope Desmond had to look back and

recall her first impressions to measure the change.

The weather was fine, the sky blue, and sunshine beautified all things. It seemed impossible not to partake of the general exhilaration which pervaded the atmosphere. Yet Mrs. Saville's expression, if less hard, was infinitely sadder than formerly, and, though Miss Desmond's eyes were calm, and her air composed, there were shadows beneath the former and a somewhat worn look in her expressive face. She was thinner, too, as if she had borne some mental strain.

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It was afternoon, and the Champs-Elysées were crowded with streams of equipages pouring out to the Bois. Stemming this current, Mrs. Saville and Hope returned from their earlier drive, and on arriving at the hotel found another open carriage drawn up at the entrance, from which a gorgeously-dressed lady was leaning while she spoke to the porter. He made a gesture towards the new arrival, whereupon the lady looked round and displayed the well-known features of Miss Dacre.

"How fortunate!" she cried. "Here, open the door; let me out!"

And she sprang upon the ground.

"My dear Mrs. Saville, I only just heard by the merest accident that you were in Paris. We have been at Pau for two months, and

are on our way home."

"Oh, indeed," returned Mrs. Saville, rather dryly, as she descended very deliberately and submitted to be kissed by her young friend. "I am sorry for your poor father. Why could you not let him rest in

peace among his turnips and mangel-wurzels?"

"Why, I must think of myself sometimes, you know. How do you do, Hope? I am so glad to see you! I can't say you are looking very flourishing. I suppose you are coming in, so I can pay you a nice visit, though I have a hundred and one things to do. I suppose you have your old rooms, Mrs. Saville. We are at the Bristol. I wonder you stay here, it is so slow."

"Quite fast enough for me; but come up-stairs."

"She is as cross as ever," whispered Miss Dacre to Hope as they ascended to Mrs. Saville's apartments. "I don't wonder at your look-

ing worn out." Hope laughed and shook her head.

"You are comfortable enough here, I must say," resumed Miss Dacre, looking round the handsomely-furnished room, which was sweet with flowers and flooded with soft light, the strong sunshine filtering through the outer blinds.

"Well, dear Mrs. Saville, and how are you after burying yourself alive in Germany all the winter? It is such a queer place to

go to."

"I like Germany, and I am remarkably well."

"Well, you don't look so. We had a wild time at Herondyke. I was there for nearly a month. Lady Olivia is quite too good-natured. Then she and the girls came over to Castleton, but your son persuaded George Lumley to go with him to Dresden. A great mistake! Captain Lumley was quite cross when he returned,—said it was a Godforgotten hole! I met Mr. Vignolles at Pau,"—etc., etc. And Miss Dacre turned on a rapid flow of gossip. As soon as she made a pause for breath, Mrs. Saville said, wearily,—

"Miss Desmond, the tea is ready. Give me a cup."

"By all means. The Parisians have improved immensely, but they have not arrived at the height of good afternoon tea yet." Silence on the part of Mrs. Saville, while Miss Dacre sipped her

"When do you come back to London, Mrs. Saville?"

"Not this year. I may go to Inglefield in the autumn."

"I suppose you know Richard is bringing out a work on 'The Romans in Lincolnshire,' illustrated, with notes and appendixes ad lib.! It will cost a small fortune, they say."

"They? Who say?"

"Oh, the literary world. I am thinking of publishing extracts from the Archives of Castleton Forest. There are lots of old deeds and letters in the muniment-room, especially about the Long Parliament times. One must really write something now."

"Indeed! Can't you compile a time-table of the trains between Castleton, Upton, and London, copying Bradshaw freely? It would

answer all purposes, and give you very little trouble."

"Dear Mrs. Saville, what an idea! Now I want you to do me a favor. Let Miss Desmond come with me to the Opéra Comique this evening. They give 'Le petit Duc.' My father has instituted a headache, and I rather want a chaperon. It will not be very late."

"Miss Desmond is perfectly free to do as she likes."

"If you can find any other chaperon I am quite ready to stay at home," said Hope, smiling.

"Now, do not be disagreeable. I want you to come with me."

Hope did not answer, and after some further pour parlers it was arranged that Miss Dacre should call for her favorite confidente that

evening en route for the theatre.

"I have a hundred and one things to say to you," whispered Miss Dacre when Hope Desmond escorted her to the stair after she had taken leave of Mrs. Saville. "The same mysterious fate still dogs me. I do not know what spell binds George Lumley to silence. Poor fellow! I am so sorry for him! I rather imagined he thought I was going to Dresden last winter,—heaven only knows why. You will be ready at seven-thirty, will you not?"

"Yes, certainly."

When Hope returned to Mrs. Saville she found that lady's maid removing her out-door garb and arranging her mistress on the sofa as if for a siesta.

"I would have saved you from this infliction if I could," she said, presently, when Hope thought she was going to sleep, "but politesse, as well as noblesse, oblige! Mary Dacre was always foolish; she is now absolutely idiotic. I am not surprised that Hugh had no patience with her; Hugh was always instinctive. He is like me in many things."

Hope listened with nervous attention, growing alternately red and white. Never before had Mrs. Saville named her offending son, and Hope feared butter a word that might offend or divert the current of

her thoughts.

"I am always doomed to disappointment," she went on, as if speaking out her thoughts. "There is Richard; he will be a dilettante and a nobody all the days of his life. I never wasted any anticipations on him. But Hugh might be anything,—a statesman, a leader of men. I would have done anything to push his fortunes. All my hopes, all my ambitions, centred in him; and you know—you must have heard—how he repaid me."

"Yes, I have heard," returned Hope, in such tremulous accents

that Mrs. Saville looked up, as if surprised and touched by her keen

sympathy. "It seems very cruel."

"Seems! It is. To be forgotten, thrown over, for the sake of a pretty face, a whim of passion, after years of devotion! It is intolerable; it is not to be forgiven. An unsuitable wife is a millstone round a man's neck that will drag him to perdition; but I leave her punishment to him. He will tire of her, and he will curse the day he ever saw her, and sacrificed his mother and his career—everything—to a passing fancy."

"It was a terrible mistake,—a—" She stopped suddenly.

"Are you ill? You look white and faint!" exclaimed Mrs. Saville,

roused to attention by the sudden cessation of her voice.

"Only a little giddy and dazed; the sun was so strong to-day," returned Hope, steadying her voice by a strong effort. "I felt faint when we were driving round the lakes. But, dear Mrs. Saville, may I say that greater blame attaches to the girl who allowed your son to sacrifice himself for her, than to him?"

"No doubt she is a designing minx. But she will find that she reckoned without her host when she caught my son. Existence as the

wife of a poor naval officer is not quite a bed of roses."

"And suppose she proves a devoted wife, prudent, careful, self-denying: would you not in time forgive her, and pardon him for his

misfortune in falling a victim to-her designs?"

"You suppose what is highly improbable; but even if this woman prove a gem of the finest water, that will do nothing towards pushing my son in his career. All must come from him; and a wife endowed with money or interest, or both, can do so much for a man. Maddening as all this is, what embitters me most is my son's contemptuous disregard of me. To marry without a word of notice, an attempt to win my consent, was an insult."

"But, Mrs. Saville, if I may venture to speak on a subject so near your heart, do you not think that the hopelessness of gaining your con-

sent held him back from making the attempt?"

"It should have held him back also from such ungrateful disobedience. He knew he would break—no, not break my heart,—mine is not the kind of heart which breaks,—but harden it with a hardness that pains, with a dull indescribable aching." And she pressed her hand

on her bosom.

"Oh, yes, it was wrong,—terribly wrong," cried Hope, and there was a sound of tears in her voice, "but you know your son's nature (I have heard all about his unfortunate marriage from Miss Rawson). Rightly or wrongly, he loved this girl with all his heart, and she was singularly desolate, friendless, penniless. How could he desert her, being the man he is? how could he help her effectually save as her husband? It was imprudent, I know, and very wrong, but not unpardonable. Dear Mrs. Saville, think how unhappy your son must be, parted from you as he is, and, oh, think of the sad future of self-reproach and regret you are creating for his unhappy wife."

"Do not talk such sentimental rubbish to me, Miss Desmond. It is not like your usual quiet good sense. Has Mr. Rawson placed you

with me to plead Hugh's cause? If so, it is wasted ingenuity. I will not be talked over; nor does Hugh think it worth while to make any attempt at reconciliation."

"Probably he fears it would only embitter you were he to try."
"No; it is pride and obstinacy. He has something of my own

nature. How proud I was of him once !"

"And so you will be again," cried Hope, cheerfully. "Foolish, faulty, he may be, but he has done nothing unworthy of a man of honor. Does a marriage of affection incapacitate a man from distinguishing himself in his profession? Do you not believe that when the heart is satisfied and at rest, the intellect works more freely and clearly?"

"And do you think that the heart will long rest satisfied when the lot of its owner is poverty and obscurity? There, that is enough. I will not hear excuses or pleading for my son. If I thought Mr. Rawson suggested such interference, I would beg you to leave me at

once."

"Which I can do to-morrow, if you wish," said Hope, her pale

cheek flushing quickly, though she spoke with a pleasant smile.

Mrs. Saville laughed. "You know I should not like you to leave me," she said, more genially than Hope once thought she could ever speak. "Nor need you do so, if you will avoid vexed questions." Hope bent her head. "Tell me," resumed Mrs. Saville, "if you did leave me, what should you do?"

"I am not absolutely without resources," returned Hope, "and I

should try to find pupils or some similar employment to this."

"But you would prefer staying where you are?"

"Yes, very, very much."

"There is a tone of sincerity in your words. Pray read to me for

a while, and let us have no more agitations."

This long-wished-for opening appeared to Hope to have done very little good. She wrote an account of it to Mr. Rawson. Indeed, her correspondence with the Rawson family was very constant. Every week a thick letter went to Miss Rawson, and every week came a punctual reply. Sometimes these letters sent Hope to her daily task with a soft, happy smile on her lips; sometimes her quick-falling tears bedewed the paper as she read. But, through smiles and tears, she never failed in her duty to her employer, who grew more and more dependent on her daughterly care and attention.

Mrs. Saville had invited some friends who were passing through Paris to dine with her that day, so Hope felt no compunction about leaving her alone, though she was by no means anxious to accompany Miss Dacre, whose constant confidences about Lumley made her feel uncomfortable; for during his visit to Dresden she had perceived what was the real attraction which brought him there, and she had a sense

of guilt towards Miss Dacre which oppressed her.

"However, she will be going away soon," was her reflection as she dressed, always in black, but not now in such mourning,—black lace over black satin, her snowy neck and arms showing through their transparent covering, and a jet comb shining among the abundant coils of her rich, dark-chestnut hair.

"I am so glad you could come!" cried Miss Dacre, when she got into the carriage. "I cannot go quite by myself, and there is no one else in Paris I care to have. Do you know, my father says he thinks he saw George Lumley on the Boulevards this morning."

"Indeed! Well, we have seen nothing of him."

The house was crowded with a brilliant audience. The music was light and sparkling. Many glasses were turned to the box occupied by the two distinguished-looking Englishwomen. Hope Desmond had had a budget from her faithful friend Miss Rawson that evening, and something in the contents had sent her forth with a bright color and a smiling face. Even Miss Dacre, self-absorbed as she usually was, thought, "How handsome Hope is looking!"

That young lady, who had been sweeping the house with her operaglass, suddenly started, and exclaimed, "Why, there is George Lumley in the balcony opposite! He is with Lord Everton. Is it not extraordinary?—as soon as I come to Paris he appears. Stay! he sees us: they are coming over. I don't know how it is, but I felt I should meet

him here."

In a few minutes the door of the box opened to admit Lord Everton

and his young nephew.

"Well, Miss Dacre, this is an unexpected pleasure," said the gallant old peer. "I met Castleton a couple of hours ago, and he told me you were coming here to-night. Then this young scapegrace called at my eyry au quatrième, and we agreed to look you up."

"I saw Richard Saville in town the day before yesterday," said Captain Lumley as he shook hands with Miss Desmond. "He told

me you were in Paris: and-here I am."

"It is the best time for Paris, everything looks so bright and gay," she returned, with some slight embarrassment. "Rather different from Dresden."

"I hope there may be a change from the Dresden tone," he replied, with some significance. Then he turned to greet Miss Dacre with great cordiality, and while they talked with much animation Lord Everton

addressed Miss Desmond.

"Delighted to see you! So glad you have not deserted my distinguished sister-in-law. You remind me of Una and the Lion, or I might say the Tiger. The softening power you have exercised is amazing. I only wish the process extended in widening circles to embrace a few more than your favored self."

"I wish I possessed the power you credit me with," returned Hope, smiling, as she made room for him beside her. She was always amused with the boyish old peer, who showed her a degree of kindly attention

which touched her.

"And how are you getting on?" he continued, in a confidential tone.
"I know that good fellow Rawson counted on you as an ally in the

cause of Madame's prodigal son."

"I do not get on at all. I have had but one chance of pleading for him, and I am afraid I made little or no impression. Mrs. Saville has been profoundly offended. Naturally, she will find it hard to forgive."

"She is somewhat adamantine. If you succeed with her I shall say

you are a deucedly clever young woman. Still, I am inclined to back you. I must tell Hugh what a first-rate advocate he has. I had a letter from him a few days ago. His ship will be out of commission—let me see, in less than five months. The present First Lord is an old school-fellow of mine, and he wants a lift with him. He must keep up, you know, now he is a married man,—poor beggar! Then, in a way, I am responsible for his sins."

"Oh, indeed!" said Hope, looking at him with eager, earnest eyes.
"Yes; I knew old Hilton for years, off and on. He wasn't a bad
fellow at all,—very much in my own line; and I am not at all a bad

fellow, I assure you."

"I am sure you are not," returned Hope, with a caressing

smile.

"What a sweet soul you are to say so!" showing all his still white teeth in a genial laugh. "Then he, Hugh, met the daughter,—an uncommon girl, I believe, sang divinely, and all that."

"Did you know her too?" asked Hope.

"Well, I have seen her, years ago, when she was in short frocks with a pigtail. Then she was away in England for some time, but Hilton did not consider it prudent to cross the Channel. Anyhow, Hugh is most anxious about his precious wife, and fears she may get into trouble during his absence. I am thinking of running down to Nice to look her up. She is there still, isn't she?"

"I think-that is, Mr. Rawson thinks she has left. You had better

ask him."

"I will," with some significance. "May I call upon her imperious

Highness, do you think?"

"I can hardly tell. You might leave a card. I am inclined to think that she would be pleased by your kind effort to further her son's interest."

"That is a little encouraging. Hugh has always been a favorite of mine. He is a fine fellow, and I do not think he will revenge himself on the poor girl who is the innocent cause of his misfortunes. Gad! a sweet charming woman is worth paying dear for!"—a sentiment which seemed to touch his hearer, for she gave him a soft, lingering, tearful glance, which, "had I been some twenty years younger," thought the

old boy, "I should have felt inclined to repay with a kiss."

Meantime, Miss Dacre's bright beady eyes danced in her head with delight as she chattered volubly to Lumley, whose face grew rather sulky as he listened, scarcely deigning to reply. Here a welcome interruption came in the shape of one of the English attaches, for whom Lumley immediately vacated his seat; and, as Lord Everton wished to say a word to one of the singers, he departed behind the scenes, and Lumley slipped into his place.

"My uncle was fortunate in securing your devoted attention, Miss

Desmond."

"Yes; he always interests me."

"Lucky old fellow! What have you been doing with yourself?" continued Lumley, looking earnestly at her. "You are looking pale and thin, and your eyes—"

Hope interrupted him by holding up a finger. "What a rude speech?" she exclaimed.

"You ought to know by this time that I am too deeply interested

in you to pay you compliments."

"And you ought to know by this time, Captain Lumley, that I am an ungrateful creature and not deserving of your interest."

"Whether you deserve it or not, I can't help feeling it."
"Has Mr. Saville any thoughts of coming to Paris?"

"I don't know. He will probably pay his respected mamma a visit. He is at present deeply engaged assisting a desperate female antiquarian who is collecting materials for the history of Queen Bertha, or Boadicea, or some such remote potentate. Whether she will end by leading him to the hymeneal altar is uncertain; but it is quite possible."

"I earnestly hope poor Mrs. Saville may be spared this last straw,"

exclaimed Hope, smiling.

"I am sure I don't care. I only care for my own troubles. I have been the most miserable beggar in existence for the last four or five months, hoping and fearing, and dragged every way. I am resolved to put an end to this infernal uncertainty and know my fate. Don't you think I am right?"

"How can I tell?" Hope was beginning, when Miss Dacre broke in: "You will come back to sup with me, will you not, Miss Desmond? Captain Lumley and Lord Everton are coming, and Lady Delamere, and Monsieur de la Taille. I will send my maid home with you after."

"Many thanks, Miss Dacre, I really must not." An animated argument followed; but Hope Desmond stuck to her resolution, and, declining Captain Lumley's proffered escort, drove back to Meurice's alone.

Mrs. Saville was rather amused in Paris; she met many acquaintances who did not bore her, and she tolerated Captain Lumley's visits more good-humoredly than formerly, chiefly because he was quiet and

distrait.

About a week after Hope had gone to the opera with Miss Dacre, Mrs. Saville had gone to drive in the Bois with an invalid dowager duchess who was on her way to some famous health-resort in Switzerland, and Hope, having finished her weekly letter, went out to post it, proceeding afterwards to do some shopping. On her way back, near the Théatre Français, she met Lumley, who immediately turned with her. They walked rather silently to the hotel, Hope feeling very anxious to get rid of him, yet somehow deterred from acting with decision, but a certain air of resolution by no means usual which pervaded his face and voice seemed to hold her back.

"Has Mrs. Saville returned?" asked Hope of the waiter who

attended their suite of rooms.

"Not yet, mademoiselle," he replied.

"Then—" she began, holding out her hand to Lumley; but he did not take it.

"If you will allow me, I will come in and wait for her," he said,

with so much decision that she felt it would be easier to let him come in than to resist. He therefore followed her up-stairs to the pleasant salon looking out on the Tuileries gardens, where Hope took off her hat, intending to supply him with a newspaper and leave him to his

own reflections. This plan was nipped in the bud.

Having walked to the window and looked out for a minute, Lumley returned and closed the door. Standing between it and Hope. he said, very quietly, "This is the first chance I have had of speaking to you, and I implore you to hear me. I insist on your hearing me. You have treated me with the most insulting indifference, and obstinately refused to understand the feelings I have tried to show you. Now I am determined to speak out. I am madly in love with you. I would sacrifice everything and every one for you. I am desperately in earnest. Promise that you will love me, that you will even try to love me, and I'll-I'll marry you to-morrow. No! hear me further," as Hope attempted to speak. "Just think of the different life you would lead with me. You would have society, position, freedom. We might be obliged to pinch at first, but nothing can keep the family estates from me when my father is gone; and I could always get money. Then compare life with a husband who adores you, with that of a sort of upper servant to a cantankerous, dictatorial, tyrannical old woman like my aunt Saville. You must not refuse me, Hope. I'll blow out my brains if you do." He tried to catch her hand, which she quickly snatched away, stepping back a pace or two, while she grew alternately pale and red under the passionate gaze of the eager young man.

"Now, you must listen to me, Captain Lumley. You have distressed me infinitely. You ought to have understood by my manner that I wished to avoid such an explanation,—to save you, as well as myself, the pain it must cause. It is impossible that I could love you as you wish. And it is well I do not; for there is no reason why you should grieve your parents as your cousin has done his mother."

"That need not weigh with you," cried Lumley. "I wrote to my father yesterday, and told him I should ask you, and if you accepted me, as I hoped you would, nothing should prevent our marriage."

me, as I hoped you would, nothing should prevent our marriage."

"How insane of you!" said Hope, greatly agitated. "Why could you not see that I should never under any circumstances have loved you, we are so unlike in every way?"

"That's no reason why we should not be perfectly happy; and see

all I can give you."

"All you could give has not a feather's weight with me. I am profoundly grieved that I could not keep you from this mortification. You will find many good and charming women, who, if you seek them, would love you well; and I will even tell you that I have no heart to give. I am engaged to a man I love with all my soul, and no one can put him out of my mind."

"Who and what is he?" cried Lumley, fiercely, starting forward

from where he had been leaning against the window-frame.

"I will tell you so much. He is poor like myself, and we have a long struggle before us, but—— There, I will say no more. Now

that you understand there is no hope, you will be able to put me out of your thoughts. Do tell your father he has nothing to fear, at least from me. It is cruel to disappoint a father, a parent. See what suffering Hugh Saville had caused his mother."

"By heaven, he was right. He got what he wanted. I am infernally disappointed. I thought when you knew what I really meant,

you-"

"It is useless to argue about what is inevitable," interrupted Hope, with some hauteur. "I deeply regret having caused you annoyance or disappointment, but neither you nor I would have been happy if we had become man and wife. Why, oh, why did you not understand me? Now I can hear no more. Make haste to relieve your father's mind, and—good-by, Captain Lumley." She half put out her hand, drew it back, and left the room swiftly. The enraged and disappointed lover took a turn to and fro, uttering some half-articulate denunciations of his infernal ill luck, then, snatching up his hat, rushed away to pour his troubles into the sympathizing ear of Lord Everton, in whom all imprudent youngsters found a congenial confidant.

As soon as the sound of his steps was heard, the unclosed door of a small inner room from which there was no other exit, and which was used as a cabinet d'écriture, was pushed more widely open, and Mrs. Saville walked in. She wore her out-door dress, and held a note in

her hand.

"I little thought what I should hear," she said, almost aloud, "when I determined to keep quiet till that booby had gone. Listeners never hear good of themselves. So I am a cantankerous, dictatorial, tyrannical old woman? Hope Desmond does not think so: I know she does not."

CHAPTER IX.

To Hope Mrs. Saville made no sign, and she remained in complete ignorance that her acute patroness had been a hearer of Lumley's avowal.

There was something increasingly kind and confidential, however, in her tone and manner. Hope was greatly relieved by having thus disposed of her admirer. That worry was at an end: another, how-

ever, still remained.

Miss Dacre's feelings and imagination were greatly exercised by the sudden disappearance of George Lumley from the scene, and she grew quite ravenous for Hope's society, that she might wonder and conjecture and maunder about his mysterious conduct, and cross-examine Hope as to what she thought might, could, would, or should have caused him thus suddenly to throw up the game which Miss Dacre chose to think he was playing so eagerly,—viz., the pursuit of herself,—till she made her hearer's life a burden to her.

"I don't know what you do to Miss Desmond when you have her out by herself," said Mrs. Saville to the young heiress one afternoon, when she had called to know if dear Mrs. Saville would spare Hope Desmond to take a drive with her and stay to afternoon tea, "but she

always comes back looking white and tired, quite exhausted; and I will not spare her, Miss Dacre. I want her myself. If you are always taking her away, you had better keep her."
"I am sure I shall be delighted. I want a nice lady-like com-

panion a little older than myself, to go about with me and——"

"A little older than yourself!" laughed Mrs. Saville. "I suspect she is two years your junior. Well, take her, if she will go."

"Indeed, Mrs. Saville, I think you would do better with an older

person, some one nearer your own age."

"I am much obliged for your kind consideration. Yes, of course Miss Desmond has rather a dull time with me. Suppose you make her an offer in writing."

"Yes, of course I could; that is, if you would not be offended."

"No, by no means. I would not stand in her light."

"Really, Mrs. Saville, you are the most sensible woman I know. Pray, how much do you give her?—what salary, I mean."

"What Mr. Rawson asked for his protégée,—fifty pounds."

"Is that all? Oh, I will give her a hundred."

"Then of course you will get her," said Mrs. Saville, grimly.

"That being so, pray leave her to me for this afternoon."

"Oh, yes, certainly. I can write to her this evening." Her further utterence was arrested by the announcement, in loud tones, of Lady Olivia Lumley, whereupon that personage entered, wearing a simple travelling-dress and a most troubled expression of countenance.

"Dear Miss Dacre, I had no idea I should find you here," said Lady Olivia, when she had greeted Mrs. Saville. "I am on my way to Contrexeville, to try and get rid of my gouty rheumatism: so-"

"How very unfortunate that Captain Lumley should just have left!" interrupted Miss Dacre. "He started on Wednesday,-something regimental, I believe."

"Most unfortunate," returned Lady Olivia, emphatically.

"Where are you staying?" asked Miss Dacre.

"At the Hôtel d'Albe."

"Well, I shall call late this afternoon. Now I am obliged to call on the Comtesse de Surèsnes. So good-by for the present, Mrs. Saville. Good-by, dear Lady Olivia."

As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Saville, looking very straight at her

sister-in-law, asked, "What is the matter with you?"

"Matter! Matter enough! If I had not been en route for Contrexéville I should have come here on purpose to-to tell you what I think."

"And pray what may that be, Lady Olivia?"

"That you have allowed my unfortunate boy George to fall into the same scrape as your own son, just to make us suffer as you have done. It is too bad, that while we were thinking everything was on the point of being settled between him and Mary Dacre (such an excellent marriage), there is he falling into the trap of that low-born, designing adventuress your companion! You are not a woman to be blinded by anything, and you never took the trouble to warn us or save him, and I who always sympathized with you in your trouble about Hugh! I

expected better things from you, Elizabeth. You are infatuated about that woman, of whom you really know nothing."

For a moment Mrs. Saville was silent, too amazed to find words.

"I don't understand you. Pray explain your meaning, if you have any," she said, at last, a bitter little smile curling up the corners of her mouth.

"Why, our unfortunate mad boy wrote to his father a few days ago that he was going to make an offer to that dreadful girl, as she was the sort of woman to whom he dared not propose a private marriage; that he feared we might be vexed at first, but if we attempted to prevent it he would go straight to the dogs. Oh, it is too—too bad! I little thought, when I was so horrified at Hugh's conduct last summer, that before a year was over I should be afflicted in the

same way."

"When you gloated over my disappointment, you mean," cried Mrs. Saville, her keen black eyes flashing. "I have no doubt you thought to yourself that your son would never be false to the instincts of his race, which is aristocratic on both sides, but that mine was impelled by the plebeian vigor inherited from his mother's people. I know the amount of gratitude you all feel towards me for conferring wealth for which he never toiled, on your brother and his sons. But the blood in my veins has been strong enough to keep you all in your places. Yes! as the world we live in chooses to attach importance to rank and to worship a title, I bought what was necessary of the valuable article; but I know your estimate of me and the veiled contempt of your commiseration when the blow fell upon me. Now I am going to return good for evil, and relieve your mind. Your precious son is perfectly safe. That low-born, designing adventuress my companion has defiantly and utterly rejected him."

"Impossible! Are you sure? May this not be some deep-laid

scheme? How do you know?"

"It is quite possible, I am perfectly sure; it is no deep-laid scheme, I know, because I was in that room there, unsuspected, and heard every word of the proposal and of the distinct, decided rejection. Miss Desmond reproached your son with his perseverance in spite of her discouragement, and informed him she was engaged to another,—evidently some humble, struggling man, from whom your charming, distinguished son was powerless to attract her. Miss Desmond acted like a young woman of sense and honor, and in my opinion she is a great deal too good even for so high and mighty a gentleman as Captain George Lumley."

"Thank God?" cried Lady Olivia, too much relieved to resent the undisguised scorn and anger of her sister-in-law. "But are you quite sure there is no danger of this—young person changing her mind?"

"Be under no apprehension. Your son is safe enough so far as my young friend Miss Desmond is concerned."

"I am sure I am very glad; but really, Elizabeth, I am amazed at

the very extraordinary attack you have made upon me."

"Or, rather, you are amazed that I know you so well. I saw the sneer that lurked under your assumed compassion for my disappoint-

ment, and I am amazed you ventured to speak in the tone you did to me. Now you may go, and write to your husband and assure him his son is safe for the present. Before we meet again, you must apologize to me for the liberty you have taken."

"I think an apology is also due to me," cried Lady Olivia.

While she spoke, Mrs. Saville had rung the bell, and, on the waiter's appearance, said, in a commanding tone, "Lady Olivia Lumley's carriage," whereupon that lady confessed defeat by retiring rapidly.

Mrs. Saville walked to her special arm-chair, and, taking Prince into her lap, stroked him mechanically, as was her wont when she was

thinking.

"So that was the fool's attraction?" she mused. "I ought to have suspected it, but I did not, or I should have sent him about his business. It is natural enough that the father and mother should be annoyed; but she is too good for him,—a great deal too good. But she is silly too, with her high-flown notions. We cannot defy the judgment and prejudices of the world we live in; obscurity and insignificance are abhorrent to most sane people. Yet it is impossible to doubt her sincerity; and she is common-sensical enough. Can it be that she is wise and I am unwise?" Here Mrs. Saville put her little favorite on the carpet and again rang the bell. This time she desired that Miss Desmond should be sent to her.

"I think I shall go out and do some shopping," she said, when Hope appeared. "I do not walk enough. I have had a tiresome morning. First Miss Dacre came begging that you might be lent to her for the day. This I refused. Then came Lady Olivia, in a bad temper, and we quarrelled. She is going away to-morrow or next day. At all events, she shall not trouble me any more. I think we have had enough of Paris. Richard is coming over next week. As soon as he leaves, I shall go away to a quaint little place on the coast of Normandy, and

recruit. It will be very dull; but you are used to that."

"I rarely feel dull," returned Hope, who secretly wondered why Mrs. Saville had quarrelled with her sister-in-law. She was too decided, too peremptory a woman to be quarrelsome. Could it be for any reason connected with herself? Lumley said he had communicated his intention to propose for her (Hope) to his father. This, no doubt, would have enraged his family; but she could not ask any questions. Indeed, she was thankful to "let sleeping dogs lie." She had many anxieties pressing on her young heart. A very cloudy and uncertain future lay before her. "It is hard," she thought, "that, however good and true and loving a woman may be, if not rich she is thought unworthy to be the helpmate of a wealthy, well-placed man: any poor, struggling nobody is good enough for her. Yet it is among the struggling nobodies that the finest fellows are often found: so things equalize themselves."

That evening, as Hope was playing some Scotch airs, with great taste and a delicate touch, while Mrs. Saville sat thinking in her chair and stroking Prince, a note was brought for Miss Desmond. Hope finished what she was playing, then, asking, "Will you allow me?"

opened the missive.

"It is from Miss Dacre," she added, in a minute or two,—"a most extraordinary epistle. She says she writes with your knowledge and approval. She asks me to leave you and live with her, and offers me one hundred pounds a year. Will you look at it?"

Mrs. Saville stretched out her hand, and, after reading the letter,

deliberately returned it.

"How do you mean to reply?"

"Can you ask?" cried Hope,—"unless, indeed, your knowledge of Miss Dacre's intention indicates a wish that I should leave you."

"No, it does not. I thought it right that you should have the option of refusing an advantageous offer. You would have more gayety, a larger salary, an easier life, with Mary Dacre, than with a can-

tankerous old woman like myself."

"If I had the money I should be willing to pay a hundred a year to stay away from Miss Dacre," said Hope. "You are severe, and rather formidable, but I feel sure of your justice and loyalty, and the restfulness of life with you is infinitely preferable to the fevered gayety of Miss Dacre's existence."

"I am glad you think so. Write to her at once."

Hope obeyed, and, after writing with deliberation for some minutes, gave the result to Mrs. Saville for perusal.

"Good," said that lady. "It is firm and courteous. Let it be

posted at once. Now play me the march from 'Tannhauser.'"

When that was finished, Mrs. Saville said, "Come and sit down."
Hope obeyed. There was a short pause, and she went on: "As you have chosen to stay with me, my dear Miss Desmond, I shall increase

your salary to what Miss Dacre offered."

"You are very good, Mrs. Saville, but I would rather you did not. I have quite enough for all I want. A year hence, when you have proved me, if we are still together and you like to offer it—— But, oh, it is unwise to look ahead so far."

"I am not a very imaginative person," said Mrs. Saville, slowly.

"but it strikes me you have a history, Miss Desmond."

"I suppose every one has," said Hope, smiling. "I too have my little story; and some day, if you ever care to hear it, I will tell you, —but not just yet."

"I suppose it centres round some love-affair, which you silly young

people always think of the last importance."

"It does," said Hope, with grave feeling; "and I am sure the importance cannot be exaggerated. If men and women only allowed themselves to think what a sacred and solemn thing love and its usual

ending marriage is, fewer unhappy ones would take place."

"Ah, with the vast majority love is an unknown quantity and an insignificant ingredient. Just think what human nature is, the conditions in which it lives, moves, and has its being: how is love as you exalted people accept it to exist? There we shall never agree. Pray get me the Figaro."

Miss Dacre was reproachful, and even tearful, when Hope next saw

her, but the "much desired one" was immovable.

"Is it not extraordinary," cried the disappointed heiress, "that

George Lumley went off in that unaccountable way? There is some hidden baneful influence at work. It is always the same: as soon as we are growing confidential he flies off. It is a hideous thought, but it has occurred to me that he is secretly married to some dreadful woman. What do you think?"

"I think there is nothing more unlikely."

"Heaven grant it! Well, good-by. We return to London on Wednesday. Perhaps Richard Saville will be able to tell me something of George. Oh, I forget: we shall just miss him. Well, if you can find out anything you will be sure to write? You have treated me very badly; but I do not bear malice. You will find you have made a great mistake. So good-by."

Mrs. Saville seemed more cheerful and in a better temper after Lord Castleton and his daughter left Paris, though the presence of her eldest

son was always more or less a trial.

She endured an occasional visit from Lord Everton, who was quietly

pertinacious in cultivating friendly relations with her.

He was the only member of the family who dared to mention her offending son, but he only ventured to do so when they were alone.

"I really believe you are softening Mrs. Saville's stony heart," he said one day as he met Hope coming from the galleries (not the Grands Magasins) of the Louvre. "Not, I am sure, à la mode de Hannibal, by fire and vinegar, but rather with the milk of human kindness. She allows me to mention Hugh, and just now endured hearing that I had a letter from him. He writes in good spirits. I believe the Vortigern will be home in August or September, and then we shall see what we shall see-oh, allow me," for Hope had dropped her sunshade and stooped to pick it up. "Getting quite too hot to stay here. I am off to Switzerland; and I hear Richard is going to cruise in somebody's yacht to the coast of Norway. He has seent of some buried treasures of Runic inscriptions, and heaven knows what else, near Skarstad. You had better get Mrs. Saville away, and yourself too. You are looking pale and seedy,-excuse a privileged old fellow. You have my best wishes, my dear girl, -my very best. Accept a prophecy: I think we'll turn a corner before long."

And before Hope could ask the meaning of his enigmatical words

he had raised his hat, bowed, and departed.

CHAPTER X.

THE little fishing-village of Sainte-Croix, lying at the mouth of a valley or gorge which opens from the sea between high cliffs on the coast of Normandy, has of late been revealed to Parisians, especially artistic and literary Parisians. One giant of the latter order has even built himself a villa well up on the steep side of the valley. Artists encamp in the fisher cottages, turning the kitchens, with their carved oak dressers and settles, into living-rooms, and cooking in outhouses, or getting their food from a rambling hotel and restaurant lately instituted by joining several cottages together, with additions and im-

provements, where a few yards of level ground intervene between the

sands and the cliff.

A straggling growth of fine beech-trees stretches down from a large wood which crowns the gradual ascent of the valley where it merges into the flat table-land above, well cultivated, and rich with fields of corn At the date of this story it was known to few, but, obscure though it was, Mrs. Saville chose it for a resting-place before she returned to London. It was a fine glowing August evening when, with Miss Desmond, her German courier, and her English maid, Mrs. Saville arrived and startled the sleepy little village into lively curiosity, as she drove through it in an old-fashioned travelling-carriage drawn by four scraggy post-horses, the whole equipage secured with some difficulty by the careful courier at the nearest railway-station. The dogs barked, the hens cackled, the ducks and geese flew out of the roadside pond with prodigious noise and flutterings, as the scarecrow team rattled down the hill to the shore of the rock-encircled bay along the edge of which the "Hôtel de l'Europe" stretched its low, irregular front.

The landlord and one male and two female waiters were drawn up to receive the distinguished guests and usher them to their apart-

ments.

"Madame has a fine view of the bay and cliffs. The sunsets are superb, nay, exquisite, in good weather; and it is generally good at Sainte-Croix. I do not remember having had the honor of receiving Madame before."

"I dare say not. You were not old enough to be the head of such an establishment when I was here last," returned Mrs. Saville, more graciously than she would have spoken to an Englishman.

"Impossible, madame!" cried the host, with polite incredulity.

"When will Madame dine?"

"At six. Meantime, we want tea; but my courier will see to the preparation. He understands it. Pray, is Madame d'Albeville at the château?"

"No, madame. Unfortunately, the second son of Madame la Marquise was wounded a week ago in a duel, and she has gone to nurse him,—at Grenoble, I think. Her arrival is quite uncertain."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear it." And she bowed dismissal to

her polite host.

"This is a disappointment," said Mrs. Saville to Hope. "I quite counted on Madame d'Albeville's society. She is an agreeable, sensible woman, and rather pleasantly associated with my former visit to this little hamlet. Come, let us look at our rooms."

They were small, but more comfortable than the guests had anticipated. Hope was greatly pleased with the picturesque surroundings,

and was anxious to survey the village.

"Then take Jessop with you for a ramble. I have letters to write, and do not feel inclined to move. Tell them to light a fire in the salon. I like a fire and open windows. The air is very fresh and deliciously salt, but I can quite bear a fire."

Hope willingly accepted the suggestion, and as soon as they had a

cup of tea she set out with the prosaic lady's-maid, glad to enjoy some

exercise after the long cramping journey by rail and road.

It was indeed a primitive little place. A narrow stony road led between two irregular lines of detached cottages, each with a little garden, many of them overgrown with ivy and roses. Frequent steep paths between them led to huts perched on the hill-sides above them. Gradually the road climbed up clear of these surroundings to where on the higher ground the ruins of a mediæval abbey peeped out from the shelter of the surrounding beech woods. Hope and her companion did not venture quite so far, but even from the height they had attained they looked out over the blue waters of the Channel, now glittering and laughing in the strong light of the westering sun.

"We must return now, Jessop," said Hope. "Mrs. Saville will

have been a long time alone by the time we get back."

"She will indeed, miss; and what made Mrs. Saville come to this savage place is past my comprehension," returned the abigail, in an aggrieved tone. "There seems to be nothing but common people without shoes to their feet going about. I am sure Mrs. Saville would have got her health better at Inglefield, with the comforts and decencies as become her station around her."

"Perhaps so; but this is a sweet-place. I think I could enjoy it intensely, if-if-" She paused, and her rich red lips parted in an

unconscious smile.

"If your young gentleman was here, miss?" said Jessop, with a confidential smirk. Jessop had grown friendly and slightly patronizing to her lady's young companion.

Hope laughed, and the yearning of her heart prompted her to reply, "Yes, that would make it a heavenly place, Jessop; but I must

not allow myself to think of such joy."

"That's a pity, miss. So there is a young gentleman? Indeed. I'd be surprised if there was not. I hope he isn't too far away, miss?"

"Yes, there is many a weary mile between us."

"That's bad, miss. Men are an inconstant lot; it's out of sight out of mind with the most of them. I was engaged once myself, to a young gentleman in the grocery line, but he behaved most treacherous, and married a butcher's daughter. She was freckled and cross-eyed, but she had a tidy bit of money; and a man would marry the witch of Endor for that."

"I dare say the witch of Endor was a very attractive woman."

"Law, miss ! ar old witch?"

"Oh, no; a nice witch is never old."

Here this intellectual conversation was interrupted by the sound of approaching wheels, and the pound, pound, crunch, crunch, of a

patient, heavy-footed horse toiling slowly up-hill.

Hitherto the place had been so silent, so apparently deserted, that both Hope and her attendant paused and looked anxiously down the road, which made a sharp bend at the point from which they had begun to walk back. The sounds of a deep, rough voice, uttering observations in an unknown tongue which seemed hawked up from the pit of the speaker's stomach, next made themselves heard; presently

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appeared a tall, thin man, clad in holland overall trousers, a dark-brown knitted waistcoat, and a holland jacket, neither of the lighter garments having lately seen the wash-tub; a wide-brimmed straw hat, turned up at the back, projected far over his eyes, which, as he looked up, showed black and piercing under bushy grizzled eyebrows. Long lantern jaws, thick untrimmed moustaches, and a skin like wrinkled leather, gave him the air of a countrified Pantaloon. Behind him came a broad-chested gray horse, almost white from age, his harness much mended with rope, and a long fore-lock falling into his eyes. He was drawing an old, rusty, ramshackle cabriolet, the hood drawn forward and nodding at every step of the attelage. He was led by an old thickset man in a blue blouse and a cloth cap pulled down nearly over his ears. As the first of the curious couple approached them, he raised his straw hat with an air of much elegance to Hope and her companion, wishing them bonsoir in a well-bred voice, and held his hat aloft till he was quite past.

"Well, that is a guy!" exclaimed Jessop. "I am sure he would not do for any one's young man, even in a desert like this. He'd want

the witch of Endor to keep him company, he would."

"I was rather interested by his face," said Hope. "He has a most expressive countenance, and fine eyes."

"Law, miss! I wonder what your young gentleman would say to

your taste?"

"And I wonder who he is?" continued Hope.

"I dare say I shall soon find out at the hotel," returned Jessop.

"And now we had better step out; for I am sure my mistress does

not like being left too long by herself."

Hope found Mrs. Saville surrounded by pens, ink, and paper; she had evidently been busy with her pen, for a number of freshly-stamped letters lay beside her, and the hearth was cumbered with a large amount of charred fragments. Moreover, Mrs. Saville did not seem aware that Hope had been long absent, and was much surprised when

the head-waiter announced, "Madame est servie."

The sunset that evening justified the landlord's eulogium, and Mrs. Saville gazed at it long in deep thought. It was perhaps a contradiction in her rather complicated nature that she enjoyed fine scenery,indeed, beauty in any shape. This she said very little about, as she looked upon such tendencies as indicative of weakness. Suddenly she turned to Hope and said, "I remember just such a sanset over this little bay nearly twenty years ago, when Hugh was a little fellow, and in all those years he was a satisfaction to me till—till he destroyed my hopes forever. We had been travelling, and I wanted to see the old Norman churches. There are some very fine specimens of Gothic in this part of the country. We stopped for a day or two at Caen, when Hugh, who was with me for his holiday-time, showed symptoms of fever. They advised me to take him to Sainte-Croix, where the air was pure and bracing. He was wonderfully happy here. Madame d'Albeville was then at the château. I had known her brother in London. He was one of the French attachés. He happened to be at the chateau too. They found me out, and were wonderfully kind. It

is one of the few purely pleasant memories I have, those weeks. The marquise and I never quite lost sight of each other since. When we were in Paris she told me she would be here all July and August. It is a great disappointment not to find her here."

"I can understand that," said Hope, softly. Her lips trembled as she spoke, and her eyes dwelt with a strained, anxious expression on the

delicate, strong face of her patroness.

She began again in a quiet tone, as if unconscious of Hope's presence: "Poor Hugh! He has earned his own punishment. I am glad I destroyed my last will." And she glanced at the fireplace. Then, suddenly addressing Hope, "You will be glad too. You seem to have espoused his cause. Mr. Rawson was always devoted to Hugh, and you have caught his enthusiasm. That parcel which came to me before we left Paris from Rawson's office was my will. I wanted to read it. I thought of adding a codicil, but I could not make up my mind. I have dreamed of that will, and struggled with my heart, my pride. This afternoon, as I sat alone, I seemed to see Hugh, to hear his voice, and the impulse came on me; I thrust the paper that doomed him to poverty into the fire. It is done with." She paused.

Hope could not speak.

"But I am not going to leave him more than a competence; no, he does not deserve that I should give him ease of circumstance; but I have a 'will' form with me, and to-morrow I will fill it up. I have planned what I shall put in it. I will not be harsh; I will be just."

"And you will be ever so much happier, dear Mrs. Saville."
"Happy! Do you know, I doubt if I know what happiness is?"

"That is very extraordinary."

"Is it? Have you known much happiness?"

Hope seemed to think for a moment, then an indescribable sweetness, a stilden light, came into her eyes.

"I have known glimpses of great happiness; of smaller happiness,

often: of bitterness and sadness, now and then."

"A varied experience for so young a woman. By the way, I never think of you as a girl; yet you are quite young,—I see and feel that. Now let us read the English papers which came this evening. I was glad to see them; for the post at these out-of-the-way places is always uncertain."

The next day, however, Mrs. Saville did not feel equal to write or attend to business. Her head felt heavy and giddy, she said: so she ordered the ramshackle carriage and drove to the château, hoping the air would revive her. It did not, however. She said she felt inclined to sleep,—that the air was too strong for her, or rather that she had grown too weak for the air,—that the place made her melancholy, and she would leave next day. Hope persuaded her to try and rest. She covered her over with wraps; for, though the day was warm, she complained of cold, and shivered a good deal. Hope took her knitting and sat patiently beside her for more than an hour, during which Mrs. Saville slept heavily, sometimes moaning; then she woke suddenly, as if startled, and thought she had heard several people enter the room noisily. She was better, and insisted on taking a little walk on the

beach. At dinner she could not eat, but complained of great thirst. Feeling severe headache and drowsiness, she went early to bed. Hope felt more uneasy than she cared to confess, and persuaded Mrs. Saville to let her maid sleep in her room.

Then she retired herself, first to write at considerable length, then to seek forgetfulness in her bed. But in vain; her nerves were strained,

and an irresistible presentiment of evil weighed her down.

The long, wakeful, restless night wore through.

At early dawn Jessop came into Miss Desmond's room with an

alarmed look on her face.

"I am afraid Mrs. Saville is very ill, miss. I have never seen her like this. She has been wandering off and on all night about Mr. Hugh and her husband, that no one ever hears her speak about. Just now she is asleep. What will become of us in this poor miserable place if my lady gets really ill? Why, we couldn't get h'ice or a doctor; though that queer man we saw on the road yesterday, they tell me, is a very clever doctor, but he lives miles and miles away."

"I shall get up and dress at once," returned Hope, much alarmed. "I will come to Mrs. Saville directly."

She dressed accordingly, little thinking how long it would be before

she should again go regularly to bed.

Mrs. Saville seemed quite herself when Hope reached her bedside, except that her hands and skin were dry and burning, her eyes bright and restless. She refused her cafe au lait, and wanted to get up in order to prepare for her journey to London. She seemed feverishly anxious to be at home once more. Then she began to speak about Mr. Rawson as if he were there, though they both knew he had started with his daughter for Switzerland; also she talked of her will, and her fear that if she died intestate her son Hugh would get as much of her property as his brother.

As soon as she could get away, Hope called the landlord and begged him to despatch a mounted messenger for the doctor, to whom she hastily wrote a note describing the condition of the sufferer as accurately as she could. This done, there was nothing for it but waiting.

This waiting tried Hope severely. She felt, moreover, what a weight

of responsibility lay upon her.

Though Jessop was full of expressions of sympathy and woe, her pale face and nervous manner showed how unfit she was for a sick-nurse.

Hope waited for the doctor's report before she wrote to Mr. Raw-

son's partner for help and counsel.

Richard Saville was away cruising, nobody knew where; Mr. Rawson was travelling; Lord Everton,—who could find him? and she felt, she knew, that Mrs. Saville was going to be very ill.

At last, after what seemed ages, but really as soon as he could come,

the doctor appeared.

Though rusty and dislocated in appearance, he was kindly and intelligent. After examining his patient, he asked Hope if she was her daughter.

"A much attached friend, then?" he said, when she answered in

the negative.

"I fear the poor lady is seriously ill. It is rather difficult to foresee how these feverish attacks may turn, and we can only help nature.
There is little to be done. I have brought medicines with me, thanks
to the description in your note. Sainte-Croix boasts no chemist's shop.
You must watch your patient constantly. Give her milk when you
can get her to take anything. I will speak to the landlord about a few
precautions which it would be as well to take, and I think you had
better have a nurse—a sick-nurse—to assist you. It seems to me that
Madame has been a healthy woman?"

"Remarkably healthy, I believe."

"That is well. A reserve force of untried strength is the best help in these cases. I will come over very early to-morrow morning, and,

if possible, bring a nurse with me."

So Hope was left with a sinking heart to watch the sick-bed, to administer what medicine was ordered, to cool the burning skin by applying a lotion which smelt of camphor, to pray for strength and courage. She sent the courier to the nearest telegraph-station, some miles off, to wire a message for her solicitors, describing Mrs. Saville's condition, and begging that Mr. Rawson and Richard Saville might be sent for.

Meantime, a note of terror had spread through the household. Some precautions suggested by the doctor gave rise to exaggerated ideas of infection, and Hope soon began to perceive that the service of the

sick-room was becoming a difficulty.

The doctor was faithful to his word, and returned with a sturdy, broad-faced Sister of Mercy, who was an immense help. Then the sad routine of a sick-room was instituted. Gradually Hope came to know that the enemy with which they had to contend was severe typhus fever. The whole weight of attendance fell on Hope and the Sister. At times Mrs. Saville was wildly excited, striving to get out of bed and wandering deliriously. In her worst state Hope's voice and touch had a certain degree of influence upon her. The weary days, and still wearier nights, dragged their slow length along. Letters came from Mr. Rawson's partner assuring Miss Desmond that he was in hopes a letter would find Mr. Saville in the island of Rügen, where his bankers believed he would make a short stay, and that he had telegraphed to Mr Rawson, who ought to be at Basle on the 7th: no doubt that gentleman would lose no time in going to Sainte-Croix.

Still the days and nights rolled heavily on, and no one came.

"If all our care fails," thought Hope, "what a terrible position for me! I have done my best; but will Mrs. Saville's people think I have? If she dies unreconciled to Hugh, what a tragedy!" What moments Hope could spare from the sufferer she spent in writing, covering the pages rapidly. These letters she sent by the courier to the market-town, that they might escape the uncertainties of the Sainte-Croix post-office.

"Mademoiselle will kill herself," said Sister Marie, the nurse, one morning. "You do the work, the watching, of two. And you are imprudent: you let her hold your hand and lean against you. It is

unwise. You must take some rest. Trust me a little."

"I do, dear Sister, I do. But I cannot rest. You do not know how my life seems to depend on hers."

"Bon Dieu! and you are not her daughter!"

The tenth day came, and Mrs. Saville seemed sinking rapidly. The doctor remained all night. Hope sat by the bedside. Haggard, dryeved, sometimes the sufferer uttered the name of her offending son, sometimes she murmured inarticulately. The eleventh day dawned gray and overcast. Hitherto the weather had been fine, and warm enough to make it difficult to keep the sick-room tolerably cool. In after-years, the shimmer of moonlight on the sea, and the sweet soothing rhythm of the soft upward rush and backward sweep of wavelets on a pebbly beach, always brought the sick-room and the terrible anxiety of those days vividly before Hope's mind. A cooler wind now blew gently, and Hope, who had snatched half an hour's rest, came soon after dawn to resume her watch. She was startled. Had the proud, hard, disappointed woman passed away? She lay so still, with something of that "rapture of repose" which only death can bring. She looked at the Sister,—a look of terrified inquiry. "She lives, but scarcely breathes," was the whispered reply. Hope bent over the bed, and touched the thin hand which lay outside the clothes. "She is breathing regularly. Her hand is not burning. Go call the doctor, Sister Marie. Oh, go quickly."

When he came, he too touched her hand and listened. "She sleeps," he said, at length. "She may live. Keep everything

profoundly quiet."

Never could Hope forget that vigil. As the hours passed, and still the exhausted patient slept and slept, some more than natural strength seemed given to the young watcher, who would not quit the bedside, only taking a cup of milk to sustain her, for how long she never knew.

At last, when the sun had sunk and the first soft shades of night began to fall, Mrs. Saville slowly lifted her eyelids, and recognized Hope. She smiled gently, as if feeling comfortable and pleased to see her. She was too weak to speak. The relief was too sudden, too delightful, for Hope's self-command. "Oh, thank God! thank God! you are better! you will live! we shall save you!" she exclaimed, while the glad tears dropped from her eyes on the poor, helpless hand which she kissed. Mrs. Saville smiled again; her lips moved, as if she tried to say something; then she closed her eyes, and an expression of infinite content stole over her worn face.

CHAPTER XI.

HAVING seen the doctor, who paid a late visit to his patient, and heard from him the confirmation of her happy anticipations, Hope left Sister Marie in charge, and at length yielded to the imperative necessity for rest.

What joy it was to wake the next morning and feel that danger was past, and that she had helped to save the cold, stern woman who had buried her heart so deep down under her pride, self-will, and arrogance that Hope had nearly despaired of touching it! How sweet it was to return to her post and see the delicate face no longer disfigured by the dusky purplish hue so surely indicative of fell disease, but pale

and cool, if worn and thin!

Mrs. Saville's eyes were closed, but she was not asleep. The faint rustle of Hope's dress as she sat down caught her attention, and she opened them. Then she smiled, a soft, kindly smile, such as Hope had never seen before part her lips, and she made a slight motion of her almost transparent hand towards Hope's, who immediately took it and kissed it tenderly.

"You are really glad," Mrs. Saville whispered,—"really," she sighed, a sort of contented sigh, and kept her eyes fixed on her young

companion's face, as if it gave her pleasure to look at her.

The day passed in profound quiet. The patient slept a great deal, and took all the nourishment offered her, the restful, contented expression on her countenance assuring the watchers that all was well.

The afternoon was far advanced when Sister Marie, who had been taking her turn of rest, stood in the door-way and made a sign to

Hope, who came to her in the next room.

"A gentleman has arrived and wishes to see you," whispered the Sister.

"What kind of gentleman?" asked Hope, in the same tone.

"He is stout and gray."

"Ah! Mr. Rawson!" exclaimed Hope; and she hastened to the salon, where she found that gentleman awaiting her. He looked weary and anxious.

"How is she?" he exclaimed, taking both the hands she held out.

"Is there any hope?"

"Oh, thank God, she is out of danger!" she cried, bursting into tears, her nerves no longer able to resist her emotion, now that the

terrible strain upon them was removed.

"Thank God indeed! It would have been terrible if she had died unreconciled to her son, for he was really fond of her. They were fonder of each other apart than together. Why, my dear young lady, you look completely worn out. The courier has told me of your devotion. I trust in God you will not suffer for it."

"No, I am sure I shall not. God has given me strength."

"Your-Hugh Saville will thank you and repay you for this."

And the good man walked the room, greatly moved.

Hope sat down, and, covering her face with her handkerchief, wept quietly for a few moments; then, resuming her self-control, she began to tell Mr. Rawson the story of Mrs. Saville's illness from the first seizure to the present.

"I was moving about," said Rawson, "and the news only reached me three days ago. We were at Thun. My daughter and I started at once. She went straight home from Paris, and I came on here. I must write to Hugh. I know he will be shocked at the idea of never seeing his mother in this world."

"You may be sure I kept him informed," said Hope. "Even this

morning I managed a short letter to convey the joyful news."

"I trust there will be no drawback to her convalescence. I shall remain here for a week or two, until I see all is safe. It has been an awfully trying time for you. Such responsibility; and had she died, that unjust will would have held good."

"It has been destroyed," said Hope. "Mrs. Saville told me so.

She was going to make another, when this dreadful fever began."

A long, confidential conversation ensued, then Hope left the family solicitor to the care of the courier and returned to her post.

A week later Mrs. Saville was able to leave her bed and receive her confidential adviser.

Worn and emaciated though she looked, her aspect was younger than it had been, so greatly was the expression of mouth and eyes softened.

"I am truly rejoiced to see you once more," said Mr. Rawson, with

a kindly twinkle in his eyes.

"You thought you never should, I suppose," murmured Mrs. Saville, giving him her hand.

"Indeed, I feared the worst."

"I was very nearly gone. What seemed to kill me most was the doubt whether anybody cared if I lived or died. The last thing I remember distinctly was Miss Desmond's sad, anxious face. It seemed to say that there was one human being who would regret me. The first experience of returning life was her tears of joy at the chance of my recovery. I shall not soon forget that."

"I think she nursed you very devotedly."

"She did. She has saved my life. She has made herself almost a necessity. I have been a hard woman, Mr. Rawson, though not unjust, but somehow this girl, who might well be my daughter, suggests to me that there is something beyond justice, and that is equity."

Then they talked as long as Mr. Rawson would stay; but he was

careful not to exhaust the convalescent.

It was a joyful day when Mrs. Saville first ventured into the salon, and still more so when she first ventured out. The day before this event her eldest son arrived in hot haste, and, for so undemonstrative a man, showed great joy at finding his mother not only alive, but rapidly recovering, as persons of an untried constitution do, even after so severe a fever. He expressed his warm acknowledgments to Miss Desmond for her devotion, and said the family were under the deepest obligation to her.

Mrs. Saville had gained so much strength in the next few days that her son and Mr. Rawson decided that they might leave for London, as with Miss Desmond and her maid the invalid could travel safely as

soon as the doctor gave his consent.

"She is very eager to return," said Hope to Mr. Rawson as they slowly paced the beach in front of the hotel while waiting for the carriage which was to convey him and his travelling-companion to the nearest railway-station.

"Yes. Do you know why? She confessed to me last night. The Vortigern will be at Plymouth and paid off in about four or five

weeks, and I believe she yearns to see and be reconciled to her son; for she said, 'God has been merciful and spared me to correct some

great mistakes, and I dare not myself be unforgiving."

"Did she say that?" exclaimed Hope. "Oh, I pray God her mood may not change! Do you know I feel so strangely weak and anxious, it seems impossible I can live through another month of anxiety?"

"You have done splendidly so far: you must not break down at the last," said Mr. Rawson. "When you return to London you must

come to us for a week's complete rest."

"Thank you. You have been a true, good friend. While I am with you, I feel that matters will arrange themselves as we wish; but when I am alone, all my courage seems to evaporate. I trust we may

be in London within the next three weeks."

"I hope you may, and I believe you will be. Here is the carriage. Let us go in. I suppose Mr. Saville is ready. Nothing proved to me his mother's complete restoration so much as her speech about him. 'Let him go away with you, Mr. Rawson,' she said: 'if he travels with us he will only be an additional responsibility to Miss Desmond. Richard is incapable of taking care of himself.' She is marvellously toned down by suffering and sympathy; but we cannot expect the Ethiopian to change his skin, nor the leopard his spots, altogether, though one may become a shade lighter and the other have fewer marks."

It was with a thankful heart that Hope Desmond found herself and her charge safely housed in the Stafford Square mansion. Mrs. Saville bore the journey well,—indeed, better than her companion, whose pale cheeks and heavy eyes bespoke mental and physical exhaustion.

Mrs. Saville's usual medical attendant, or rather the medical attendant of the household, for the wiry woman scarcely knew what indisposition meant, awaited her arrival and noticed Miss Desmond's

looks.

"If I might offer advice unasked, I would recommend a tonic and some days' complete repose to this young lady," said the polite practitioner. "It seems to me that her nervous system is somewhat over-

strained."

"She shall do as you direct," returned Mrs. Saville, with her usual decision. "I will look to her myself. She has braved horrible infection for me, and has had a large share in saving my life: therefore I value hers beyond every one's, except of course my sons'. Yes, you look frightfully ill, Hope. I cannot have this."

"Perhaps if I went to Miss Rawson for a few days," said Hope, with hesitation, "I might gather strength sooner. Here I shall always

want to be up and about."

"You shall be nursed in no other house than this: so, doctor, send in your prescription soon. As for me, I want nothing but good food and occupation."

"You are indeed marvellously well and strong, considering what

an illness you have gone through. We have now every reason to hope that you will be spared to your family and friends for many years."

"Much my family and friends care about that special mercy," returned Mrs. Saville, with one of her ironical smiles. "Good-morn-

ing, doctor." And the doctor bowed himself out.

"Thank God, he is gone! I am dying to read my letters," cried Mrs. Saville. "Here is a thick one from Mr. Rawson." She opened it, and then, growing rather white, exclaimed, "Why, it encloses one

from Hugh!" This she read eagerly, and then reperused it.

"Ah, if I could believe he cares for me!" she said, at length. "The letter is like himself, tender yet obstinate. He will be here nearly as soon as this," she went on, her small, thin fingers closing tightly on the paper. "He implores me to let him see his mother's face once more,—the mother he has been so near losing. Rawson has evidently told him of my illness. He confesses I had a right to be angry, but reiterates his conviction that he has done well and wisely in securing the sweetest wife man could have."

"You will see him, dear Mrs. Saville?" cried Hope, with white, parched lips. "You are so good as to think I was of use to you: if you would amply repay me, see your son,—let him plead for his wife. They are married, you cannot separate them, and if she is a true woman it will break her heart to know she has parted mother and son.

It is in your power to confer such happiness."

"I will receive my son. As to his wife, I cannot say what I shall do. I gave Rawson directions to have her watched; it was a shabby thing to do, but I did it. He has had her closely shadowed, but she has been absolutely well conducted. Still, if it is in my power to confer much happiness, it was in hers to create much misery, and she did it! Why, Hope, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Hope fell back in her chair so deadly white and motionless that Mrs. Saville was terror-struck. She rang violently, and, rushing to

the fainting girl, began to rub her cold hands.

"Bring water, wine! send Jessop! call back the doctor!" she cried, in great agitation, to the astonished butler, who had never before seen his imperious mistress so moved.

"The doctor has just driven off, 'm; but I will send Jessop."

Soon the lady's-maid, the butler, and the housekeeper were trying to bring Miss Desmond back to life. When she did open her eyes they sought Mrs. Saville's; she smiled and feebly put out her hand.

"Now she must go to bed," said Mrs. Saville, holding the offered hand in both her own. "She had better be carried up-stairs."

"I can walk quite well; at least in a few minutes," murmured

Hope, "if Jessop will help me."

Thus Hope was relegated to her own room, where Mrs. Saville insisted she must remain all the next day. Wonderful to relate, that lady spent most of it at her bedside, reading or knitting. Neither spoke much, yet they had a certain comfort in the companionship. Miss Rawson called, and was admitted during Mrs. Saville's absence, when she went for a short airing, which she considered essential for her own health.

To her Hope explained that she must for the present refuse her hospitable invitation. Then they talked long and confidentially, and Miss Rawson took charge of a couple of letters when she bade her

young friend good-by.

It was now established that Miss Desmond was not to appear till luncheon-time, Mrs. Saville being content to read the papers herself. The doctor was not quite satisfied: his young patient did not recover strength or tone; she was depressed and newous, averse from food, sleepless. Some complete change to a bracing place might be necessary. Mrs. Saville, who was deeply concerned, went eagerly into the question of localities, but Hope implored, almost piteously, not to be sent away.

It was the end of September, and London was at its emptiest; Mrs. Saville was therefore spared the visits and kind inquiries of her kinsfolk and acquaintance. She was ill at ease from anxiety concerning Hope. All that was kindly and grateful in her strong nature had been drawn forth by the desolate orphan girl who had the spirit to withstand her hitherto unresisted tyranny, and the perception to appeal to the

better self which lay beneath it.

So Mrs. Saville sat by herself, thinking deeply of her past, her present, and the possible future, one warm, rainy morning. "Horrid weather for Hope," she thought; "impossible for nerves to get right under such skyey influence." Yes, she must get Hope out of town. How desolate her life would be without that girl! and she would need comfort and support in coming years. Even if she brought herself to accept Hugh's wife, she would probably turn out a thorn in their side and keep her and her son apart.

Here the old butler, with a beaming face, announced, "Mr. Hugh, ma'am," and her son entered. How well, how distinguished, he looked! his strong face deeply embrowned, his fine eyes looking eager

yet soft.

"Hugh!" cried Mrs. Saville, rising, and trembling from head to

"My dear mother!" he returned, tenderly, with the slight hoarseness of warm emotion, and he clasped her in his arms, kissing her affectionately. "Are you indeed safe and well?"

"My son! you have nearly broken my heart!" Her tones told

him he was already half forgiven.

"Rawson told me this morning, just now, that I might venture to call. You must forgive me, mother. I know I deserved your anger, and this I regret. I only want you to let me come and see you sometimes, and I will trouble you no more. I can fight for my own hand; but you must accept my innocent wife too."

"It will be a hard task, Hugh. I am a prejudiced woman, and

my prejudices are strong against her."

"I think they will melt when you see her, mother."

"I doubt it," Mrs. Saville was beginning, when the door opened, and Hope Desmond walked slowly into the room. She seemed very pale and fragile in her simple black dress. No sooner had she caught sight of Hugh than her cheeks flushed, her great brown eyes lit up with a look half joy, half terror, and her lips parted with a slight cry.

Hugh Saville sprang forward, exclaiming, "My own love! my own darling wife!" and folded her in a rapturous embrace, kissing her

hair, her eyes, her lips, forgetful of everything else.

Mrs. Saville again rose from her chair, and stood petrified. At last Hope disentangled herself from her husband's arms, and, crossing to where her mother-in-law stood, said, brokenly, "Can you forgive me the deceit I have practised? Can you have patience to hear my explanation?"

"I am bewildered," cried Mrs. Saville, looking from one to the

other. "Is Hope Desmond your wife, Hugh?"

"She is! Can you not forgive me now?" said Hugh, advancing to support Hope's trembling form by passing his arm around her.

"It is incredible! How did you come to impose upon me in this

way ?"

"I will tell you all," Hope began, when she was interrupted by a message which the butler brought from Mr. Rawson requesting to be admitted.

"Show him up: he is a party to the fraud," said Mrs. Saville, sternly.

Hugh drew his wife closer to him as Mr. Rawson entered looking radiant.

"I trust you do not consider me an intruder," he said.

"You come just when you are wanted. I feel my brain turning," returned Mrs. Saville.

"If you will listen," urged Hope, with clasped hands.
"Yes, pray hear Mrs. Hugh Saville," said Mr. Rawson.

Mrs. Saville turned a startled look upon him, and Hope went on: "When I came to this good friend, who offered me the shelter of his house so soon as he found I was the niece of his old rector, I was in despair. I began to realize the mistake, the disobedience, that Hugh had been guilty of. I had yielded too readily to the temptation of spending my life with him. I felt that I was the cause of his troubles. and I was overwhelmed. I wished that I could die; anything to be no longer a burden and an obstacle. Then I heard Mr. Rawson speak of finding a companion for Mrs. Saville, and the thought came to me of being that companion, and perhaps winning her affection for myself and restoration for Hugh." A sudden sob interrupted her; then, with an effort, she went on: "Mr. Rawson was startled at the idea, but his daughter at once took it up, and, after some discussion, it was agreed that I should make the desperate attempt. I was therefore introduced to you by two of my names,-Hope Desmond. I was called Katherine Hope Desmond after my mother, who was Uncle Desmond's only sister. How I had courage to brave such an experiment I cannot now understand, for my heart"-she pressed her hands against her bosom, and, disengaging herself, made a step nearer her mother-in-law-"seems to flutter and fail me. But the desire to retrieve the wrong I had wrought sustained me. I did not tell Hugh what I had undertaken until I had been some weeks with you. He was much alarmed, and begged me not to risk too much,—to leave as soon as I could, if the strain was too great; but he did not forbid me to stay. So I

stayed. How dreadful the beginning was! Yet, though you were cold and stern, I could bear it, for you are too strong to be suspicious, or petty, or narrow, and I dared not let myself fear you; and then—I grew to know you had a heart. That is what makes this moment so terrible: I fear your disapproval more than your displeasure. Now,

can you, will you, forgive me?"

Mrs. Saville was silent; her brows were knit, her eyes downcast; yet Hope dared to take the fine small hand which lay on the arm of the chair. Mrs. Saville did not draw it away. The lookers-on held their breath. Then she drew Hope's to her, and gently stroked it. "I think," she said, slowly, "that you are the only creature that ever understood me. I forgive your husband, and accept you,—not because his disobedience is pardonable, but because, when I came back from the jaws of death, the first sight that met my eyes were your tears of joy at my recovery. Yet, had I died intestate, you and your husband would have been far better off than you will be; and you knew it. You are the first that has ever given me what gold cannot buy."

"Mother," cried Hugh Saville, in a tone of wounded feeling, "I

always loved you as much as you would let me."

"Perhaps you did. I believe you did," said his mother.

Hope had sunk on her knees, and kissed the hands which held hers, then her head fell forward, and Hugh sprang forward to lift her.

"She is quite overdone," he exclaimed, almost indignantly. "She is but the ghost of her former self." And he placed her in an easy-chair,

where she lay with closed eyes.

"Happiness will be a rapid restorative," said Mrs. Saville, kindly. "Now, what punishment is to be dealt out to you, traitor that you are?" she continued, turning to Mr. Rawson. "To enter into a conspiracy against your trusting client! Shall I degrade you from the high office of my chief adviser? I must hold a council, and the council-board shall be my dinner-table. Bring your daughter to dinner this evening, and we shall settle many matters. And, Hope, if you feel equal to the task, write to Richard, inviting him to dinner to meet his new sister-in-law."

"Very few fellows have so good a right to be proud of a wife as I have," cried Hugh, exultingly. "Our old naval stories of desperate cutting-out exploits are poor compared to the enduring courage that upheld Kate, as I always call her, through the long strain of her bold

undertaking."

"She has enlightened me, at all events," said Mrs. Saville. "Now go away to the drawing-room and have your talk out. The doctor insists that a complete change is necessary for Hope's recovery: so take your wife away to-morrow for your long-delayed honey-moon. But, remember, whenever you are pursuing your profession on the high seas, I claim the companionship of Mr. Rawson's pleasant protégée."

"Dear Mrs. Saville, I will be your loving daughter so long as you care to have me near you," cried Hope; and, no longer hesitating, she

folded her formidable mother-in-law in her warm embrace.

ZANTHON-MY FRIEND.

KNIGHT-AT-ARMS, in my own forest lost! . Count of the Empire, heir to crags and caves, And brother to the eagle and the fox! The music of the thunder, and the wind Among the arches of the oaks, will choir A requiem for my passing soul. But hist! A footstep in the leaves,—some poaching hind Or gypsy trapping game. Hola! hola! Perhaps the kobolds are abroad to-night: Zanthon knows well these mountain-folk entice. The woods divide, dawn breaks, I see the verge; Bathony's stronghold on the Polish plains Should top the wilderness: were Zanthon here, To boast his prowess in our hunting-bouts, I would not cuff nor flout him, could we sight In the old way, with fanfaron, the boars On the old battlements, our ancient badge.

That lie to Zanthon on the Volga's banks, When Amine sent the wild rose by his hand, Was Satan's wile: I played the Cossack well. With shame my moustache bristled when I said, "Troopers must forage where the grain is grown: I share my kopecks with the village priest, Who winnows peccadilloes by the sheaf."

Then Zanthon, laughing in his foxy beard: "When Amine meets me in the plane-tree walk (Where pairing little finches seek to build,— We saw the cuckoo thieve their nests, when boys), Shall I then tell her, in my peasant way, Your broken promise, and her troth denied?" And he was gone,—gone, with the stud he bought From Schamyl's son, up by Caucasus way, Leaving me solitude to reason with. Around me, then, an odor swept,—the rose! It plagued my nostrils day and night; in gusts It blew, but one way only,—towards Amine! At cards it smote me, in the saddle puffed, Through my tent-walls at night its withered blast Pierced, and changed me in my wavering dreams! What spell was this, by love or friendship sent? Across the steppes I followed Zanthon, close,-He might have heard the whinny of my mare; Verst after verst, the measure of her hoofs Beat out a rhythm, like a cackling laugh.

But on the frontier my poor Sesma fell: I heard the ravens croaking from the hills.

The sun has burned away the valley's mist,
And in the silent, tranquil morning air
A mirage rises of my ruined walls:
Gold-colored, crystal-edged, the banners flash.
The rooks are stringing for the old beech copse.
This gully crossed, the bridge that spans the stream—
But halte-là, my heart crowds up my breast,
For this is Poland, Mother of my Soul!

Quoth Zanthon, watching in the plane-tree walk, "My fine Bathony comes to join the feast And raise the conopeum for my bride.

I pay the kopecks to the priest to-day,

But Amine in his sheaf will not be bound."

Elizabeth Stoddard.

LAWN TENNIS FOR WOMEN.

EVER since the game of lawn tennis came into prominence in the United States, it has received its share of attention in current literature. But, although it is the only athletic exercise in which women are able to indulge, there has been little written on their side of the subject. That the pastime is open to girls is a fact for which they may be and are duly thankful; for up to the time when tennis became popular there was little out-door exercise in which they could take part, with the exception of horseback-riding, and it is not every one who has a horse at command.

Croquet was, in its way, an enjoyment, but, though it had the advantage of being an open-air game, it involved little action. The short-lived craze for archery went somewhat further; but not until lawn tennis was introduced had girls the benefit of an out-door sport bringing every muscle into active play. Of course such an exercise must be taken with discretion, and, while a vigorous girl may play all day and feel no ill effects, another must content herself with a few sets. If this were remembered, there would be little occasion for the criticism which many of the sterner sex are so ready to offer, as to the violence of the exertion. On the other hand, however, many men are only too glad to welcome the fairer sex to the pleasures of the only out-door game which they can enjoy together, and perhaps the fact that we can have men for our partners and opponents may be an inducement to us, as it certainly is to them.

It is not the purpose of this article to take up and explain the first principles of lawn tennis, but simply to treat of the game as now understood from our stand-point; and we take it for granted that the reader will be familiar with any technical terms which may be employed. If more explicit directions helpful to beginners are required,

we would refer the reader to many exhaustive works on the game, notably Mr. H. W. Slocum's new book, as this article does not allow

space for minute details.

The question of dress is by no means an unimportant one. Time was, and not so very long ago, when to see a girl-player making frantic dives about the court in a heavily-draped skirt and tight waist was no uncommon sight; but we have learned wisdom by experience, and the plain full skirts and shirt-waists now in vogue are certainly as far ahead of the old style in comfort as they are in grace and beauty. One could wish no prettier sight than the grounds of some of the local clubs on a fine day, the bright gowns of the girls and the men's light flannels contrasting charmingly with the green turf.

It takes more than a pretty gown and a fair day, however, to make a tennis-player, and, though to the uninitiated it seems a simple matter enough to bat the ball back and forth across the net, a trial will soon convince them that it is not so easy as it looks. It will not take long for such to find that it requires careful playing and long practice to play good tennis; for one can no more acquire proficiency in the game by carelessly banging the ball about, than can one become a good mu-

sician by drumming popular airs for amusement.

It is not to beginners alone that the rule of careful playing applies, for even the best players find that nothing will spoil their game so quickly as careless practice. Not that it is necessary to make a business of what is certainly nothing but pleasure, and it is to be regretted that any special course of training involving the professional element should enter in the slightest degree into a game which is so essentially a "ladies' game" in the same sense in which cricket is considered a "gentlemen's game." So it is with regret that it must be confessed that of late years some have gone further in making work of this play than is consistent with the true purpose of the game.

These observations are, of course, not at all applicable to men, for in this, as in everything else, they are exempt from the criticism to

which we are only too liable.

Still, on the other hand, what is worth doing at all is worth doing well; and it is surely much more "fun" to play a good game of tennis

than an indifferent one.

In the matter of choosing a racquet there are many things to consider. The shape, stringing, and balance may be left to individual discretion, but in regard to weight there should be a fixed law. A lighter racquet than twelve ounces does not give enough force to the stroke, and no girl should attempt to use one of over thirteen and one-half ounces; for above that weight the advantage, if there be such, gained by the heavier racquet, is overbalanced by the difficulty of managing the additional weight. This point settled, the question of holding the racquet comes up. The first step towards "good form"—for of course there is "good form" in tennis, as in any other game—is the proper use of the racquet. It should be held at the extreme end of the handle, for this is the only way to secure a free, easy sweep, and not only does this give a longer reach, but the advantage of added leverage is obtained.

Closely allied to this is the all-important point of the firm grasp. How many points are lost by the loosely-held racquet, and what a surprise it always is, followed by the exclamation, "Oh! I was sure of that ball, but my racquet slipped." Yes, but if your racquet had been firmly held it would have done its duty. By the way, for how many misplays is the racquet held accountable, when really the power at the end of the racquet is only to blame!

So far as the action of the game is concerned, a girl's play must differ essentially from a man's. This is due in part to the natural disadvantages under which she labors. Of course her inferior strength and endurance are against her, and her dress, at the best, is of itself a handicap. For this reason, should a girl wish to improve her play by observation, it is much better for her to watch a good player of her own sex than to try to learn from a man, however well he may play, for a woman cannot play a man's game, and any attempt to do so will prove worse than useless.

And now to the game in detail. As a general thing, we women are as quick to adopt new ideas as men, but in the game of lawn tennis we have stuck to first principles with an assiduity that is as unfortunate as it is surprising. For instance, in the matter of serving, while scarcely a man can be found who does not use the overhand service, comparatively few girls attempt it. They seem not to realize that it is not necessary to be six feet tall in order to deliver an effective overhand service. This point of serving is one which deserves much more attention than it has ever received. The general idea seems to be that the service is simply to put the ball in motion, and that if it falls within the prescribed limits that is all that is necessary; whereas a strong service will win many a point, in and of itself. The strength of a good serve lies largely in its swiftness, and this principle runs through the game; for it stands to reason that the power needed to return a ball will be in proportion to the power used to send it.

Although it is generally conceded that the overhand service is the most effective, as has been shown by its increasing popularity, there are other serves in general use in whose favor much may be said. The old-fashioned underhand twist is now seldom seen, as we have learned that although the cut ball may deceive once or twice, one can soon learn to calculate the angle, and after this the trick is of no avail.

The service at present most used by girls is the straight-arm, side service; in this the stroke is from the shoulder, sending a straight swift "liner" over the net. A well-sent ball of this kind is not easy to take, and it is but a short step from this to the overhand service.

One point in this matter of serving which deserves much more attention than it receives is the placing of the ball: this calls for quick and accurate judgment, and is a difficult trick to acquire, but it always pays. A ball sent "across-court" into the corner, or one down the middle line, especially if one manœuvre follows the other, is very bewildering. On occasions, too, a ball dropped just over the net, if unexpected, will score a point; though if this is tried too often the effect will be disastrous.

This subject of serving should not be closed without a warning in Vol. XLVI.—16

regard to making double faults. For this there is no excuse: it is simply carelessness. Of course one should try to make the first serve as effective as possible; this may fail; the second never should, for by a little care the ball can certainly be made to fall within the lines.

The game of singles is the one in which individual skill is shown to the best advantage. Here the player must rely upon herself alone, and has not even the comfort of thinking that perhaps her partner was to blame for a point lost. Opinions differ as to the best plan to follow in playing singles: some hold that what is good for one is good for all, and that as the volley game has proved so effective as used by men of late years, there is no reason why women should not adopt it. But, though some of the best girl players in the country consider this the case, as is evidenced by their play, it seems that in many ways the backcourt game is the better one for us to use. And here comes in strongly the mistake of trying to imitate a man's play; for, while it has been shown that the volley game is usually the most effective one for men. it is seldom or never so for women. It is plainly to be seen that a girl cannot cover the ground, either in length of reach or in agility. By keeping near the service-line she not only has more time to judge the position of the ball and get to it, but she can better determine what to do with it when she has reached it.

Perhaps the easiest stroke, and the one oftenest used, is the straight drive, the ball dropping about half-way between the service-line and the receiving-line. In making such a play care should be taken to get well behind the ball, so as to receive it on the racquet as it drops after the rebound. This leaves a full control over the ball, and gives time to decide where it may be placed to the best advantage. When a ball falls to the left of the player the principle is the same; of course the backhand stroke is harder to make, and for this very reason it should receive more attention. So many girls who otherwise play a strong game are utterly at a loss when a ball falls to their left; and some even go so far as to take both hands and "scoop" it over the net, in lieu of any better method of disposing of it. An opponent is quick to discover and take advantage of any such "weak spot in the armor," and a little judicious practice of this stroke will save many points.

Unfortunately, one cannot always choose a position and wait for the ball. Sometimes the ball falls in such a way that it must be taken just before it touches the ground. This low volley is often a necessary stroke, but, unfortunately, it is a difficult play to make. In this case, as with the backhand strokes, a little practice goes far towards making perfect, and when once learned it is not only an effective but a very pretty play, and usually calls forth applause from the spectators.

There is still another stroke which takes even a quicker eye than the low volley; this is the half volley, in which the ball falling directly at the feet of the player gives her barely time to catch it on her racquet just as it leaves the ground for the rebound. This is a good play to avoid if possible, for, though it usually pleases the "grand stand," it leaves no time for judgment in placing.

It is also necessary to consider the subject of "placing," which is particularly important in tennis for women; for where a man often

wins a point by "smashing" the ball, a girl, by a little head-work, can obtain the same result, and save her strength. Though this is true in all forms of the game, it is especially so in singles, as once placing the ball away from the opponent will often put an end to what might prove a long and exhausting rally.

Another way of saving strength is by learning to recover position quickly after receiving a ball, so as to be in perfect readiness to make the next stroke, wherever the ball may fall. Particularly is this the case when one's opponent realizes the advantage of placing her returns.

Although, as has been said, the back-court game seems the best in the long run, there are times when, by running up to the net and volleying a ball, a girl can score a point, either by careful "placing," or even, on occasions, by a well-directed "smash;" though this is advisable only where it is clear beforehand that the scheme will work. For if this volley should fail to end the rally, a skilful opponent will at once avail herself of the player's position at the net, and, by "toss-

ing" the ball just out of reach, score the point.

This "toss" or "lob," which looks so easy, really calls for more skill than one would suppose. The ball should be sent high enough to be out of reach of the player at the net, and yet not so high as to give her time to get around it and return it after the rebound. This is a very telling stroke in doubles as well as singles, especially in the old up and back game; for in this game, if the ball be returned anywhere within reach of a good net-player, it is almost sure to receive a stroke that will effectually "kill" it. This old-fashioned double game, so universally played a few years ago, is now almost entirely superseded by the volley game, though some still hold to the former. In the new game there is less danger of interference, as each player defends her own side of the court. If there is any doubt as to who should take the ball, a "call" of "Yours," or "Let me have it," will solve the difficulty.

Of course there is a difference of opinion as regards the old double game and the new, and, as in the case of the overhand service, few girls have as yet availed themselves of the new principles, which when

adopted cannot fail to strengthen their game.

In the up and back game the girl on the service-line has so much ground to cover that, even with a good player at the net, fully three-quarters of the work falls to her share; for, by persistent "lobbing," skilful opponents can render a net player almost useless.

In this volley game we women may even have the advantage of men, in a slight degree; for our ready perception and quick movement can be put to good use when there need be so little change of base.

When the ball is put in play, the server and net player occupy the same positions as in the old game; but after the striker-out has returned the first ball the partners take their places a foot or two in front of the receiving-line, and retain this position unless their opponents force them back by "lobbing" the ball. If after one fault a slow ball is served, it is sometimes better to run up and volley without waiting for the return. Such a point, however, must be left to the discretion of the individual player.

There must be a distinct understanding between two players before

they can pull well together as a team. That players are beginning to realize this has been shown by the beautiful team playing in some of the recent tournaments, when there has been none of that confusion and interference which are unfortunately so often a characteristic of ladies' doubles.

All that has been said of team play applies equally to mixed doubles, for the same difficulties are encountered, and even to a greater extent, unless the girl is willing to stand close to the net, in the extreme corner of the court, and only take the balls that may chance to come to her, leaving her partner to dispose of the rest as he sees fit. Though this may be a winning game, it is not mixed doubles, and is unfair and uninteresting to the girl, who if she be a good player should be doing her share of the work, and at any rate should have the pleasure of participating in the game to a fuller extent.

It is an open question whether or not it is better to attempt the volley game in mixed doubles, and a question to which no settled answer can be given, as it depends entirely on the team. In most cases the man takes the back of the court, leaving his partner to guard the net, but in some pairs, where the girl is a strong player, the volley game is found to work very well. It is generally taken for granted that a man can outplay a girl, but in some mixed teams there is no reason why the play should not be divided as in ladies' doubles.

It is not every good single player who is successful in team play, and surprise is often expressed at the defeat of a pair of players, each of whom could have easily defeated either of their opponents in single

play.

The growing popularity of lawn tennis is shown by the increase in the number of tournaments within the last three or four years. Aside from those held by prominent clubs, which elicit general interest, there are countless tournaments occurring during the season at smaller clubs, or on private courts, of no less interest to the participants. This speaks well for the future of the game, for there is no better practice than tournament play.

It is a common idea among the less skilful players that there is no place for them in match games, as there is little or no chance of their winning. But such players should enter tournaments; for, although not every one can carry off a prize, the pleasure of the game ought to be enough present reward, and each attempt will increase their chances

for future success.

An article on tennis for women would be incomplete without reference to some of the advantages of the game, physical, mental, and social. It is hardly necessary to dwell long upon its physical benefits, for these are apparent even to the most superficial observer; and how many girls of the present day owe their fine physique and healthy development to this delightful exercise! However, like other good things, tennis is capable of abuse, and it is hardly fair that the reputation of the game should suffer because some girls have injudiciously played beyond their strength.

While the education of the mental and moral faculties is less apparent, it is no less real. The quick decision, the accurate judgment,

the steady purpose, are as necessary to the game as the correct eye, the firm hand, and the active movement. Do we claim too much for the game when we say it has a decided moral influence? It is surely something to learn to yield a disputed point pleasantly, or be ready to

congratulate a successful rival with frank sincerity.

To any one who has ever played or even watched the game of tennis, it is needless to enlarge upon its social aspect. It has won for itself a front rank in the amusements of the day, which it bids fair to hold. At present it is difficult to imagine any advance in out-door games beyond it. The delight of active exercise in the open air with congenial partners, the pleasant camaraderie of the field, where each is willing to render or accept the little courtesies of the game, and the inspiration of friendly spectators, all unite to make up the general enjoyment of what seems to be the perfection of out-door amusement.

When lawn tennis was introduced into this country, it was at first wholly confined to the Eastern States, and until within a few years a tennis-racquet would have been a curiosity farther inland; but, like the "course of empire," the game is taking its way westward, and tennis clubs and tournaments figure in the athletic interests of the West to

almost as great an extent as they do here.

If the march of the game does not stop with the sea, we may yet live to see the day when our Japanese fans and parasols shall come to us decorated with grotesque figures of the natives playing our favorite game,—taken from life.

Bertha L. Townsend, Margarette Lyman Ballard.

VEILED.

SOMETHING I want,—but what, I cannot tell.

When I was shut within the busy town,
Then I was sure it was the "keen, sweet smell"
And sound of waters rushing up and down.
But when at last I found myself once more
In the loved spot upon the lonely shore,
It was like finding in a warm life's place
A cold, dead face.

So has it mocked me, leading me at will
From smiling vale to barren mountain-height,
From noisy mart to silent desert, still
Tempting faint hope, and failing weary sight.
And as I seek, still do I grow more wise
To read the fruitless quest in other eyes.
Brothers, this veiled thing that beckoneth,—
Can it be Death?

Margaret Vandegrift.

AT THE END OF THE PASSAGE.

FOUR men, theoretically entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," sat at a table playing whist. The thermometer marked—for them—one hundred and one degrees of heat. The room was darkened till it was only just possible to distinguish the pips of the cards and the very white faces of the players. A tattered, rotten punkah of whitewashed calico-was puddling the hot air and whining dolefully at each stroke. Outside lay gloom of a November day in London. There was neither sky, sun, nor horizon,—nothing but a brown-purple haze of heat. It was as though the earth were dying of apoplexy.

From time to time clouds of tawny dust rose from the ground without wind or warning, flung themselves table-cloth-wise among the tops of the parched trees, and came down again. Then a whirling dust-devil would scutter across the plain for a couple of miles, break, and fall outward, though there was nothing to check its flight save a long low line of piled railway-sleepers white with the dust, a cluster of huts made of mud, condemned rails, and canvas, and the one squat four-roomed bungalow that belonged to the assistant engineer in charge of a section of the Gandhari State line then under construction.

The four men, stripped to the thinnest of sleeping-suit, played whist crossly, with wranglings as to leads and returns. It was not the best kind of whist, but they had taken some trouble to arrive at it. Mottram of the Indian Survey had ridden thirty and railed one hundred miles from his lonely post in the desert since the previous night; Lowndes of the Civil Service, on special duty in the political department, had come as far to escape for an instant the miserable intrigues of an impoverished native State whose king alternately fawned and blustered for more money from the pitiful revenues contributed by hard-wrung peasants and despairing camel-breeders; Spurstow, the doctor of the line, had left a cholera-stricken camp of coolies to look after itself for fortyeight hours while he associated with white men once more. Hummil, the assistant engineer, was the host. He stood fast and received his friends thus every Sunday if they could come in. When one of them failed to appear, he would send a telegram to his last address, in order that he might know whether the defaulter was dead or alive. There be very many places in the East where it is not good or kind to let your acquaintances drop out of sight even for one short week.

The players were not conscious of any special regard for each other. They squabbled whenever they met; but they ardently desired to meet, as men without water desire to drink. They were lonely folk who understood the dread meaning of loneliness. They were all under thirty years of age,—which is too soon for any man to possess that

knowledge.

"Pilsener," said Spurstow, after the second rubber, mopping his

forehead.

"Beer's out, I'm sorry to say, and there's hardly enough soda-water for to-night," said Hummil.

"What filthy bad management!" snarled Spurstow.

"Can't help it. I've written and wired; but the trains don't come through regularly yet. Last week the ice ran out,—as Lowndes knows."

"Glad I didn't come. I could ha' sent you some if I had known, though. Phew! it's too hot to go on playing bumblepuppy." This with a savage scowl at Lowndes, who only laughed. He was a hardened offender.

Mottram rose from the table and looked out of a chink in the shutters.

"What a sweet day !" said he.

The company yawned unanimously and betook themselves to an aimless investigation of all Hummil's possessions,—guns, tattered novels, saddlery, spurs, and the like. They had fingered them a score of times before, but there was really nothing else to do.

"Got anything fresh?" said Lowndes.

"Last week's Gazette of India, and a cutting from a home paper. My father sent it out. It's rather amusing."

"One of those vestrymen that call 'emselves M.P.'s again, is it?" said Spurstow, who read his newspapers when he could get them.

"Yes. Listen to this. It's to your address, Lowndes. The man was making a speech to his constituents, and he piled it on. Here's a sample: 'And I assert unhesitatingly that the Civil Service in India is the preserve—the pet preserve—of the aristocracy of England. What does the democracy—what do the masses—get from that country, which we have step by step fraudulently annexed? I answer, nothing whatever. It is farmed with a single eye to their own interests by the scions of the aristocracy. They take good care to maintain their lavish scale of incomes, to avoid or stifle any inquiries into the nature and conduct of their administration, while they themselves force the unhappy peasant to pay with the sweat of his brow for all the luxuries in which they are lapped.'" Hummil waved the cutting above his head. "'Ear! 'ear!" said his audience.

Then Lowndes, meditatively: "I'd give—I'd give three months' pay to have that gentleman spend one month with me and see how the free and independent native prince works things. Old Timbersides"—this was his flippant title for an honored and decorated prince—"has been wearing my life out this week past for money. By Jove, his latest performance was to send me one of his women as a bribe!"

"Good for you! Did you accept it?" said Mottram.

"No. I rather wish I had, now. She was a pretty little person, and she yarned away to me about the horrible destitution among the king's women-folk. The darlings haven't had any new clothes for nearly a month, and the old man wants to buy a new drag from Calcutta,—solid silver railings and silver lamps, and trifles of that kind. I've tried to make him understand that he has played the deuce with the revenues for the last twenty years and must go slow. He can't see it."

"But he has the ancestral treasure-vaults to draw on. There must be three millions at least in jewels and coin under his palace," said Hummil.

"Catch a native king disturbing the family treasure! The priests forbid it except as the last resort. Old Timbersides has added something like a quarter of a million to the deposit in his reign."

"Where the mischief does it all come from?" said Mottram.

"The country. The state of the people is enough to make you sick. I've known the tax-men wait by a milch-camel till the foal was born and then hurry off the mother for arrears. And what can I do? I can't get the court clerks to give me any accounts; I can't raise anything more than a fat smile from the commander-in-chief when I find out the troops are three months in arrears; and old Timbersides begins to weep when I speak to him. He has taken to the king's peg heavily,—liqueur brandy for whiskey, and Heidsieck for soda-water."

"That's what the Rao of Jubela took to. Even a native can't last

long at that," said Spurstow. "He'll go out."

"And a good thing, too. Then I suppose we'll have a council of regency, and a tutor for the young prince, and hand him back his

kingdom with ten years' accumulations."

"Whereupon that young prince, having been taught all the vices of the English, will play ducks and drakes with the money and undo ten years' work in eighteen months. I've seen that business before," said Spurstow. "I should tackle the king with a light hand, if I were you, Lowndes. They'll hate you quite enough under any circumstances."

"That's all very well. The man who looks on can talk about the light hand; but you can't clean a pig-stye with a pen dipped in rose-water. I know my risks; but nothing has happened yet. My servant's an old Pathan, and he cooks for me. They are hardly likely to bribe him, and I don't accept food from my true friends, as they call themselves. Oh, but it's weary work! I'd sooner be with you,

Spurstow. There's shooting near your camp."

"Would you? I don't think it. About fifteen deaths a day don't incite a man to shoot anything but himself. And the worst of it is that the poor devils look at you as though you ought to save them. Lord knows, I've tried everything. My last attempt was empirical, but it pulled an old man through. He was brought to me apparently past hope, and I gave him gin and Worcester sauce with cayenne. It cured him; but I don't recommend it."

"How do the cases run generally?" said Hummil.

"Very simply indeed. Chlorodyne, opium pill, chlorodyne, collapse, nitre, bricks to the feet, and then—the burning-ghat. The last seems to be the only thing that stops the trouble. It's black cholera, you know. Poor devils! But, I will say, little Bunsee Lal, my apothecary, works like a demon. I've recommended him for promotion if he comes through it all alive."

"And what are your chances, old man?" said Mottram.

"Don't know; don't care much; but I've sent the letter in. What are you doing with yourself generally?"

"Sitting under a table in the tent and spitting on the sextant to keep it cool," said the man of the survey. "Washing my eyes to avoid ophthalmia which I shall certainly get, and trying to make a subsurveyor understand that an error of five degrees in an angle isn't quite so small as it looks. I'm altogether alone, y' know, and shall be till the end of the hot weather."

"Hummil's the lucky man," said Lowndes, flinging himself into a long chair. "He has an actual roof—torn as to the ceiling-cloth, but still a roof—over his head. He sees one train daily. He can get beer and soda-water and ice it when God is good. He has books, pictures," -they were torn from the Graphic,-"and the society of the excellent sub-contractor Jevins, besides the pleasure of receiving us weekly."

Hummil smiled grimly. "Yes, I'm the lucky man, I suppose.

Jevins is luckier."

"How? Not-

"Yes. Went out. Last Monday."

"Ap se?" said Spurstow, quickly, hinting the suspicion that was in everybody's mind. There was no cholera near Hummil's section. Even fever gives a man at least a week's grace, and sudden death generally implied self-slaughter.

"I judge no man this weather," said Hummil. "He had a touch of the sun, I fancy; for last week, after you fellows had left, he came into the veranda and told me that he was going home to see his wife,

in Market Street, Liverpool, that evening.

"I got the apothecary in to look at him, and we tried to make him lie down. After an hour or two he rubbed his eyes and said he believed he had had a fit,-hoped he hadn't said anything rude. Jevins had a great idea of bettering himself socially. He was very like Chucks in his language."

"Well?"

"Then he went to his own bungalow and began cleaning a rifle. He told the servant that he was going after buck in the morning. Naturally he fumbled with the trigger, and shot himself through the head accidentally. The apothecary sent in a report to my chief, and Jevins is buried somewhere out there. I'd have wired to you, Spurstow, if you could have done anything."
"You're a queer chap," said Mottram. "If you'd killed the man

yourself you couldn't have been more quiet about the business."

"Good Lord! what does it matter?" said Hummil, calmly. "I've got to do a lot of his overseeing work in addition to my own. I'm the only person that suffers. Jevins is out of it,-by pure accident, of course, but out of it. The apothecary was going to write a long screed on suicide. Trust a babu to drivel when he gets the chance."

"Why didn't you let it go in as suicide?" said Lowndes.

"No direct proof. A man hasn't many privileges in this country, but he might at least be allowed to mishandle his own rifle. Besides, some day I may need a man to smother up an accident to myself. Live and let live. Die and let die."

"You take a pill," said Spurstow, who had been watching Hummil's white face narrowly. "Take a pill, and don't be an ass. That sort

of talk is skittles. Anyhow, suicide is shirking your work. If I was Job ten times over, I should be so interested in what was going to happen next that I'd stay on and watch."

"Ah! I've lost that curiosity," said Hummil.
"Liver out of order?" said Lowndes, feelingly.

"No. Can't sleep. That's worse."

"By Jove, it is!" said Mottram. "I'm that way every now and then, and the fit has to wear itself out. What do you take for it?"

"Nothing. What's the use? I haven't had ten minutes' sleep

since Friday morning."

"Poor chap! Spurstow, you ought to attend to this," said Mottram.
"Now you mention it, your eyes are rather gummy and swollen."

Spurstow, still watching Hummil, laughed lightly. "I'll patch him

up, later on. Is it too hot, do you think, to go for a ride?"

"Where to?" said Lowndes, wearily. "We shall have to go away at eight, and there'll be riding enough for us then. I hate a horse, when I have to use him as a necessity. Oh, heavens! what is there to do?"

"Begin whist again, at chick points" (a "chick" is supposed to be eight shillings) "and a gold mohur on the rub," said Spurstow,

promptly.

"Poker. A month's pay all round for the pool,—no limit,—and fifty-rupee raises. Somebody would be broken before we got up," said

Lowndes.

"Can't say that it would give me any pleasure to break any man in this company," said Mottram. "There isn't enough excitement in it, and it's foolish." He crossed over to the worn and battered little camp-piano,—wreckage of a married household that had once held the bungalow,—and opened the case.

"It's used up long ago," said Hummil. "The servants have

picked it to pieces."

The piano was indeed hopelessly out of order, but Mottram managed to bring the rebellious notes into a sort of agreement, and there rose from the ragged key-board something that might once have been the ghost of a popular music-hall song. The men in the long chairs turned with evident interest as Mottram banged the more lustily.

"That's good!" said Lowndes. "By Jove! the last time I heard

that song was in '79, or thereabouts, just before I came out."

"Ah!" said Spurstow, with pride, "I was home in '80." And he

mentioned a song of the streets popular at that date.

Mottram executed it indifferent well. Lowndes criticised and volunteered emendations. Mottram dashed into another ditty, not of the music-hall character, and made as if to rise.

"Sit down," said Hummil. "I didn't know that you had any music in your composition. Go on playing until you can't think of anything more. I'll have that piano tuned up before you come again.

Play something festive."

Very simple indeed were the tunes to which Mottram's art and the limitations of the piano could give effect, but the men listened with pleasure, and in the pauses talked all together of what they had seen or heard when they were last at home. A dense dust-storm sprung up outside, and swept roaring over the house, enveloping it in the choking darkness of midnight, but Mottram continued unheeding, and the crazy tinkle reached the ears of the listeners above the flapping of the tattered ceiling-cloth.

In the silence after the storm he glided from the more directly personal songs of Scotland, half humming them as he played, into the

Evening Hymn.

"Sunday," said he, nodding his head.
"Go on. Don't apologize for it," said Spurstow.

Hummil laughed long and riotously. "Play it, by all means. You're full of surprises to-day. I didn't know you had such a gift of finished sarcasm. How does that thing go?"

Mottram took up the tune.

"Too slow by half. You miss the note of gratitude," said Hummil. "It ought to go to the 'Grasshopper's Polka,'-this way." And he chanted, prestissimo,-

"Glory to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light."

That shows we really feel our blessings. How does it go on?—

"'If in the night I sleepless lie, My soul with sacred thoughts supply; May no ill dreams disturb my rest,'-

Quicker, Mottram !-

"'Or powers of darkness me molest!'"

"Bah! what an old hypocrite you are!"

"Don't be an ass," said Lowndes. "You are at full liberty to make fun of anything else you like, but leave that hymn alone. It's associated in my mind with the most sacred recollections-"

"Summer evenings in the country,-stained-glass window,-light going out, and you and she jamming your heads together over one hymn-book," said Mottram.

"Yes, and a fat old cockchafer hitting you in the eye when you walked home. Smell of hay, and a moon as big as a bandbox sitting on the top of a haycock; bats, -roses, -milk and midges," said Lowndes.

"Also mothers. I can just recollect my mother singing me to sleep

with that when I was a little chap," said Spurstow.

The darkness had fallen on the room. They could hear Hummil

squirming in his chair.

"Consequently," said he, testily, "you sing it when you are seven fathom deep in hell! It's an insult to the intelligence of the Deity to pretend we're anything but tortured rebels."

"Take two pills," said Spurstow: "that's tortured liver."

"The usually placid Hummil is in a vile bad temper. I'm sorry for his coolies to-morrow," said Lowndes, as the servants brought in the lights and prepared the table for dinner.

As they were settling into their places about the miserable goat-

chops, the curried eggs, and the smoked tapioca pudding, Spurstow took occasion to whisper to Mottram, "Well done, David!"

"Look after Saul, then," was the reply.

"What are you two whispering about?" said Hummil, suspiciously.

"Only saying that you are a d—poor host. This fowl can't be cut," returned Spurstow, with a sweet smile. "Call this a dinner?"

"I can't help it. You don't expect a banquet, do you?"

Throughout that meal Hummil contrived laboriously to insult directly and pointedly all his guests in succession, and at each insult Spurstow kicked the aggrieved persons under the table; but he dared not exchange a glance of intelligence with either of them. Hummil's face was white and pinched, while his eyes were unnaturally large. No man dreamed for a moment of resenting his savage personalities, but as soon as the meal was over they made haste to get away.

"Don't go. You're just getting amusing, you fellows. I hope I haven't said anything that annoyed you. You're such touchy devils." Then, changing the note into one of almost abject entreaty, "I say,

you surely aren't going?"

"Where I dines I sleeps, in the language of the blessed Jorrocks," said Spurstow. "I want to have a look at your coolies to-morrow, if you don't mind. You can give me a place to lie down in, I suppose?"

The others pleaded the urgency of their several employs next day, and, saddling up, departed together, Hummil begging them to come next Sunday. As they jogged off together, Lowndes unbosomed himself to Mottram: "... And I never felt so like kicking a man at his own table in my life. Said I cheated at whist, and reminded me I was in debt! Told you you were as good as a liar to your face! You aren't half indignant enough over it."

"Not I," said Mottram. "Poor devil! Did you ever know old Hummy behave like that before? Did you ever know him go within

a hundred miles of it?"

"That's no excuse. Spurstow was hacking my shin all the time,

so I kept a hand on myself. Else I should have—"

"No, you wouldn't. You'd have done as Hummy did about Jevins: judge no man this weather. By Jove! the buckle of my bridle is hot in my hand! Trot out a bit; and mind the rat-holes."

Ten minutes' trotting jerked out of Lowndes one very sage remark

when he pulled up, sweating from every pore:

"Good thing Spurstow's with him to-night."

"Ye-es. Good man, Spurstow. Our roads turn here. See you again next Sunday, if the sun doesn't bowl me over."

"S'pose so, unless old Timbersides' finance minister manages to dress some of my food. Good-night, and—God bless you!"

"What's wrong now?"

"Oh, nothing." Lowndes gathered up his whip, and, as he flicked Mottram's mare on the flank, added, "You're a good little chap,—that's all." And the mare bolted half a mile across the sand, on the word.

In the assistant engineer's bungalow Spurstow and Hummil smoked the pipe of silence together, each narrowly watching the other. The capacity of a bachelor's establishment is as elastic as its arrangements are simple. A servant cleared away the dining-room table, brought in a couple of rude native bedsteads made of tape strung on a light wood frame, flung a square of cool Calcutta matting over each, set them side by side, pinned two towels to the punkah so that their fringes should just sweep clear of each sleeper's nose and mouth, and announced that the couches were ready.

The men flung themselves down, adjuring the punkah-coolies by all the powers of Eblis to pull. Every door and window was shut, for the outside air was that of an oven. The atmosphere within was only 104°, as the thermometer attested, and heavy with the foul smell of badly-trimmed kerosene lamps; and this stench, combined with that of native tobacco, baked brick, and dried earth, sends the heart of many a strong man down to his boots, for it is the smell of the great Indian Empire when she turns herself for six months into a house of torment. Spurstow packed his pillows craftily so that he reclined rather than lay, his head at a safe elevation above his feet. It is not good to sleep on a low pillow in the hot weather if you happen to be of thick-necked build, for you may pass with lively snores and gugglings from natural sleep into the deep slumber of heat-apoplexy.

"Pack your pillows," said the doctor, sharply, as he saw Hummil

preparing to lie down at full length.

The night-light was trimmed; the shadow of the punkah wavered across the room, and the *flick* of the punkah-towel and the soft whine of the rope through the wall-hole followed it. Then the punkah flagged, almost ceased. The sweat poured from Spurstow's brow. Should he go out and harangue the coolie? It started forward again with a savage jerk, and a pin came out of the towels. When this was replaced, a tomtom in the coolie lines began to beat with the steady throb of a swellen artery inside some brain-fevered skull. Spurstow turned on his side and swore gently. There was no movement on Hummil's part. The man had composed himself as rigidly as a corpse, his hands clinched at his sides. The respiration was too hurried for any suspicion of sleep. Spurstow looked at the set face. The jaws were clinched, and there was a pucker round the quivering eyelids.

"He's holding himself as tightly as ever he can," thought Spurstow. "What a sham it is! and what in the world is the matter with him?—Hummil!"

"Yes."

"Can't you get to sleep?"

"No."

"Head hot? Throat feeling bulgy? or how?"

"Neither, thanks. I don't sleep much, you know."

"Feel pretty bad?"

"Pretty bad, thanks. There is a tomtom outside, isn't there? I thought it was my head at first. Oh, Spurstow, for pity's sake give me something that will put me asleep,—sound asleep,—if it's only for six hours!" He sprang up. "I haven't been able to sleep naturally for days, and I can't stand it!—I can't stand it!"

" Poor old chap!"

"That's no use. Give me something to make me sleep. I tell you I'm nearly mad. I don't know what I say half my time. For three weeks I've had to think and spell out every word that has come through my lips before I dared say it. I had to get my sentences out down to the last word, for fear of talking drivel if I didn't. Isn't that enough to drive a man mad? I can't see things correctly now, and I've lost my sense of touch. Make me sleep. Oh, Spurstow, for the love of God make me sleep sound. It isn't enough merely to let me dream. Let me sleep!"

"All right, old man, all right. Go slow. You aren't half as bad as you think." The flood-gates of reserve once broken, Hummil was clinging to him like a frightened child. "You're pinching my

arm to pieces."

"I'll break your neck if you don't do something for me. No, I didn't mean that. Don't be angry, old fellow." He wiped the sweat off himself as he fought to regain composure. "As a matter of fact, I'm a bit restless and off my oats, and perhaps you could recommend some sort of sleeping-mixture,—bromide of potassium."

"Bromide of skittles! Why didn't you tell me this before? Let go of my arm, and I'll see if there's anything in my cigarette-case to suit your complaint." He hunted among his day-clothes, turned up the lamp, opened a little silver cigarette-case, and advanced on the

expectant Hummil with the daintiest of fairy squirts.

"The last appeal of civilization," said he, "and a thing I hate to use. Hold out your arm. Well, your sleeplessness hasn't ruined your muscle; and what a thick hide it is! Might as well inject a buffalo subcutaneously. Now in a few minutes the morphia will begin working. Lie down and wait."

A smile of unalloyed and idiotic delight began to creep over Hummil's face. "I think," he whispered,—"I think I'm going off now. Gad! it's positively heavenly! Spurstow, you must give me that case to keep; you——" The voice ceased as the head fell back.

"Not for a good deal," said Spurstow to the unconscious form.

"And now, my friend, sleeplessness of your kind being very apt to relax the moral fibre in little matters of life and death, I'll just take

the liberty of spiking your guns."

He paddled into Hummil's saddle-room in his bare feet and uncased a twelve-bore, an express, and a revolver. Of the first he unscrewed the nipples and hid them in the bottom of a saddlery-case; of the second he abstracted the lever, placing it behind a big wardrobe. The third he merely opened, and knocked the doll-head bolt of the grip up with the heel of a riding-boot.

"That's settled," he said, as he shook the sweat off his hands. "These little precautions will at least give you time to turn. You

have too much sympathy with gun-room accidents."

And as he rose from his knees, the thick muffled voice of Hummil

cried in the door-way, "You fool!"

Such tones they use who speak in the lucid intervals of delirium to their friends a little before they die.

Spurstow jumped with sheer fright. Hummil stood in the door-

way, rocking with helpless laughter.

"That was awf'ly good of you, I'm sure," he said, very slowly, feeling for his words. "I don't intend to go out by my own hand at present. I say, Spurstow, that stuff won't work. What shall I do? What shall I do?" And panic terror stood in his eyes.

"Lie down and give it a chance. Lie down at once."

"I daren't. It will only take me half-way again, and I shan't be able to get away this time. Do you know it was all I could do to come out just now? Generally I am as quick as lightning; but you had clogged my feet. I was nearly caught."

"Oh, yes, I understand. Go and lie down."

"No, it isn't delirium; but it was an awfully mean trick to play

Do you know I might have died?"

As a sponge rubs a slate clean, so some power unknown to Spurstow had wiped out of Hummil's face all that stamped it for the face of a man, and he stood at the door-way in the expression of his lost innocence. He had slept back into terrified childhood.

"Is he going to die on the spot?" thought Spurstow. Then, aloud, "All right, my son. Come back to bed, and tell me all about it. You

couldn't sleep; but what was all the rest of the nonsense?"

"A place, -a place down there," said Hummil, with simple sincerity. The drug was acting on him by waves, and he was flung from the fear of a strong man to the fright of a child as his nerves gathered sense or were dulled.

"Good God! I've been afraid of it for months past, Spurstow. It has made every night hell to me; and yet I'm not conscious of having

done anything wrong."

"Be still, and I'll give you another dose. We'll stop your night-

mares, you unutterable idiot!"

"Yes, but you must give me so much that I can't get away. You must make me quite sleepy,—not just a little sleepy. It's so hard to run then."

"I know it; I know it. I've felt it myself. The symptoms are

exactly as you describe."

"Oh, don't laugh at me, confound you! Before this awful sleeplessness came to me I've tried to rest on my elbow and put a spur in

the bed to sting me when I fell back. Look!"

"By Jove! the man has been rowelled like a horse! Ridden by the nightmare with a vengeance! And we all thought him sensible enough. Heaven send us understanding! You like to talk, don't you, old man?"

"Yes, sometimes. Not when I'm frightened. Then I want to run.

Don't you?"

"Always. Before I give you your second dose, try to tell me exactly

what your trouble is."

Hummil spoke in broken whispers for nearly ten minutes, while Spurstow looked into the pupils of his eyes and passed his hand before them once or twice.

At the end of the narrative the silver cigarette-case was produced,

and the last words that Hummil said as he fell back for the second time were, "Put me quite to sleep; for if I'm caught I die,-I

"Yes, yes; we all do that sooner or later, thank Heaven who has set a term to our miseries," said Spurstow, settling the cushions under the head. "It occurs to me that unless I drink something I shall go out before my time. I've stopped sweating, and I wear a seventeeninch collar." And he brewed himself scalding hot tea, which is an excellent remedy against heat-apoplexy if you take three or four cups Then he watched the sleeper. of it in time.

"A blind face that cries and can't wipe its eyes. H'm! Decidedly, Hummil ought to go on leave as soon as possible; and, sane or otherwise, he undoubtedly did rowel himself most cruelly. Well, Heaven

send us understanding!"

At mid-day Hummil rose, with an evil taste in his mouth, but an unclouded eve and a joyful heart.

"I was pretty bad last night, wasn't I?" said he.

"I have seen healthier men. You must have had a touch of the sun. Look here: if I write you a swingeing medical certificate, will you apply for leave on the spot?"

"Why not? You want it."

"Yes, but I can hold on till the weather's a little cooler." "Why should you, if you can get relieved on the spot?"

"Burkett is the only man who could be sent; and he's a born fool."

"Oh, never mind about the line. You aren't so important as all Wire for leave, if necessary."

Hummil looked very uncomfortable.

"I can hold on till the rains," he said, evasively.

"You can't. Wire to head-quarters for Burkett."
"I won't. If you want to know why, particularly, Burkett is married, and his wife's just had a kid, and she's up at Simla, in the cool, and Burkett has a very nice billet that takes him into Simla from Saturday to Monday. That little woman isn't at all well. If Burkett was transferred she'd try to follow him. If she left the baby behind she'd fret herself to death. If she came,—and Burkett's one of those selfish little beasts who are always talking about a wife's place being with her husband,—she'd die. It's murder to bring a woman here just now. Burkett has got the physique of a rat. If he came here he'd go out; and I know she hasn't any money, and I'm pretty sure she'd go out too. I'm salted in a sort of way, and I'm not married. Wait till the rains, and then Burkett can get thin down here. It'll do him heaps of good."

"Do you mean to say that you intend to face—what you have faced,

for the next fifty-six nights?"

"Oh, it won't be so bad, now you've shown me a way out of it. can always wire to you. Besides, now I've once got into the way of sleeping, it'll be all right. Anyhow, I shan't put in for leave. That's the long and the short of it."

"My great Scott! I thought all that sort of thing was dead and

done with."

"Bosh! You'd do the same yourself. I feel a new man, thanks to that cigarette-case. You're going over to camp now, aren't you?"

"Yes; but I'll try to look you up every other day, if I can."

"I'm not bad enough for that. I don't want you to bother. Give the coolies gin and ketchup."

"Then you feel all right?"

"Fit to fight for my life, but not to stand out in the sun talking to

you. Go along, old man, and bless you!"

Hummil turned on his heel to face the echoing desolation of his bungalow, and the first thing he saw standing in the veranda was the figure of himself. He had met a similar apparition once before, when he was suffering from overwork and the strain of the hot weather.

"This is bad,—already," he said, rubbing his eyes. "If the thing slides away from me all in one piece, like a ghost, I shall know it is only my eyes and stomach that are out of order. If it walks, I shall

know that my head is going."

He walked to the figure, which naturally kept at an unvarying distance from him, as is the use of all spectres that are born of overwork. It slid through the house and dissolved into swimming specks within the eyeball as soon as it reached the burning light of the garden. Hummil went about his business till even. When he came in to dinner he found himself sitting at the table. The thing rose and walked out hastily.

No living man knows what that week held for Hummil. An increase of the epidemic kept Spurstow in camp among the coolies, and all he could do was to telegraph to Mottram, bidding him go to the bungalow and sleep there. But Mottram was forty miles away from the nearest telegraph, and knew nothing of anything save the needs of the survey till he met early on Sunday morning Lowndes and Spurstow

heading towards Hummil's for the weekly gathering.

"Hope the poor chap's in a better temper," said the former, swinging himself off his horse at the door. "I suppose he isn't up yet."

"I'll just have a look at him," said the doctor. "If he's asleep

there's no need to wake him."

And an instant later, by the tone of Spurstow's voice calling upon them to enter, the men knew what had happened.

The punkah was still being pulled over the bed, but Hummil had

departed this life at least three hours before.

The body lay on its back, hands clinched by the side, as Spurstow had seen it lying seven nights previously. In the staring eyes was written terror beyond the expression of any pen.

Mottram, who had entered behind Lowndes, bent over the dead and touched the forehead lightly with his lips. "Oh, you lucky,

lucky devil!" he whispered.

But Lowndes had seen the eyes, and had withdrawn shuddering to the other side of the room. "Poor chap! poor old chap! And the last time I met him I was angry. Spurstow, we should have watched him. Has he——?"

Deftly Spurstow continued his investigations, ending by a search

round the room.

"No, he hasn't," he snapped. "There's no trace of anything. Call in the servants."

They came, eight or ten of them, whispering and peering over each other's shoulders.

"When did your Sahib go to bed?" said Spurstow.

"At eleven or ten, we think," said Hummil's personal servant.

"He was well then? But how should you know?"

"He was not ill, as far as our comprehension extended. But he had slept very little for three nights. This I know, because I saw him walking much, and specially in the heart of the night."

As Spurstow was arranging the sheet, a big straight-necked hunting-spur tumbled on the ground. The doctor groaned. The personal

servant peeped at the body.

"What do you think, Chuma?" said Spurstow, catching the look

on the dark face.

"Heaven-born, in my poor opinion, this that was my master has descended into the Dark Places, and there has been caught because he was not able to escape with sufficient speed. We have the spur for evidence that he fought with Fear. Thus have I seen men of my race do with thorns when a spell was laid upon them to overtake them in their sleeping hours and they dared not sleep."

"Chuma, you're a mud-head. Go out and prepare seals to be set

on the Sahib's property."

"God has made the Heaven-born. God has made me. Who are we, to inquire into the dispensations of God? I will bid the other servants hold aloof while you are reckoning the tale of the Sahib's property. They are all thieves, and would steal."

"As far as I can make out, he died from—oh, anything: stoppage of the heart's action, heat-apoplexy, or some other visitation," said Spurstow to his companions. "We must make an inventory of his

effects, and so on."

"He was scared to death," insisted Lowndes. "Look at those eyes! For pity's sake don't let him be buried with them open!"

"Whatever it was, he's out of all the trouble now," said Mottram, softly.

Spurstow was peering into the open eyes.

"Come here," said he. "Can you see anything there?"

"I can't face it!" whimpered Lowndes. "Cover up the face! Is there any fear on earth that can turn a man into that likeness? It's ghastly. Oh, Spurstow, cover him up!"

"No fear-on earth," said Spurstow. Mottram leaned over his

shoulder and looked intently.

"I see nothing except some gray blurs in the pupil. There can be

nothing there, you know."

"Even so. Well, let's think. It'll take half a day to knock up any sort of coffin; and he must have died at midnight. Lowndes, old

man, go out and tell the coolies to break ground next to Jevins's grave. Mottram, go round the house with Chuma and see that the seals are put on things. Send a couple of men to me here, and I'll arrange."

The strong-armed servants when they returned to their own kind told a strange story of the doctor Sahib vainly trying to call their master back to life by magic arts,—to wit, the holding of a little green box opposite each of the dead man's eyes, of a frequent clicking of the same, and of a bewildered muttering on the part of the doctor Sahib, who subsequently took the little green box away with him.

The resonant hammering of a coffin-lid is no pleasant thing to hear, but those who have experience maintain that much more terrible is the soft swish of the bed-linen, the reeving and unreeving of the bed-tapes, when he who has fallen by the roadside is apparelled for burial, sinking gradually as the tapes are tied over, till the swaddled shape touches the floor and there is no protest against the indignity of hasty disposal.

At the last moment Lowndes was seized with scruples of conscience. "Ought you to read the service,—from beginning to end?" said

"I intend to. You're my senior as a civilian. You can take it, if you like."

"I didn't mean that for a moment. I only thought if we could get a chaplain from somewhere,—I'm willing to ride anywhere,—and give poor Hummil a better chance. That's all."

"Bosh!" said Spurstow, as he framed his lips to the tremendous words that stand at the head of the burial service.

After breakfast they smoked a pipe in silence to the memory of the dead. Then said Spurstow, absently,—

"'Tisn't in medical science."

" What ?"

"Things in a dead man's eye."

"For goodness' sake leave that horror alone!" said Lowndes.
"I've seen a native die of fright when a tiger chivied him. I know what killed Hummil."

"The deuce you do! I'm going to try to see." And the doctor retreated into the bath-room with a Kodak camera, splashing and grunting for ten minutes. Then there was the sound of something being hammered to pieces, and Spurstow emerged, very white indeed.

"Have you got a picture?" said Mottram. "What does the

thing look like?"

"Nothing there. It was impossible, of course. You needn't look, Mottram. I've torn up the films. There was nothing there. It was impossible."

"That," said Lowndes, very distinctly, watching the shaking hand

striving to relight the pipe, "is a damned lie."

There was no further speech for a long time. The hot wind whistled without, and the dry trees sobbed. Presently the daily train, winking brass, burnished steel, and spouting steam, pulled up panting in the intense glare. "We'd better go on on that," said Spurs-

"Go back to work. I've written my certificate. We can't do

any more good here. Come on."

No one moved. It is not pleasant to face railway-journeys at midday in June. Spurstow gathered up his hat and whip, and, turning in the door-way, said,-

> "There may be heaven,—there must be hell. Meantime, there is our life here. We-ell?"

But neither Mottram nor Lowndes had any answer to the question. Rudyard Kipling.

EBB AND FLOW.

SPRING.

THINK that the sea has grown merry with meetings (For winter is over) and hands clasping hands.-Merry with seeing eyes gleaming with gladness, And feet that are flying from sorrow and sadness To sink for a season in soft shining sands.

The blue of the heavens is touching the water, And the world has grown giddy with sunshine and song: Hearts revel free in each joyous emotion; We see but the glimmer and gleam of the ocean. For the current is hidden that bears us along.

AUTUMN.

I think that the sea has grown weary of partings, Passionate partings that ring from the shore,-Weary of watching those earnest embraces, Weary of seeing those fair fervent faces White with a fear that their meetings are o'er.

The sunset is past, and the cold moon has risen. And foam-wreaths lie white on the cliff's craggy side: Relentlessly winter recalls us to reason, And we leave the sweet hopes of the fair summer season To be carried away by the outgoing tide. H. W. F.

CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

OUR own fathers and mothers are most excellent gifts to have and to hold, especially when they are thoroughly good people. But for the comfort of all orphans and step-children, the world over, it should be noticed how often children born to an unusual destiny are separated from one or both parents in childhood, and have their nurture and admonition from the hands of kindred or strangers. The tears upon the face of the beautiful babe Moses, when found adrift upon the reeds of Egypt's Nile, were the plaintive cry of early orphanage. The pity of the divine record notes those tears, but at the same time we know that, as with the liquid life dropping in dews from the rudelycut vine when it is being moved to another soil, so these drops of grief could not be saved in the transplanting of that sturdy little rootstock, in order that it should grow into such a giant and mighty son of the Hebrew forest. Loving-hearted Joseph, too, was separated from his brethren when he was to be made ready to be the deliverer of his nation; and there are many modern instances in which the special aloneness of childhood has prepared the heart and mind for the later loneliness of leadership.

So the little girl whose life was to be a new chapter in the world's history, since her small fingers held the key which should open the padlock that fastened the chains of slavery upon millions of human beings, was only five years old when she lost the noblest and best of mothers. But she was not left desolate; for, besides the care of a faithful aunt, she was still rich in her uncommon father and his home.

This long-lamented mother, Roxana Foote, affords a fresh proof that genius is more frequently the gift of the mother than of the father to the child, for she was the mother of all the really distinguished children of Dr. Beecher. She was one of that intelligent and lively group of Foote children who had their home in a plain large farmhouse, called Nutplains, near Guilford, Connecticut, with their maternal grandfather, General Ward. Within sight from the house was a small brown stream, spanned by a bridge, near which was moored a little boat. In later years this place was as much the home of little Harriet Beecher as that at Litchfield, and to the fourth generation it continued to be the delightful resort of the children of the Ward, Foote, and Beecher families. In their day the Foote daughters kept Nutplains alive and stirring with earnest work, and fun and frolic, and among them and their friends Roxana was always queen. The other girls almost worshipped her. Her tastes were intellectual and her mind well cultivated, and, though she was not really pretty, yet her manner so pleasantly expressed both dignity of mind and sweetness of disposition as to render her very attractive. Her daughter has painted this

mother's likeness in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as the mother of St. Clair. When he won this lovely girl, Lyman Beecher was young and unknown, but full of the fire and life which were to render him "one of the grandest and sturdiest men that New England has produced." Supplied with what would now be an extremely humble outfit, these two fine people were first domiciled in East Hampton, Long Island. But the family were settled in a new and more congenial home in Litchfield, Connecticut, when Harriet the second came into the circle. Five wide-awake, intelligent children were there before her, and another Harriet had died in early infancy: so that this quiet little maid was the seventh child of Roxana Foote and Lyman Beecher. She was born

on the 14th of June, 1811.

It was a plain-looking little one, with a thin face, and large brown eyes, and tangled curls of brown hair, that soon began to run around in the minister's home at Litchfield. But her baby reign continued only a short time, for scarcely two years later Master Henry Ward arrived upon the scene. Harriet was naturally gentle and affectionate and very quick to learn. She has said she knew how to read as soon as she could walk, and she was so observing that it was a common remark in the family, "That child is all ear." Not so active as Catherine, the eldest of the daughters, she was still far from indolent, but was dreamy and imaginative, with a nervous system that was quickly and deeply impressed by all that she saw and heard. In a word, her brain and nerves were the sensitized plate on which Genius took pictures of all life's movements. So marked was this quality of impressionability in her that she always lived, even long after childhood, a kind of double life, in which the moving creatures thrown by imagination and reflection from the vivid fancy and nervous ideality of her consciousness moved like a mirage before and around her, in ever-returning proces-These familiar beings were just as real to her as the people in the house: the old white-headed man that played on a violin, the tall majestic woman who wore a high fur cap of peculiar form and danced to the old man's music,—these shifting shapes seemed ever to haunt certain scenes and to appear only in connection with them. There, too, was an image of a green meadow and a calm lake, and, coming from a grove on one side of it, a tiny woman clothed in white, with a wide golden girdle around her waist, followed by a misshapen dwarf. Regularly at night the air around her bed "seemed like that which Raphael has shadowed forth around his Madonna di San Sisto, a palpitating crowd of faces and forms changing in dim and gliding quietude." The reader of "Oldtown Folks" will recall, too, that Horace Holyoke saw the shadowy figure of a sad lady standing among the evergreens, as they drove up to a house wholly unknown to him, within which they found the picture of the same lady. That these apparitions were, in some unexplained way, the reflex of her own sensitive and powerful imagination, is seen in this, that they "appeared to cause a vibration of the great central nerves of the body, as when a harp-string is struck." Once or twice when she was older she began to tell of what she saw, but was quickly shut up with, "Nonsense, child! there hasn't been anybody in

the room. You shouldn't talk so." Thus repressed, she ceased to speak of these apparitions, but none the less did she believe in them as daily friends, whose presence had the effect to inspire her with a fearless confidence in all things supernatural. For the rest, she was a quiet, amiable little girl, but more inclined to out-door sports with her brothers than to thread and needle or even to dolls, and she was often heedless and careless. This last trait drew down upon her many a disciplinary sorrow, especially from Aunt Harriet, who, having a tender spot in her heart for her small namesake from the first, took a hand in her education and training, often keeping her for months at Nutplains.

"I have not sent for little Harriet," her mother wrote when the little one was about two years old, "on account of the joiners' work which we are going to have about." Then follow motherly directions about flannels and little shoes, and she adds, "Write me an account of all things respecting both yourselves and little Harriet, whom you must tell to be a good girl and not forget her mamma and brothers and sisters. I hope to come for her some time in the summer

or autumn."

Of the ways in the birth-home Catherine afterwards wrote, "Mother was of that easy and gentle temperament that could never very strictly enforce any rules, while father, you know, was never celebrated for his habits of system or order. Of course there was a free and easy way of living, more congenial to liberty and sociality than to conventional rules. As I look back to those days, there is an impression of sunshine, love, and busy activity, without any memory of a jar."

Their uncle Samuel Foote was a sea-captain, whose comings and goings were as stirring as wine to the lively spirits of the Beecher children. "After we moved to Litchfield," writes Catherine again, "Uncle Samuel came among us on his return from each voyage as a sort of brilliant genius of another sphere, bringing gifts and wonders that seemed to wake new faculties in us all. Sometimes he came from the shores of Spain, with mementoes of the Alhambra and the ancient Moors, sometimes from Africa, bringing Oriental caps and Moorish slippers, sometimes from South America, with ingots of silver and strange implements from the tombs of the Incas or hammocks wrought by the Southern Indian tribes. With these came exciting stories of his adventures and the interesting persons of various lands whom he had carried on his ship."

Besides these stimulating influences from the Foote side of the house, it must not be forgotten that Dr. Beecher was a man in whose house the dullest child would have been stirred up to the fullest use of all his wits. Overflowing with a great-hearted love for his children, he first taught them to obey him and then made companions of them. Especially in his hours of relaxation did he delight in their society. He was an ardent sportsman, and his boys and some of his girls, little Harriet for one, retained through life the most delightful recollections of the hunting and fishing excursions which they made with him, when he was just as eager to "beat" and just as full of fun as the youngest boy among them. On Sunday nights, too, he had a fashion of "letting down," as he called it, from the strain of his intensely

earnest preaching, which he said was necessary before he could sleep. "This," said Mrs. Stowe in after-years, "was our best season with him. He was lively, sparkling, jocose, full of anecdote and incident. The old violin would come out, and he would play old-fashioned dance-tunes for us, including one which was a special favorite with us youngsters, called 'Go to the devil and shake yourself.'" On occasion he could even be prevailed upon to dance the break-down for their benefit. This was probably in the days when Sunday began at sunset of Saturday evening. After these refreshments he slept well till the morning hour, when the youngest baby was sent up to take him by the nose and kiss him awake.

But not alone in this mood was the father an inspiration to his children, but from early childhood they were trained into the deepest speculations of his theology, and the walls of "the windy old castle" echoed to questions and answers upon the highest themes of life and duty. So absorbed was he in these great thoughts that he seldom considered his earthly estate, and the "wherewithal" to feed and clothe and educate so many children was very often extremely short; but they never complained, and were taught to bear deficiencies with good nature

and courage.

Such a home, in a wilderness, would have turned out scholars and thinkers, but when we add that Litchfield at that time held within its borders the most attractive and valuable society, we see completed all the most necessary conditions for the nourishment of genius. "It was a delightful village, on a beautiful hill, richly endowed with schools, both professional and scientific." Among the venerable governors and judges, learned lawyers and senators, that made up its society, none were dearer to the Beecher family, parents and children, than the saintly, courtly, and learned Judge Reeve, and his wife, capacious in body as in mind and heart; but the Wolcotts and the Huntingtons, the Holmeses and the Pierponts, contributed their full share to its charms, while even the unprincipled fascinations of Aaron Burr, at times, shed their baleful glitter upon that circle. Such a study in human nature as he afforded could not escape the eye of Harriet Beecher, though then but a school-girl, and we find him delineated in both "Oldtown Folks" and "The Minister's Wooing." In addition to all, the scenery surrounding both of her childhood's homes was noble and satisfying. The brown river and the bridge at Nutplains, as all else there, were among the golden memories of Harriet's life; while from the Litchfield parsonage Chestnut Hill and Mounts Tour and Prospect, with their wooded slopes, were ever in view.

Harriet started to school when she was but five years old, and Catherine wrote, "Harriet is a very good girl," and went on to tell of an incredible amount of learning that the little one had absorbed in chapters and verses from the Bible. It was at that time that the gentle mother faded away; after which for some years Harriet lived at Nutplains. The Footes were Episcopalians, and there she was

taught the catechism beginning, "What is your name?"

At that early age she discovered how much easier it is, and how much less steep and thorny is the rugged path to heaven that it teaches, than is that which is laid down in the more stimulating Calvinistic creed, of which the first question is, "What is the chief end of man?" It would seem that she then received a life-bias in favor of the smoother

wav.

But, whether at home or at school, Harriet had a consuming passion for books. She seldom seemed to be much aware of her outward self, and when left alone she would curl up, a genuine little book-worm, in the attic, and lose herself in reading for mortal hours. There was never a folio so dry, nor a theological treatise so heavy of digestion, that she would not swallow it. She hunted for and devoured these toothsome treasures as another child would feed on a hidden barrel of apples. All was grist that came to her mill. She took cordially to all stories of life and adventure, but did not have much natural taste for logic or mathematics. Indeed, she would have neglected those studies altogether had she not gone to a school where it was impossible.

She came home to Litchfield to attend Miss Pierce's school. Ah! what a school that was, where the grim master ruled like a Greek fate and kept every mind roused to its most intense activity! He never told them anything that they could find out for themselves, and took an almost savage delight in puzzling them, or at least in throwing them upon their own resources, and never hesitated to offer them the most profound questions of man's destiny for their discussion. Think of a child nine or ten years old offering to write compositions every week! Nor was she dismayed when the first subject proposed was "The Difference between the Natural and Moral Sublime." But she said that her teacher explained the subject so clearly that she understood it then as well as she ever did, and produced an essay upon it which amused him greatly. She was not more than twelve when she was selected to write for the annual exhibition, and took for her subject the negative of the proposition, "Can the immortality of the soul be proved by the light of nature?" She said it was the proudest moment of her life when her father, hearing it read, looked interested, and asked, "Who wrote that composition?" and the reply was, "Your daughter, sir." It was somewhat remarkable, considering Puritanic ideas upon the theatre, that this school closed yearly with a dramatic exhibition.

The composition and production of these plays, usually Scripture tragedies, were absorbing excitements to Harriet Beecher. Though she was probably not a striking actor, as she lacked the poise and self-assurance so necessary to that endowment, yet it is evident that nothing in her youth so stirred and disciplined her imagination as the production of these dramas. Perhaps the very poverty of scenery, which had usually to be invented out of curtains and old shawls, enhanced the effect, but, at any rate, the scenes of one called "Jephthah's Daughter" were so effectively given as to move an unimpressible audience to sobs and groans,—a histrionic triumph not often granted to older players.

Harriet's mind continued to absorb learning as a leaf absorbs light, and she had taken in nearly all that was then taught to young girls, besides the Latin and Greek taught to her brother, when her sister Catherine opened a school, after the Litchfield pattern, at Hartford, Connecticut. Harriet was about fifteen when she went there as both

scholar and teacher. She was one of a brilliant class, many of whom afterwards made their mark in the world of life or letters. She was then considered an absent-minded, introspective young lady, somewhat moody and odd in her manners and habits, but a great reader, a fine scholar, and exceedingly clever in her compositions, whether she attempted prose or poetry. She was careless and unpractical, but the other girls soon saw that she had a vein of quiet humor,—"a sleepy sort of wit that woke up and flashed out when least expected." She was not then thought the equal of her older sister, but now it appears to be a difference of kind rather than of degree.

Sara Willis was a pupil in this school, and learned there that facility in the use of her pen which afterward enabled her as "Fanny Fern" to delight thousands of readers and to ward off hungry poverty from herself and her children. But neither Sara nor the other girls could have learned much of the airs and graces commonly called "style" which are now so dear to American girls. The "pomps and vanities of this wicked world" were, as in the Prayer-Book, things to be re-

nounced, not cultivated.

All who ever knew Harriet remember how unconscious she always was of her appearance; and she never seemed to know whether she wore calico or silk. Another thing that often prevented the social impression she was so capable of making was her preoccupation. People who could contribute nothing to life and its ideas failed to attract her attention, and in their society she remained shut up to her inner world and went on living as though upon a different continent. But when she was disposed to speak she was always a delightful talker. She was small in size, and, as she once said of herself, when told that an eager crowd was waiting at the door of her hotel to see her, she was "not much to see."

The Hartford school went on prosperously till the year 1832, when Dr. Beecher, then settled in Boston, decided to give heed to the urgent messages that called him to come and stand upon the ramparts of the frontier and blow the gospel trumpet so that its echoes could be heard throughout the Far West. In that year he removed to Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, and the family went to live at Walnut Hills. The new home stood to the northeast, upon one of the semicircle of hills that surround lower Cincinnati. It was encircled by the noble primeval forest, which, starting from the very doors, swept off indefinitely over the hills, but was pierced here and there by fine openings, through which the richest landscape appeared.

And what a bustling, stirring life that was that went on in the roomy brick house!—students and professors from the seminary coming and going, pastors of other churches, members of the Second Church, of which the doctor was pastor, calling at all hours to consult upon the interests of the church. Then there were the numberless details of household life that must be brought in edgewise, marketing and shopping, so that the old carry-all and the faithful beast "Charlie" were continually moving up and down the hills between home and city. "It

was an exuberant and glorious life while it lasted."

In this city Catherine and her sister again opened a school. The

calmly philosophical cast of Harriet's mind, always more meditative than energetic, would have inclined her to dreamy speculation rather than to beneficent action. But the new life at Walnut Hills allowed even less room for mental repose than there had been at Litchfield or Boston. In the first place, the under mutterings of the volcano of slavery, over which the South had been complacently sitting for years, as they found it warm and comfortable, were then beginning to be heard. Some hot-headed adherents of the Abolitionist party had entered the seminary, and insisted upon forcing the subject upon all their companions. Dr. Beecher, who had been a man of war from his youth up, fighting battles on behalf of human liberty of conscience or of action, would certainly have been the last man to shut down upon any well-considered movement for human liberty; but he counselled caution, as there was danger of an explosion which would tear the new seminary into fragments and scatter the hopes of its founders to the four winds. But during a long absence of his, some unwise efforts to bind the Samsons with withes produced the result which had been feared. The doctor hastened home, to find the seminary dismembered, though

But this was not the only shock which the new institution had to undergo. The following years were years of desperate struggle to secure the school to the purpose of its foundation. One point of assault was the orthodoxy of the President. But the lively old doctor was too much for any or all of them. His fire and poetry could not be reduced to syllogisms; and when they tried to nail him down to an extreme statement of one side of a truth, he burst out with a eulogy of the opposite side, of which they thought themselves the especial guardians, and that, too, with an eloquence which so far surpassed anything they could have said themselves that they were left dumfounded.

In the constant agitations of the succeeding years, Dr. Beecher, Dr. Stowe, and Dr. Allen, who came to the seminary somewhat later, were men who, like the Hebrew brethren, walked in the midst of a burning fiery furnace, yet was not the smell of fire found upon their garments. Nor had the perils about the seminary or its leader lessened when, in 1836, Harriet Beecher became the second wife of Prof. Calvin E. Stowe. She was then twenty-five, and the circumstances of her married life were but a repetition of the life at home. There was the same absorption in exciting outward events, so that domestic life often came in for only a secondary share of attention, and the "wherewithal" had the same uncomfortable habit of running short or frequently of being altogether out.

Much as she desired to shut her eyes and ears to the burning question of slavery, it was utterly impossible to do so: it was ever present. Her brothers and her husband took an active personal part in assisting the escape of fugitives. The chapter in "Uncle Tom" which describes John Van Tromp's doings was taken from a real experience of one of her brothers and that genuine Ohio hero, whose real name was Van Zandt. In the fiery elements amid which her life at Walnut Hills was passed it was inevitable that the fine ideality of her mind would be quickened to a white heat of intensity, and so easily translated into

action. But other interests pressed upon her. Beginning with twin girls, little ones were crowding into the professor's home. It was most difficult to procure suitable household help. Payments from the seminary, which was then rich only in land and faith, were often delayed, and the wearing daily question was the same as that which presses upon thousands of other homes,—the question, "How shall we live?" and "How shall we make ends meet?" Then the baby Charlie died. So that this was the time when her religious convictions struggled with her experience of life, "in that conflict which is appointed them." Thus, within and without, the years of her early married life were years of continuous discipline, out of which she yet emerged triumphant: else she could never have written the closing scenes of "Uncle Tom's" life. So much was she weighted by these cares that she was the mother of six children and over forty years old before she had written anything but some short sketches.

If there is anything in foreordination, Harriet Beecher Stowe was predestined to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She did not intend to do it. She has said that "for many years of her life she avoided all reading upon or allusion to the subject of slavery." But in Cincinnati it

was thrust upon her at every turn.

An incident which increased her interest in the problem of freedom was the coming to Walnut Hills of a family from the far South, who for conscience' sake had separated themselves from the associations of their lifetime and sought a home in the then unbroken forests on the banks of the Ohio. Here the Tichenors and Overakers, a family of aristocratic English descent, made for themselves a home in the Southern style, the first of those really ducal estates of which so many now crown the banks of the Ohio and the crests of Cincinnati's hills. This family brought with them a retinue of house-servants in order to set them free. They were scattered among the various families of this lovely vicinage, some being employed at one time or another in Prof. Stowe's family and some in that of his next neighbor, also a professor in the seminary. One of these neighbors has said that she has seen Mrs. Stowe sit whole summer afternoons watching the children of the two families and the young blacks at play.

It was then and there that Mrs. Stowe saw Topsy and took her comical likeness in unfading colors. Topsy was a stray bit of ebony humanity that, in some unrecorded way, came to be one of the pickaninnies who perched on the porticos of the Overaker mansion in New Orleans, where the family had a winter home, or hung around the quarters, ran errands, or played with the dogs on the Tichenor plantation at Natchez. She was such a little imp of darkness that it was agreed on all sides that "that limb was past saving," and so she was left among the field-hands, who were to work out their freedom there on the plantation at Natchez. But the case of the abandoned waif appealed to the sympathy of Mrs. Stowe's neighbor, and the elfish Topsy was brought North and placed in the family of the young professor to be trained for service. It must be confessed that the effort to develop her into a reasonable being was not a shining success. Joan—for that was her real name—drifted into the abandoned stratum of Cincinnati

life, and was seen no more by her former friends till the day of Mrs. Tichenor's funeral. Black Sam, also, he of the "o' bobservation" faculty, was at service in the same family; but he will be best remembered by the act of putting the beech-nut under Haley's saddle when they were about to start after Eliza. Other of the small fry named were

members of the same group.

It was at Walnut Hills also that Mrs. Stowe knew the original of "Uncle Pete" in "Dred," or "Nina Gordon," as it was afterwards called. He was then an old man, known as "Colored Williams," and he certainly was of as "rockfast" and deep-set a black dye as mortal flesh could take. Like that faithful old soul who took care of the Peyton children and always spoke of himself and them as "we Peyton folks," so this devoted retainer of the professors' families for odd jobs always spoke of himself and them as "we seminary folks." Peace to his gray ashes! He died a few years ago, at Walnut Hills, aged, it was said, one hundred and twelve years.

It has often been said that "Uncle Tom" was written at Walnut Hills. A genial friend told me one day that he had just returned from showing Earl Rosebery the house at Walnut Hills in which "Uncle Tom" was written. "You did?" said I. "It's all very well to show people the house, but 'Uncle Tom' wasn't written there." "Are you sure?" he asked, with some dismay. "He is not the first Englishman I've taken out to see that house." "Yes, I'm sure, for I have often heard my mother say so, and she lived next door to Mrs. Stowe all the time they were in that house," I replied. But, to place the matter beyond a doubt, at his request I wrote to Mrs. Stowe, and received the following reply:

" MANDARIN, May 21, 1881.

"MY DEAR E.,—I have let your letter lie long unanswered, though it was very interesting to us all, especially to my husband, who was delighted to get news from Walnut Hills, and to learn how things look there now. . . . You are right as to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' It was not written at Walnut Hills, but in Brunswick, in the old Titcomb House. It took Maine air and vigor, added to Cincinnati and Kentucky experience, to perfect that work. . . .

"Yours aff'ly,
"H. B. STOWE."

In 1850 Dr. Stowe had accepted a professorship at Bowdoin, and was living in Brunswick when the Fugitive Slave Law of that year was passed. This was the final fire which set the colors of Mrs. Stowe's resolution to write something "which should hold up slavery to the world as a dramatic reality." She chose the form of a story, knowing well that

Where Truth in closest words shall fail, There Truth embodied in a tale Shall enter in at open doors.

Not for fame's sake did she write, but that she might execute the commission which the Divine Guide, by the nature of her genius and culture and by the circumstances of her life, had laid upon her. The

intense absorption of her theme held her away from every other interest, for circumstances were never less favorable to the execution of a great work. She was then in the midst of heavy domestic cares, with a young infant, and with a party of pupils in her family to whom she was imparting lessons daily with her own children; but the story was so much more intense a reality to her than any other earthly thing that the weekly instalment for Dr. Bailey's National Era never failed. Once Mr. Jewett, who was to publish it, wrote to ask her not to make it too long, as the subject was an unpopular one. Mrs. Stowe replied that she did not make the story, that the story made itself, and that she could not stop till it was done. This feeling increased in intensity to the end. It is even said that in these last days of her life she has

said, "God wrote it. I merely did His dictation."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was finished and published March 20, 1852. When the last words were written, Mrs. Stowe laid down her pen with a feeling of deep depression. "Would any one read the story?" But she had scarcely turned to resume her usual occupations when the response to this question was poured in upon her from every side. Ten thousand copies were sold in a few days, and it was scarcely possible to bring out fresh editions rapidly enough to meet the demand. Sampson Low, the English publisher, declared that not less than a million and a half copies had been sold in Great Britain and its colonies within the first six months after its appearance. Within the first year many millions of copies were sold, and it had been dramatized in twenty different languages and performed in every capital of Europe. It has been translated into thirty-five or thirty-six different languages. No work of fiction in any age ever attained so universal, immediate, and extensive a popularity.

What was the cause of the world-wide interest which this book excited, and still has and holds? It cannot be due to the intricacy and variety of its plot. There is no plot. The life and cruel death of a negro slave, the life and untimely death of an angelic child,—nothing could be simpler. Nor can it be set down to its subject. Many another story has been written on the same theme and been heard of never more. Nor has its interest perished with the occasion of its birth. There is but one explanation of its surpassing power.

The book is a classic. It is immortal.

What has made it so? Its style is singularly pure and idiomatic, with a perfect clearness which, like the rich beam of a plate-glass window, reveals the moving figures within as there are no medium between. The power of graphic description should not escape our attention; nor has any writer shown a deeper knowledge of human nature. But its chief power is somewhat beyond all this. It is that the writer, having taken for her theme the various states of a poor black boy in slavery, moved by some sacred influence, lifts up and expands her hero, till his sufferings and the fruit they bore in him become the type of that which may take place in any age, in any clime, in any nation under heaven,—the victory of a guiltless sufferer over wrong. In this we see how the bitterest humiliation, the sharpest agony of body or spirit, the most horrible tortures by which death

comes lingeringly and too slowly, may fall on one without error of his own, but only be able to press out of the tried and torn spirit fresh faith and new and deeper love, in which and by which he triumphs over the most undeserved wrongs. The victory of "Uncle Tom" is the victory of love over the most brutal torments which the deadliest hate or malice of life can inflict, of that wide, deep, earnest love, a purified spiritual affection, which counts no costs, which reckons nothing as its own but that by which one may serve and help his brother.

The same pure spiritual kind of love is the dominant element in the character of Eva. Hear the delicate child saying, "Yes, Tom, I would gladly die for our people, if it would do any good." This triumph of perfect love is the secret of the deep heart-throbs which

this book has stirred wherever it has been read.

It has been asked, "When shall we have the Great American Novel? What will it be like?" Why do we ask? It is already with us, was written and given to the world when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was put in

press.

Mrs. Stowe's greatest work was done, but since that she has written enough to make the reputation of an ordinary novelist. About 1853 Dr. Stowe accepted a call to Andover, and it was in the comparative quiet of their life there that Mrs. Stowe perfected the greater number of her later works. Her family there numbered six children.—Hattie and Eliza (the twins), Henry and Fred, Georgiana and Charlie. Andover home in which they lived about twenty years was an oddlooking structure of stone, originally built for a gymnasium, but altered by Mrs. Stowe. Soon after they were well settled there, Mrs. Stowe, with a party of relatives, took a European trip. In France, in Germany, but especially in England, she was received with the highest degree of appreciation ever shown to an American woman. Rich gifts and memorials were showered upon her, and the most exclusive ducal castles of England esteemed themselves honored by her presence. Her records of the enjoyments of this journey are found in "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." Again she sat by her own fireside and "heard the nations praising her afar."

Her other books are too well known to need mention here. "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," and "Oldtown Folks" are all upon her favorite topic, New-England life. "My Wife and I." and "We and our Neighbors." have delighted thousands.

and I," and "We and our Neighbors," have delighted thousands.

After Dr. Stowe resigned his charge at Andover, Mrs. Stowe gratified her taste in building an oddly-designed house at Hartford, Connecticut. It was in the Oriental style, around a small court which was enclosed as a conservatory, into which all the rooms of the first floor opened. But this was found to be somewhat too airy and open for the New-England climate. In less than a dozen years after the war Mrs. Stowe bought a winter home and plantation in Florida, the fair Southland which she had helped to redeem. A gable-roofed brown house, of no particular pretensions to style or beauty, stands among the thick-clustering orange-trees upon the banks of the sleepy St. John's River. In this retreat Mrs. Stowe's family have passed many a winter. In the mean time she bought another Hartford home,

farther out from town, and most agreeably situated, for society, between the home of Charles Dudley Warner on the one hand and that of Samuel L. Clemens, surnamed "Mark Twain," on the other. Here, in the scene of her early associations as scholar and teacher, surrounded by troops of friends and ministered unto by love and honor, Harriet Beecher Stowe is passing the serene evening of her days, waiting

Till life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Eleanor P. Allen.

THE PALE CAST OF THOUGHT.

THERE was a task for me, and I arose
To meet it, for it stood before me clear:
In the night watches I had heard it close
Beside the pillow, whispering in my ear.
But in the morning other whispers came,
Blowing this way and that, until I grew
Full of all doubt, and nothing seemed the same:
So I lost sight of that I had to do;
Light reasonings decoyed me, one by one,
And then the sun set, with my task not done.

Then did I know how I had lived in vain,
And clearly see my steps had turned astray;
For there be paths that in the dark lie plain,
Yet grow invisible when shines the day.

Owen Wister.

WOMAN.

AIRER than all the fantasies that dart
Adown the dreams of our most favored sleep,
Thy perfect form, since Eden's day, doth keep
The constant pattern of a perfect art!
Yet more must we admire thy better part,—
The spirit strong to smile when others weep,—
And well know we who sail life's ocean deep
There is no haven like a woman's heart.

Thus, often weary ere the strife is won,

Tired of my task, my head I fain would lay

In some good lady's lap, as did "the Dane,"

And watch the action of the world go on,

Knowing 'tis but a play within a play,

The fleeting portion of an endless plan.

Charles H. Crandall.

THE LAPSE OF TOLSTOL

FOR three years the great Russian novelist has been a fashion, a fad, a craze. Enthroned by Mr. Howells high above predecessors and competitors, his fame was thought to be established forever on the rock of Realism. If some of us were growing a little tired of the dreary waste to which he reduces life (not to speak of the endless nu and da of his too faithful translator), we scarcely dared to hint it. But now the master has smitten his own repute under the fifth rib, and administered a cruel rebuff to his thick-and-thin admirers. If their loyalty can stomach and survive "The Kreutzer Sonata," it must be firm indeed.

As everybody knows, Tolstoi's career has had two phases. First there was the man of the world and of modern Russia, the self-deceiving votary (in his own later view) of soulless conventions and godless pleasures, who wrote "Anna Karenina" and "War and Peace,"—books he would now fain disown, therein reckoning without his readers. Next came the renouncer of a world lying in wickedness, the apostle of strange and lofty theories, the writer of socialistic Sunday-school tales for mujiks and their children, leavening the plain and sometimes coarse realism of his style and matter with a spirit that was nothing if not idealistic. And now we have a new departure, which will enable Mr. Maurice Thompson to point with pride to his indignant classification of Tolstoi with Zola, a year or two ago.

And yet Tolstoi has not changed; he has only developed,—unluckily, in a wrong direction. He is a prophet denouncing sin with fervor little tempered by discretion; he is a reformer whose great wit and zeal are to madness near allied. So much must be said in mere justice; and it has to be added that the purity of the motive does not palliate the offensiveness of the act. For each page the author needs to say, as his hero and spokesman does at the start, "Excuse my brutality." But the apology will not avail; the brutality is not excusable. Miss Hapgood was entirely right in revoking, as soon as she had seen the manuscript, her promise to translate it; and few will thank Mr. Tucker for doing what she refused to do. The book ought never to have been printed, nor written either. But for the eminent name it bears, it would hardly have found a publisher in America or England. Its only legitimate effects will be to disgust decent people and injure a great reputation.

To label a volume as improper is too often to advertise it; it is well when one can add that the thing is no more attractive than improving. "The Kreutzer Sonata," short as it is, is hard reading; one wades through it from a sense of duty, the feeling of weariness and repulsion increasing at every page. The story is hideous but slight. Wantonness in youth, strangely conjoined with fantastic and incongruous ideals; a hasty and ill-advised marriage; uncongeniality, quarrels, jealousy, and murder,—this is all there is of it. But this is only a peg on which to hang the queer and violent theories of one (Posdnicheff) so nearly mad that his views on any subject must be all but valueless. The book is doctrinaire fiction of the most exaggerated type, an ounce of incident to a pound of frenzied declamation. If one were unwise enough to take it seriously, the only resort would be despair or suicide, for it dethrones God and reduces man to the beast-level.

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For instance: "All our idyls and marriage, all, are the result for the most part of our eating." "All of us, men and women, are brought up in these aberrations of feeling that we call love." "Our women are savages. They have no belief in God, but some of them believe in the evil eye, and the others in doctors who charge high fees." Physicians are "brigands" and "rascals." Music is the instigator of "many adulteries" (p. 103). Marriage is a failure indeed. "The felicities of the honey-moon do not exist. It is a period of uneasiness, of shame, of pity, and, above all, of ennui, -of ferocious ennui." Later, "we were like two galley-slaves fastened to the same ball, cursing each other, poisoning each other's existence, and trying to shake each other off." "A terrible execration was continually boiling up within me. I watched her pour the tea, swing her foot, lift her spoon to her mouth, and blow upon hot liquids or sip them, and I detested her as if these had been so many crimes." All this, we are assured, was not an isolated experience, though the amiable M. Posdnicheff was at the time "unaware that ninety-nine families out of every hundred live in the same hell, and that it cannot be otherwise." It may be that Russian society is unspeakably and (from an Anglo-Saxon view-point) inconceivably foul; but we prefer to believe that these huge generalizations simply libel humanity.

Within bounds, and not very narrow ones either, Tolstoi has given us a good deal of this sort of "realism" before now; about as much, in fact, as most of us care for. He is always sufficiently disenchanting; if one had any illusions left, he could be trusted to make short work of them. From "War and Peace" and "Sevastopol" we learn all about horrida bella, with its bloody and grimy and grovelling details, the plumes and epaulets and gold lace torn off, and the "pomp and circumstance" trailed in unrespecting mire. "Ivan Ilyitch" showed us just what a low-minded, empty, self-deluding humbug a Russian official is, and how miserable when he comes to the end and begins to find it out, and how little even his wife and children care about him. "Anna Karenina" revealed to us not only the penalties for violating the seventh commandment, but the blundering and futile character of Moscow nobles, and the dense dulness of life on their rural estates. All this, however little edifying, was in its way instructive. But the only lesson to be caught from "The Kreutzer Sonata" is that genius can sink to awful depths when it cuts loose from moderation and common sense. The author no longer simply saddens us with his everlasting apples of Sodom; we are humiliated on his account. Even if half these things were true, the telling them in this blunt and brutal way is infamous.

The extracts above copied give a very imperfect idea of the book, which is an uncommonly hard one to quote from. The characteristic which first and most sensibly strikes the afflicted reader is its indecency; and in our age it is not permitted even to the most frantic reformer to be indecent. What might be allowed to a man half crazed by sins and sorrows, easing his bosom privately for a curious student of morbid psychology, becomes loathsome when the student calmly spreads it out on the printed page, to infest our reluctant eyes on store-counters and the shelves of circulating libraries. It is worse yet, if the student has cooked up this stuff in his own celebrated kitchen, and invented his murderous sensualist as the stalking-horse of opinions which cannot be broached without obscenity. One may be a pessimist if he likes, and yet refrain from rolling in the gutter and casting handfuls of filth at every passer-by. If the race is hopelessly corrupt, let it die out while still clinging to some semblance

of decorum. If silence be hypocrisy, is it not better for the public service than disclosures which can only sicken, not convert or cleanse? Humanity is frail, many men are wicked; granted, but instinct and experience teach us that the less said the better about a certain class of weaknesses and vices, because you cannot remove or check them by talking about them; the talk is far more likely to increase them. We all know what these evils are, and minute additions to our knowledge of them are seldom beneficial. Physicians, scientists, city missionaries, have to meet in order to resist them; the rest of us may well be spared their disgraceful details. Modesty and refinement of feeling are qualities we want to cherish and cultivate; and that is to be done by turning the trend of thought, as well as the effort of the will, up, not down, toward the better, not the baser, elements of our nature. By common consent a decent veil is cast over certain factors and incidents of life which are but too willing to obtrude their unsightly faces; it is ill for him who without rare and adequate occasion would lift that veil. There is a cry, not without reason, for greater literary freedom of topic and treatment; yes, but within limits of decency at least. However honest the misjudging author's intent, a book like "The Kreutzer Sonata," so far as it has any other effect than to raise abhorrence, makes against civilization, and for rather than against "the beast and devil in the soul."

Moreover, Tolstoi's indictment is so sweeping as to lose point. He confounds nature with its abuses, the inevitable with the excessive, innocence with guilt. However it may be in Russia, in more favored lands it is not true that ninety-nine per cent. of men, and of women after marriage, are unhappy, low-minded, squabbling sensualists. To state the charge is to refute it.

Tolstoi lays all human misery and crime at the door of lust, just as some of our total abstainers father it all on drunkenness. One position may be as true as the other. The zeal which has got beyond control of reason, like the untrained mind, cannot distinguish between "much" and "all," between the branch and the tree.

As Count Tolstoi lives under a despotism, it might be well for him to make terms with the Czar (who not unreasonably forbade the publication of this last book), and persuade that potentate to decree that henceforth all men in his dominions shall be born without passions, or, better still, without bodies. This seems the straightest way to his object. For the only other remedy which he suggests, the extirpation of the human race, desirable as it may be abstractly, even Russia is not ready yet.

This author has brought out a new play, which is said to be as "radical" as his last alleged story. If he means to go on at this rate, it needs no prophet to predict that his reign (among Anglo-Saxons) will soon be over. If we must have a great Russian novelist to bow down before, why not revive Turgeneff? He was, by common consent, a genius, though much overlooked of late. He knew life, society, manners, and character, as well as Tolstoi. He was an analyst, a psychologist, and a bit of a pessimist (if that is necessary), though his tone is one of gentle sadness, not of harsh condemnation. He never followed theories so far as to break from sympathy with his class, his nation, or his race. He was a man of his time, but not so far ahead of it as to lose touch with it. In fine, he preserved his sanity, and always wrote like a gentleman.

Frederic M. Bird.

MILK-LEGISLATION.

WITHIN the past ten years much attention has been given to the subject of securing a healthful, pure, and nutritious supply of milk for family consumption.

Massachusetts, New York, and New Jersey have been the pioneers in this country in the enactment of laws bearing upon the subject, and many of the other States have followed in their wake. The movement was commendable in that it had for its object the preservation of the public health and the protection of those classes who otherwise would be unable to protect themselves. But, unfortunately, these pioneers in milk-legislation started with wrong premises, and most of the milk-enactments in the United States since have (with all due deference to the intelligence of our legislators) followed too closely in their footsteps.

They began with what they considered a law which could be easily enforced,—viz., that all milk should contain a certain percentage of solids or be condemned as impure. This law includes features which have in the main been steadily rejected by enlightened governments abroad as unjust, unintelligent,

and not economic.

The Massachusetts act requires thirteen per cent. of total solids. The New York act requires twelve per cent. of total solids, "of which three per cent. must be fat." The New Jersey act requires twelve per cent. of total solids. The folly of thus confounding the physical properties of a natural product with its chemical constituents is apparent, and the injustice of condemning milk as necessarily impure because said constituents do not reach a certain limit, hardly needs to be demonstrated. Yet in New Jersey, which has the most liberal limit for solids of any of the States named above, prosecutions for selling impure milk have in past years frequently been conducted on that basis, although a late bulletin from the State Agricultural Experiment Station declares that "experience teaches that this is an erroneous assumption. Analysis of perfectly pure milk from herds of Ayrshire, Holstein, and short-horn breeds of kine, during August, September, and October, showed that the percentage of solids frequently fell below the standard of twelve per cent."

The professed object of these milk laws is the preservation of the public health; but the amount of solids in milk has really far less influence on this important matter than many other factors intimately connected with it, among which I would mention primarily the health of the cow, absolute cleanliness of the dairy and of all vessels connected therewith as regards the preparation, care, and shipment of the milk, and, lastly, the places of distribution to the consumer. Our task in framing suitable laws thoroughly efficient and at the same time just to the honest producer and dealer should be comparatively an easy one, in view of the fact that the whole ground has been already covered by various European governments, the effectiveness of whose laws on the subject is clearly shown by the accomplishment of the object sought. In England, milk, as other foods, is subjected to control under the "Food and Drug Act:" want of space alone prevents the presentation in this article of the text entire of the "Dairies, Cow-Sheds, and Milk-Shops Order" of 1885, the provisions of which apply to England, Wales, and Scotland. By this act persons in certain conditions of ill health are forbidden to milk cows or handle vessels used for containing milk for sale, or in any way to take part or assist in the conduct of the trade or business of the

cow-keeper or dairyman; then follow stringent measures for the preservation of cleanliness of the places of storage and sale of milk. Provision is also made for the inspection of cattle in dairies and regulating the ventilation, water-supply, drainage, etc.

In France, in addition to the laws for regulating the supply and sale of milk, a system of competitive analysis is carried on; in Paris each police-station receives samples of milk and other foods, and these samples are analyzed free of charge at the Municipal Laboratory and certificates of analysis given to the

furnishers of the samples.

M. Girard, Chef du Laboratoire, makes the following statement in relation to the efficiency of this method on the part of the authorities for securing pure supplies: "Thus enlightened by certificates of analysis, they [the buyers] can change the furnisher and seek elsewhere such food and drink as would be worth the price they are willing to give and that will repay the trouble of their search. This abandonment of the adulterating vendor by his cheated client constitutes for the former a pecuniary punishment not less severe than the fines inflicted in the courts."

A similar method has been successfully adopted in Brunswick, Germany, with the additional feature of the publication of the results of the analysis and of the names of those from whom the supplies have been purchased.

This plan for securing a pure milk-supply by publication has been recommended for adoption in this country by Dr. E. H. Jenkins in a report to the Connecticut Agricultural Station: without doubt the system is greatly superior to the methods now in operation in various States, and would result in marked advantages to the community at large. A. J. Wedderburn, in his United States Department of Agriculture Bulletin, says, "The failure to make public all

adulteration makes the practice more common than under a system by which the manipulator understood that his practices would be thoroughly published."

Again, in this Bulletin Dr. Beckwith is quoted as commenting upon the great reduction in the amount of adulteration practised in Canada, considering "that the only mode of punishment for infraction of the law has been the publication of the guilty parties." Do not understand from the foregoing that there are no provisions made by governments abroad for the punishment by fine or otherwise of those who adulterate milk or who knowingly sell such adulterated article; there are such, and severe penalties are inflicted upon those who on trial are proved guilty.

That we should have in this country the benefit of wise, comprehensive, and efficient laws governing the milk-supply, all intelligent and disinterested citizens will admit, and the sooner the public is informed upon the matter of enlightened milk-legislation the more speedily will the benefits of the same

be obtained.

I cannot more fittingly close this article than by quoting from an address recently delivered by Mr. George Abbott before the American Guernsey Club, in which he advocates a legislation that would provide the following safeguards:

"A veterinarian and sanitary inspection that would extend to herds, feeds, water, stables, and dairy premises. A sanitary inspection that would maintain an oversight of town and city storage and sales-places for milk; a taking of samples of milk and analyzing the same; free analysis of milk in common with other foods, for the information of consumers; severe penalties for knowingly selling milk from diseased cows or that has been exposed to contamination of

any kind; severe penalties for adulteration or reduction of milk and for knowingly offering such milk for sale; and publication of the results of analytical and sanitary investigation. No 'legal limits' for solids should be established: to do so is unwise, impractical, unjust, and worse than useless."

R. M. Elfreth.

THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.

PHILADELPHIA is fortunate in the possession of an institution which, in its peculiar field, has no equal in this country and few superiors abroad; and unfortunate in its lack of appreciation, or even knowledge, of its special advantages. As the Academy of Natural Sciences, the institution in question, has just begun the erection of a more ample home for its scientific treasures, some account of its progress and present condition may be here in place.

This institution began its existence in a very humble way, and has, unlike its rivals, never received a cent of public aid, owing all it possesses to the liberality of the citizens of Philadelphia. It may safely be said that there is no other museum in existence, comparable with that of the Academy in abundance and value of scientific material, that has not been liberally aided by govern-

ment money or by an ample original endowment.

Lest what is above said should be looked upon as an exaggeration, a briet statement of the extent and character of the collections in question may be given. In its representation of the feathered kingdom, for example, the museum of the Academy until recently surpassed all others, though now there are three European collections with a greater number of birds. That of the Academy numbers about thirty-one thousand specimens, nearly all mounted.

In shells its collection is unrivalled, since it surpasses, in this branch of natural history, even the famous collection of the British Museum. The shells occupy about sixty thousand trays, and number in all more than half a million specimens. The conchologists of the Academy, who are among its most ardent students, have recently organized a society of American conchologists, which has been joined by most of the prominent students of this branch of science throughout the country.

In botany the Academy collection is of great extent and value. In flowering plants there are examples of more than thirty-five thousand species, and it is, of American herbaria, only surpassed by that made at Harvard College by

the late Dr. Asa Gray, America's most distinguished botanist.

The cabinet of minerals is one of the most important in the country. It may be said that no other city in America possesses so extended, complete, and valuable a series of mineral specimens, though Philadelphia is fortunate in possessing two such collections, one the property of a private collector.

In fossils, the Academy collection is one of the most important in America, and, so far as invertebrate fossils are concerned, probably the most extensive. It occupies some twenty thousand trays, and embraces some of the most valu-

able type specimens of our leading palæontologists.

The archæological collection, now crowded almost out of sight through lack of room for its proper display, is of high scientific value, and has but two superiors in this country. The entomological collection contains the largest

series of North American insects in any museum. In other branches of science the Academy museum is little less rich and important; and it may safely be repeated that its collection of natural history specimens is among the most valuable and complete in existence.

Its library is no less valuable, being acknowledged to be the largest and most important collection of exclusively scientific works in America. In some directions, as that of conchology, it is measurably complete, no work of any value in the science being wanting. It numbers in all about thirty-five thousand volumes, including a large number of sumptuously illustrated folios, of almost incomparable value.

Such, briefly stated, are the condition and value of the museum and library of the Academy. Yet these treasures are so crowded, through insufficient room, that it is quite impossible to display them properly, and the edifice whose erection has just begun has long been greatly needed. This edifice has been planned on a grand scale, and when finished will form the noblest home of science on this continent. The incitement to its erection is a donation of fifty thousand dollars from the State treasury, not as a gift to science, but as a means for the proper display of the highly important geological and palseontological material of the Pennsylvania State Geological Survey, which, when shown, will add greatly to the interest and educational value of the Academy's collections.

Hardly a tithe of the story has been told here. The Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences is far more active at present than it gets credit for, and in its various enterprises of popular and scientific lectures, expeditions in search of new material, arrangement and display of its collections, the formation of a special cabinet of the natural history material of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and in other directions, is adding to its value and fulfilling its mission as a prominent scientific and educational institution. Its active labors and projected improvements, however, are hindered by its present cramped and crowded state, and it appeals once more to the citizens of Philadelphia for a renewal of their former generous aid, promising, in its projected edifice, to give this city an Academy of the Natural Sciences which will be without a peer in America.

Charles Morris.

BOOK-TALK.

GHOSTS.

The use of ghosts in literature has been practised from the earliest times, though seldom successfully. No literary feat is more difficult than the right treatment of the supernatural. The reasons are obvious. The faculty of imagination as employed in ordinary imaginative literature is a thing of comparative simplicity. By combinations, by exclusions, by modifications of real personalities and events and scenes, it engenders a new world, similar to the real world, but on a different scale, and attuned to another key. It is a world of cognizable form and proportion, in which light and shadow, good and evil, symmetrically balance one another; in which each character occupies its visibly proper place, in which every event has a significance, in which external nature rhymes with human moods, in which the end of the drama is calculated and foreseen from

the beginning. But, although the general scheme of this imaginative world is thus arbitrary and limited, the details of which it is composed are based upon actual experience, and the writer's effort is to render them vivid images of reality. His success depends upon this. However clever may be his constructive power (as it is technically termed), it avails nothing unless the filling in of the design is recognizable as the faithful reproduction of truth and fact. Excellence of imagination is power to do well what ordinary people do badly. It postulates keen observation, judicious generalization, and a profound eye for truth. Truth is the woof and warp of fiction; only the pattern of the fabric is invented.

It is easy to see, however, that the management of the supernatural demands the exercise of quite another phase of the imagination. For the supernatural is nothing if it be not subjective. The mere description of a ghost has no value. A ghost, objectively regarded, is merely a human figure; it may be white, or semi-transparent, or shadowy, or it may possess the apparent substantiality of a natural being; its countenance may be terrible, beautiful, or enigmatical; these details are powerless to arouse fear and awe,-that peculiar awe, or creeping horror, that should accompany the presence of a disembodied spirit. In other words, a ghost must be portrayed by suggesting the emotions that it excites rather than by its report to the eye. Its surrounding circumstances, its abnormal conditions, the sense it arouses of mingled reality and incredibility, its subtle fulfilment of causes that can have no natural issue, the mysterious laws by which it appears and acts,—these and the like are the features to be dwelt upon. Language itself, moreover, when used by a master, is capable by its very sound and rhythm, and the associations called up by its words, of creating in the reader's mind the kind of suspense, wonder, and terror that are awakened by eerie manifestations. Plainly, then, the literary art that produces effective ghost-stories must be of a fine and exceptional quality. There must be imagination and something more. The pictures drawn are representations not of external nature, but of interior impressions; not of anything that exists in the ordinary sense, but of unsubstantial seemings. The purposes or emotions ascribed to the ghost itself, its acts and gestures, may be of the most uncomplicated and simple character. It may merely stand by a bedside or cross a room or utter a single sentence; that will suffice, if only the conditions are right. In the same way, the lightest manifestation of a person invested with the power of life and death is interesting, while the much more sensational performances of an ordinary individual command no notice. A writer may have genius, without being able to manage the supernatural. And it is to be observed that no one can manage it properly whose mind does not contain a strong element of common sense. For nothing is more certain than that so-called supernatural phenomena, if they are at all, are in accordance with laws at the very basis of creation. And only those who recognize and trust in these laws can handle the finer, subjective results of them which all things ghostly stand

If we review the masters in this species of literature, we shall find confirmation of the theory. Some of Walter Scott's ghost-stories are among the best in the language. Shakespeare's apparitions are as real, in their way, as any of his other characters. Goethe never blundered with his disembodied spirits. Nathaniel Hawthorne, with one of the sanest of minds, produced weird effects not surpassed in literature. On the other hand, flighty and fantastic intellects, with no strong hold upon realities, seldom bring a genuine thrill to the reader's

nerves. In order to appreciate a ghost, we must be, not in ghost-land, but upon the solid earth. It is the contrast that tells,—the veiled perception of the bottomless gulf that intervenes between us who call ourselves the living, and those whom we call the dead.

The ghost in literature has, of late, been undergoing a sort of scientific revival. Hypnotism, and the Psychical Research Society, not to mention the theosophical cult recently established here and in England, are responsible for this new departure. Ghosts are now to be explained, not, as Mrs. Radcliffe and other misguided persons have explained them, on the ground of malicious deceit or nervous hallucination, but by philosophy, esoteric or other. It has been found that the phonographic cylinder registers sounds inaudible to the human ear, and that the photographic plate is sensitive to rays of light beyond the compass of the human eye. We may, therefore, by means of mechanical apparatus, see and hear things invisible and inaudible. Again, etheric vibrations may be so controlled as to produce apparently supernatural effects. As for theosophy, a man, by taking thought, may make a ghost of himself, pass through matter, and conquer gravitation. Trance and clairvoyance reveal new worlds and states, and enable mind to control body in novel and startling ways. The physical world seems to be on the point of dissolving before the sagacious analysis of the scientist.

All this has generated a new and entertaining order of stories, which, if not ghost-stories, have as yet found no other distinctive name. Entertaining they certainly are; but they lack another quality which belonged to the old ghoststories: they arouse, not awe or horror, but curiosity. We can read them after dark in a lonely room without fear: as we study the page, we are not sensible of a Presence lurking behind our chair: we go up-stairs to bed free from the fancied pursuit of phantom footsteps. Our mood is now a cheerful, confident, knowing one: at most, we speculate; we no longer shiver in spectral bewilderment. This may be gratifying, from one point of view; but surely it implies a serious literary deprivation. Awe and mystery-the unexplained and unexplainable-are essential to our complete literary well-being. The human race, since the beginning of time, has enjoyed being mystified and having its flesh creep; and we of to-day, however enlightened we may be, can ill afford to forego the same luxury. Man is, after all, finite, and the time never can or ought to come when there is not something that he cannot understand. The world, geographically speaking, has few unexplored nooks to offer; Nature seems to have made up her mind to begin to surrender her shyest secrets; but mystery is immortal, like the craving for it.

And even now, literary art is competent to make bricks without straw,—to create the thrill that we love with materials which unskilled workmanship might find barren. There is, for example, a book recently published, containing four ghost-stories written by Vernon Lee,—a nom de guerre that conceals the name of an English lady who has already made herself known in literature. She is a skilful and attractive writer, and these "Hauntings," as she calls them, are well conceived and carefully executed. In her preface, she protests against the new ghosts of the Psychological Research Society,—the Jemima-Jackson's-deceased-aunt's kind of ghost. Anything like scientific reasonableness is to be avoided. There must be a deep, rich atmosphere, which seems transparent, and yet misleads the eye and trips up the judgment. Things must be subtly intimated rather than categorically stated; and the scenery of the tale must be

colored and adapted to render it harmonious with the terror and enigma of the apparition. Above all, explanations are to be avoided; the occult sympathies of the reader are to be appealed to; he must surmise a fantastic sort of phantom logic in the unfolding of events, and yet there must be an opening left through which a matter-of-fact interpretation can be divined. The true ghost-stories, to use her own words, "are things of the imagination, born there, bred there, sprung from the strange confused heaps, half rubbish, half treasure, which lie in our fancy; heaps of half-faded recollections, of fragmentary vivid impressions, litter of multi-colored tatters, and faded herbs and flowers, whence arises that odor (we all know it), musty and damp, but penetratingly deep, and intoxicatingly heavy, which hangs in the air when the ghost has swept through the unopened door, and the flickering flames of candle and fire start up once more after waning."

No doubt, very effective ghost-stories can be designed upon a different method. Instead of harmony there can be contrast,—the contrast between blunt simplicity of language and scenery, and the supernatural shiver of the Presence itself. The writer, instead of giving himself up to the glamour and wonder of his impressions, may keep his head and sharpen his memory, not to explain, but clearly to portray. This also is well, and has been proved so by more than one master of the art. But the method Vernon Lee has chosen has the quality of esthetic beauty, which possesses a value of its own, and is none

too common in contemporary literature.

It must be admitted, however, that the author's work is not always equal to her conception. She is a trifle too fond of inconclusive description, and at critical moments her hand is somewhat heavy. Indeed, as we have intimated, only the finest art, the most transfiguring imagination, can be quite satisfactory here. But she has color and power, and loves the tales she tells; and, after all deductions have been made, her book is well worth reading. It can even be re-read with pleasure; and certain pictures she draws will linger pleasantly in the memory.

All the stories are told by the imaginary person who is supposed to be the subject of the experience. Something is gained in the way of vividness by this plan, though in several respects it increases the difficulty of the work. In all the stories, too, the apparition is of one who first lived in a long-past age, and now revisits this world, either as a phantom, or clothed in the flesh and bones of a material figure. Thus, in the first tale, "Amour dure," the narrator is a young Polish professor, who comes to Italy to make investigations in certain obscure passages of mediæval history. He falls upon traces of a beautiful and terrible woman, of the type of the Borgias and Bianca Capellos, who was loved by every man who knew her, and who was fatal to all who loved her. Piece by piece, in the old records, he makes out her story; and the traditions of her beauty are confirmed by portraits of her, in miniature and oil, and in a marble bust, which reward his eager search. Meditating deeply and constantly upon her, he insensibly becomes her champion, and frames cunning arguments to show that she was sinned against rather than sinning,—that she was constrained by circumstances, and by the character of the age in which she lived. He convinces himself that she deserved the love that she excited, not by her beauty only, but by some inner quality of charm, misunderstood or denied by her biographers. To be fatal was her destiny; but she was a glorious creature, to die for whom was supremely sweet. And then, by hints and vague in-

dications, the reader is led to surmise that so potent a spirit as this, whose former life had been so obscure and incomplete, as well as so redolent of baleful vitality, has not wholly ended its career; that the love and longing of an adorer of to-day may have power to draw her back to earth to receive his homage, and to requite him, as her former lovers had been requited, with the guerdon of death. There is madness in the idea; but we begin to perceive that the narrator himself has traits that may develop into madness; and, as the tale proceeds, we half doubt whether his record is of actual truth, or whether insanity has tinged it. Be that as it may, he grows to feel that the terrible beauty hovers near him, unseen; then, looking from a window down into the shadowy street, he sees a form that recalls the portrait in the anteroom of the palace; she beckons to him, and her face, revealed for an instant, is the face of Medea da Carpi. He reasons against the impression, ridicules it, fights against it, but it possesses him more and more; and day by day fresh intimations arise that the incredible is true, and that Medea has indeed returned to answer the passion of his devotion. At length he ceases to disbelieve; he knows that there is no illusion; and he gives himself up to terrible and enchanting anticipations. The night comes on which they are to meet: he hears the rustle of her robe upon the stair: it is she, the beautiful, the sweet, the deadly! Here the curtain falls; but the next morning the youth's dead body is found in his chamber, with a dagger in his heart,—the last victim of Medea da Carpi.

The other three stories are of perhaps equal merit, though for my own part I consider "Oke of Okehurst" the best done, and "A Wicked Voice" the least satisfactory. Vernon Lee, with her other gifts, has a sensuous or voluptuous touch which is especially effective in these old Italian themes, and makes her own personality interesting.

Julian Hawthorne.

"CONVERSATIONS IN A STUDIO."

Just as the essence of wit is surprise, so the charm of conversation lies in its offering us something unexpected. We desire not the obvious, not what is sufficiently in our thoughts already,—as a rule, not even the most profound and vital facts,—but stimulation, suggestiveness, release from the commonplace. And in literature the advantage which dialogue holds over the essay is that, since the subject presented is to be treated by different people of conflicting views and opinions, it is tested from every side and shown up in different lights. Mind kindles mind, and under the spur of keen rivalry the speakers may be expected to say more than they could have uttered in cold blood. Intellectual versatility, acuteness, brilliance, and bold paradox may be permitted for the time to supersede remorseless logic.

Thus the chief defect of Mr. William Wetmore Story's pleasant volumes, "Conversations in a Studio" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is that, although they bear the name, they possess not the distinctive merits but rather the faults of conversations. Mr. Mallett, the artist, intrenched in his studio with a drawer at hand full of note-books crammed from cover to cover with all kinds of curious information, finds an obliging listener in his friend Belton while he pours out revelations concerning the prices paid for works of art by the old Greeks and Romans, wonderful statistics concerning longevity, philological discoveries, and indulges in agreeable monologues on literary and other matters. When Belton has a chance to reply, it is in the same vein; and, no matter what fatal super-

abundance there may always have been of their deluge of facts,—some of which may be said to be important if true,—he perpetually asks for more. If he chances to differ from his host, he gracefully waives his own views, swings to the current, and politely answers, "No doubt you are perfectly right." It is all

sweet, placid, what Emerson calls "a mush of concession."

The reader is at first inclined to be flattered by finding that the conversation of these clever people nowhere takes a flight far beyond his own ken; but this satisfaction merges gradually—especially when the Shakespeare-Baconian myth is explained at some length—into a feeling half of indignation that his ignorance is too much taken for granted. In truth, some of the conversations are a trifle antiquated in tone, for conversations on a certain class of subjects need to catch the rainbow-glint on the very bubble of the hour. Of course the really great dialogues are always fresh. Whole ages may pass and their works decay, and it will still be perennially beautiful to read how Phædrus lured Socrates outside the city which he loved into the country which did not interest him, by the promise of reading to him the speech of Lysias, and how Phædrus took off his sandals to walk in the brook beside Socrates, who never wore sandals, and they cooled their feet in the running water in the hot noon, until they reached the great plane-tree beneath whose thick and spreading branches there was shade and a gentle breeze and grass enough to offer repose.

The absence of all endearing individual and characteristic touches is noticeable in Mr. Story's dialogues; they are dry and often pedantic when they ought to have been full of charm. Yet they are pleasant reading, and the quotations offer a golden bead-roll of thoughts. As a rule, a broad catholicity of taste is evident. But Mr. Mallett does not appreciate Goethe, and this lack of insight might have furnished opportunity for some sharp encounters with Belton, who admires and believes in the author of "Wilhelm Meister." Belton

is, however, far too polite to differ.

Mr. Story has written charming books, but he is primarily an artist; and Thackeray used to say that no artist ought to have any head above his eyes. Mr. Story's monumental work is "Roba di Roma," which will long remain the

best transcript of a mind rich in keen and vivid impressions.

Some of these dialogues relate chiefly to sculpture, the author's own art, and his views here are not only more valuable but more interesting than when he takes a wider range of subjects. Modern sculpture, he declares, has no style. It is imitative, domineered over by the model, and made to conform to the exigencies of what is felt to be pretty and agreeable. Ancient sculpture possessed, as it were, a thorough-bass, a scientific standard of perfection which is absolute. The Greek artist never permitted himself to be carried away by any deviations of the model from the type which he had studied through all the varying forms of nature. A model, Mr. Story affirms, should serve an artist only as a grammar or a dictionary of reference, else it takes from his work all the life and soul of his spontaneous idea.

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

The recent vogue of this comedy upon the stage both in England and in America lends opportuneness and additional interest to the appearance of the eighth volume of Dr. Furness's monumental work, "A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare" (J. B. Lippincott Co.). This volume is devoted to "As You Like It," and exhibits that ripe scholarship and sane and catholic judgment

which have made this variorum edition, so far as it has gone, the most perfect of its kind. The text used, as in the "Othello" and the "Merchant of Venice," is that of the First Folio (1623). On the same page with the text, all the various readings of the other folios, together with the thirty-nine critical editions of Shakespeare, beginning with Rowe, are given; then, as commentary, valuable notes by the editor follow, which not only elucidate the text, but serve at times as illustrations of the history of Shakespearian criticism. A brief glance at the contents will give some idea of the scope of this great work. The first two hundred and ninety pages are devoted to the text of the play, as explained above. The appendix contains the history of the text; the discussion of the date of composition, and of the sources of the plot, followed by a summary of the "Tale of Gamelyn," to portions of which Shakespeare is supposed by some to have been indebted, and the complete text of Thomas Lodge's "Rosalynde," which furnished the main part of the story; a disquisition upon the duration of the action; a collection of English and German criticisms upon the play; a summary of George Sand's adaptation, "Comme il vous plaira;" some critical notes on famous English Rosalinds (it is a pity that some American Rosalinds are not noticed also); treatises on the costumes and music of the play; and a summary of the audacious stage arrangement of Charles Johnson, who in 1723

brought out a garbled version which he called "Love in a Forest."

Let those who read Shakespeare only in what Dr. Furness calls an "idle, receptive mood," and who may cry cui bono? to all this vast array of patient erudition and scholarly research, take to heart these words from the preface: "Hours there are, and they come to all of us, when we want no voice, charm it never so wisely, to break in upon Shakespeare's own words. If there be obscurity, we rather like it; if the meaning be veiled, we prefer it veiled. Let the words flow on in their own sweet cadence, lulling our senses, charming our ears, and let all sharp quillets cease. When Amiens's gentle voice sings of the winter wind that its 'tooth is not so keen because it is not seen,' who of us ever dreams, until wearisome commentators gather mumbling around, that there is in the line the faintest flaw in logical sequence? But this idle, receptive mood does not last forever. The time comes when we would fain catch every ray of light flashing from these immortal plays and pluck the heart out of every mystery there: then, then, we listen respectfully and gratefully to every suggestion, every passing thought, which obscure passages have stirred and awakened in minds far finer than our own. Then it is that we welcome every aid which notes can supply, and find, too, a zest in tracing the history of Shakespearian comment. from the condescending patronizing tone of the early critics toward the 'old bard,' with Warburton's cries of 'rank nonsense,' to the reverential tone of the present day." It will be noticed that there is less of German criticism in this volume than in any of the preceding ones: this is because the Germans, and indeed foreigners generally, cannot understand "As You Like It." It is essentially English in the treatment of its theme, and in its wit and humor. The sweet, simple out-door life, free from conventional restraints, in itself a contrast to and a criticism on what is evil and artificial in society, must always bear a special charm for that people whose poets have always been the truest and most appreciative interpreters of nature. To them the waving boughs and forest streams of Arden, where "they fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the Golden World," will ever be an unfailing source of delight, and its simple. idyllic, impossible life will ever offer "balm for hurt minds." To quote Dr. Furness again, "England is the home of 'As You Like It,' with all its visions of the Forest of Arden and heavenly Rosalind; but let it remain there; never let it cross the 'narrow seas.' No Forest of Arden, 'rocking on its towery top all throats that gurgle sweet,' is to be found in the length and breadth of Germany or France, and without a Forest of Arden there can be no Rosalind." We can take pride in the fact that the play has crossed not the "narrow" but the wide seas, and has found here some fit interpreters, and, in the person of Dr. Furness, its best, most accurate, most appreciative expounder.

H. C. Walsh.

NEW BOOKS.

[The readers of LIPPINCOTT'S will find in this department, from month to month, such concise and critical notice of all noteworthy publications, of which extended reviews are not given elsewhere in the magazine, as will enable them to keep in touch with the world of new books.]

Fiction.-URANIE, by Camille Flammarion, translated by Mary J. Serrano (Cassell Publishing Co.). The romance of astronomical science; a cunningly-conceived and very adroitly written story. M. Flammarion sets us aquiver with eager interest in the mystery of the stars. --- ALINE, by Mme. Henry Gréville, translated by Rear-Admiral William G. Temple (D. Appleton & Co.). The situation is peculiarly French,—an intriguing lover who estranges mother and daughter. The latter's eyes are open to the young man's selfish motives, and happily she saves her dot. The filial estrangement is wrought out to a pathetic climax. TALES OF NEW ENGLAND, by Sarah Orne Jewett (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). A collection of carefully-written and picturesque tales of rural New-England life.—THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER, by Edwin Lasseter Bynner (Little, Brown & Co.). This author has done admirable things in historical romance, but nothing so good as this. It perpetuates most pleasantly the traditions of colonial New York. THE MERRY CHANTER, by Frank R. Stockton (The Century Co.). While there is perhaps a perilously close approach to the familiar house-boat situation in this delightful story, its incessant good fun and freshness of incidental adventure amply compensate for any freakishness of plot that may be missed.—THE RING OF AMASIS, by the Earl of Lytton (Macmillan & Co.). Lord Lytton revives and enlarges a romance of occult science which seems in its original form to have given much pleasure to certain American readers.—THE SHADOW OF A DREAM, by W. D. Howells (Harper & Brothers). Our old friend "March" relates this story with considerable spirit and skill in the first person. In a word, it tells how a nervous man dreams that his wife will marry after his death a certain tall and handsome young clergyman. The effect of this dream upon the dreamer, and the knowledge of it upon his sensitive widow and faithful friend, excellently developed, as of course the situation would be, serve only as a framework for one of Mr. Howells's most brilliantly woven and colorful tapestries. --- AN OCULAR DELUSION, by Frank Howard Howe (John W. Lovell Co.).--THE KILBURNS, by Annie Thomas (F. F. Lovell & Co.). YOUMA: THE STORY OF A WEST-INDIAN SLAVE, by Lafcadio Hearn (Harper & Brothers). Plot is

not necessary to the interest of Mr. Hearn's stories. He has the "antiseptic" style, and this pathetic tale admirably illustrates his very fine art.--THE CORSICAN BROTHERS, by Alexandre Dumas (T. B. Peterson & Brothers). A fairish translation. THE CAPTAIN OF THE JANIZARIES, by James M. Ludlow, D.D. (Harper & Brothers). Here is an historical story likely to live. It compasses the fall of Constantinople, and is through and through an entertaining and often highly-dramatic romance. --- EDWARD BURTON, by Henry Wood (Lee & Shepard). A dull "theological" romance.—THE TALKING IMAGE OF URUR, by Franz Hartmann, M.D.—A MAGNETIC MAN, AND OTHER STORIES, by E. S. Van Zile. DINNA FORGET, by John Strange Winter. IN THE VALLEY OF HAVILAH, by Frederick Thickstun Clark (F. F. Lovell & Co.). -THE BACHELOR GIRL, by William Hosea Ballou (John W. Lovell Co.). An ingenious tale, full of pleasing fancies concerning aerial navigation .-BLINDFOLD, by Florence Marryat (John W. Lovell Co.). OUR ERRING BROTHER, by F. W. Robinson (F. F. Lovell & Co.). THE SIN OF JOOST AVELINGH, by Maarten Maartens (F. F. Lovell & Co.). This novel has exceptional interest in its photographic views of Holland life,---As 'TIS IN LIFE, from the French, by E. P. Robins (Welch, Fracker Co.). The purposeful romance of a young Frenchman who murders a woman and afterwards marries her daughter. Unlikely and unpleasant.—THE RAJAH'S HEIR (Lippincotts). Fanciful, and adroitly written. —A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE, by L. T. Meade (F. F. Lovell & Co.).——FOR A MESS OF POTTAGE, by Sidney Lyon (Lippincotts). We cannot commend this as altogether agreeable reading, but it is certainly one of the notable novels of the past few years. The author achieves in places the best effects of George Meredith .--- A ROMANCE OF THE ANTIPODES, by Mrs. R. Dun Douglas (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

History and Biography.-Horatio Nelson, by W. Clark Russell, with the collaboration of William H. Jaques (G. P. Putnam's Sons). This wholly readable volume ushers in a new and promising series, that of the Heroes of the Nations. It was to be expected that Mr. Russell would make a noteworthy book with such a congenial subject, and as a matter of fact he has here done his best work in literature outside of fiction. The descriptions of the fights at Aboukir, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar are very telling. wish that more care had been given to the account of Nelson's relations with Lady Hamilton. Jeaffreson is too implicitly trusted and quoted.—DIARIES OF SIR MOSES AND LADY MONTEFIORE, COMPRISING THEIR LIFE AND WORK AS RECORDED IN THEIR DIARIES FROM 1812 TO 1883, edited by Dr. L. Loewe (Belford-Clarke Co.). An excellent opportunity was here afforded Dr. Loewe, who for a half-century was the intimate friend of Sir Moses Montefiore, to write a notable book, but it does not appear that he took advantage of it. The abundant material is poorly put together.—HAVELOCK, by Archibald Forbes (Macmillan & Co.). A praiseworthy addition to the English Men of Action series. Mr. Forbes naturally makes good use of his professional experience in rehearsing the Lucknow sieges. - ADVENTURES OF A YOUNGER SON, by Edward John Trelawny (Macmillan). Doubtless the better classification for this famous book. It is certain that considerable of it is authentic history of Trelawny's romantic career.—Russia, by W. R. Morfill (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Mr. Morfill's sympathies are all autocratic. He should not have written this volume for the excellent Story of the Nations series.

Poetry.—In Classic Shades, and Other Poems, by Joaquin Miller (Belford-Clarke Co.). A volume of verse always tuneful, and sometimes, as in "The Gold that Grew by Shasta Town" and "To the Czar," as vigorous as verse can be. Mr. Miller as a poet is either distinctively musical or distinctively celebrant: here, in great variety, he is meritoriously both.——Eleusis: A Poem (Chicago, privately printed). This volume is not misnamed. It is a poem of such exceptional strength and beauty that its anonymity is provocation of wild surmises.——Poems by John Hay (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). A convenient edition, containing the Pike County Ballads, Wanderlieder, New and Old, and some graceful translations.——Messalina: A Tragedy in Five Acts, by Algernon Sydney Logan (Lippincotts). A successful treatment of a difficult subject; obviously difficult despite its manifest dramatic possibilities.

Travels.—In Western Levant, by Francis C. Sessions (Welch, Fracker Co.). Pleasing and animated glimpses of life in Madrid, Toledo, Cordova, Seville, Granada, Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis.—Java, The Pearl of the East, by S. J. Higginson (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). A very commendable account of the history, wealth, natural resources, and inhabitants of Java, written primarily for young people, but entirely worthy of the careful reading of the old.

Miscellaneous.-A HAND-BOOK OF THE ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE, by Dr. J. J. Mombert (D. Appleton & Co.). A second edition of a very useful and thorough-going book, cordially to be recommended to Biblical students.——A Course of Lectures on the Growth and Means of Train-ING THE MENTAL FACULTY, delivered in the University of Cambridge, by Dr. Francis Warner (Macmillan & Co.). Thoughtful and practically suggestive papers, of deep interest to all readers not unmindful of the serious problems of education, and particularly helpful and hintful to teachers. RUSSIA, ITS PEOPLE AND ITS LITERATURE, by Emilia Pardo Bazan, translated from the Spanish by Fanny Hale Gardiner (A. C. McClurg & Co.). Forceful criticism and clever analysis, seldom deep or searching. The author, indeed, frankly ayows her ignorance of the Russian language and people. Otherwise the book is noticeable by reason of the sex and high social standing of the author. ——THE ECONOMIC BASIS OF PROTECTION, by Simon N. Patten, Ph.D. (Lippincotts). A succint, logical, and comprehensive statement.—OUTLINES OF JEWISH HIS-TORY, by Lady Magnus, revised by M. Friedlander, Ph.D. (Jewish Publication Society of America). Dr. Friedlander's revision adds value to a useful and convenient volume. --- EXERCISES IN FRENCH SYNTAX, by F. Stow (D. C. Heath & Co.).—Delsarte Recitation-Book and Directory, edited by Elsie M. Wilbor (Edgar S. Werner).——CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA, Vol. V. (Lippincotts). This new edition gives opportunity to draw attention to the merits of the most useful of all the encyclopædias. The present volume contains admirable articles on several subjects of peculiarly American interest, such as Dr. Holmes, Bret Harte, Harvard University, Hawthorne, President Harrison, General Grant, Georgia, and Henry George. - DELICATE FEASTING, by Theodore Child (Harper & Brothers). A vade-mecum in the modern art of gastronomy. -HISTORY OF ART FOR CLASSES, etc., by William H. Goodyear (A. S. Barnes & Co.). A meritorious text-book.

CURRENT NOTES.

"Is life worth the living?" is a veiled enigma, notwithstanding the pro and con of the many by-standers. Is it worth the living if we live to no purpose; if all there is of sorrow, pain, or mental suffering is wedged into the circle of one poor lifetime; all this the result of gross negligence or wilful disobedience? Let the sage and philosopher answer as seems wisest to them-let merchant and mechanic shake their heads and ponder well over the mystery of it, nevertheless suffering humanity will still cry out and beg for deadened senses. If the pious old wiseacres, instead of impressing upon the human mind how full of error life is, would kindly indicate how these mistakes may be avoided, and the most made of what happiness there is in life, humanity at large would be more thankful, and certainly more benefited. Let the question be, What is the most essential element of happiness? and the question will be coming nearer the core of the betterment of the human race. Is there anything that brings with it a greater boon than health, if people would only realize and acknowledge it? Life's tenure is very short and very slight, but no condition of the human frame is so little considered. If human happiness is to be promoted, then human health must be looked after. When we consider the little attention that is paid to the laws of health, we cannot be surprised at the indifference manifested in relation to the purity of the articles that are used in the daily food. Indigestion and dyspepsia are the readers of death-rolls, and just as surely an antidote to health and happiness. We eat for strength, but if our food is tainted by the adulterator's art, our stomachs are disordered, our tempers spoiled. It depends upon the kitchen whether the family shall be robust, bright, and energetic, or dull, stupid, and slow. The housekeeper measures out manhood and womanhood to the family, and should realize the responsibility of her position. There is no question that the stunted growth of children and a large class of ultimately fatal diseases are traceable to the carelessness with which quality of food is selected for our tables. Nowhere, except in the kitchen, where so much depends upon care in selection and preparation, is so little bestowed. Some housekeepers in order to lessen their expenditures will purchase cheap articles of food, little thinking that with every mouthful of these villanous compounds they are taking into their stomach just so much poison, whose cumulative effect may be death. That food is the cheapest which dollar's worth for dollar's worth affords the most strength, wholesomeness, and nourishment. There is abundant evidence that there is a stupendous traffic in groceries that are viciously compounded and fraudulently cheapened by a process which, while it lowers the prices and profits the grocer, leaves our daily food in a very questionable condition. There is no one article of food which has been so much subjected to the adulterator's art as baking powder, in which alum and other drugs are used to cheapen the product. If housekeepers would be saved the effects of ill health, let them beware of cheap or prize baking-powders. Some time since, the scientific heads of the great universities subjected every brand of baking powder on the market to a thorough analytical examination, and with but one exception, that of "Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder," all were adulterated. Every family should use "Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder" that has at heart the promotion of health.

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STAGE PROPERTIES FOR THE RELIGIOUS DRAMA.—In the case of the earliest recorded performance of a miracle-play, "Ludus de St. Katharina," at Dunstable, about 1110, when the players borrowed their dresses from the sacristan of St. Albans, ecclesiastical vestments were obtained from the abbeys and churches for the use of the actors of sacerdotal characters. Ultimately the clergy refused to lend their vestments to the guilds, who were obliged to provide the costumes and "properties," the poorer fraternities hiring the pageants of the wealthier or receiving help from them. Sharp says that "in 1548 the Cappers received 3s. 4d. from the Whittawer's Company for the 'hyer of our pageand,'" and "in 1574 and for some subsequent years the Cardmakers and Sadlers contributed 13s. 4d. annually to the Cappers toward their pageant." ("Coventry Mysteries," pp. 45, 48.) From the same authority we cull the following extracts from the guild registers of expenditure:

"Itm for mendyng of dame P'cula's garments, 7d. To reward to Maisturres Grymesby (Mrs. Grimesby) for lendyng off her geir ffor Pylatt's wyfe, 12d. Pd. for V schepskens for god's coot, and for makyng, 3s. Pd. for a gyrdyll for god, 3d. Pd. for payntyng and gyldyng god's cote * * * Itm for a quarte of wyne for heyrynge of P'cula is goune, 2d. Itm for makyng spret of god's cote and 2½ yards of bokeram, 2s. 1d."

Christ was represented as wearing a gilt peruke or beard, a painted sheep-skin coat, a girdle, and red sandals. His tormentors were black buckram jackets with nails and dice on them. The Virgin Mary were a crown; the angels had white surplices and wings; the "savyd sowles" were white coats, and the "dampnyd sowles" had their faces blackened and wore black coats, sometimes with red and yellow stripes on them to represent flames. In accordance with the popular belief, the color of Judas's hair and beard was red, as also was the beard of the devil. He was furnished with wings, sprouting from a black buckram or leathern dress trimmed with feathers and hair, and with claws for the hands and feet. Items of outlay, as of eightpence to "Wattis for dressyng of the devell's hede," show that some pains were bestowed on the headgear. But the heaviest expense was incurred over the dress and appointments of Herod, who were a gilt and silvered helmet, and was attired like a Saracen, his face being covered by a mask, as shown by the item, "payd to a peynter for peyntyng and mending of herodes heed, 4d."—Longman's Magazine.

BEFORE MARENGO.—Bourrienne tells us how the First Consul, in his Cabinet in Paris, traced the march to Marengo and laid his finger on the spot in the map where he would fight and defeat the Austrian army,—a prodigy of calculation, if we recollect the circumstances:

"When he had stationed the enemy's corps and drawn up the pins with red heads on the points where he hoped to bring his own troops, he said to me, 'Where do you think I shall beat Mélas?' 'How the devil do I know?' 'Why, look here, you fool! Mélas is at Alessandria with his head-quarters. There he will remain until Genoa surrenders. He has in Alessandria his magazines, his hospitals, his artillery, and his reserves. Crossing the Alps here' (pointing to the Great Mont St. Bernard), 'I shall fall upon Mélas, cut off his communications with Austria, and meet him here in the plains of Scrivia.'"—Temple Rose.

A GREAT SECRET of Beauty is long hair, which the Good Book declares to be the "glory of woman;" but it is no secret that rich, flowing tresses are secured by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Every one knows that this article has long been the favorite and fashionable hair-dressing, not only among ladies, but

among gentlemen who desire to retain through life the color and fulness of their hair.

"Nine years ago, at the age of 45, I was nearly bald, my hair having, from some unknown cause, fallen out gradually. We had found Ayer's Pills such an effectual general remedy that when I needed a hair restorer I naturally turned to Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used this, and a new growth of hair started. My hair is now heavy and firmly set as in youth."—MRS. L. C. WILSON, Sulphur Springs, Texas.

"For five years I was troubled with a disease of the scalp, which caused the hair to become harsh and dry and to fall out in such large quantities as to threaten complete baldness. Ayer's Hair Vigor being strongly recommended to me, I began to apply this preparation, and before the first bottle was used the hair ceased falling out and the scalp was restored to its former healthy condition."—Francisco Acevedo, Silao, Mexico.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.



For women who suffer from nervous and physical debility, great help is found in taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It produces the rapid effect of a stimulant, without the injurious reaction that follows the use of stimulants. The result of taking this medicine is a permanent increase of strength and vigor, both of mind and body.

"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla just what I have needed for a long time. I have tried different medicines or tonics, but never found a cure until I used this. My trouble has been a low state of the blood, causing faint turns."—Lena O'Connor. 121 Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

"I have been a victim for the past two years of general weakness with turns of fainting. Have tried various remedies, but with little relief till I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Some six months since I began to use this remedy, and am greatly benefited."—MISS K. E. WHITE, Somerville, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. Price \$1; six bottles \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT PLAYING-CARDS.—One of the most common superstitions is that where a card-player who is L. having good luck gets up and solemnly walks around his chair three times in order to propitiate fortune; or the player will call for a new pack of cards.

The partners in a game of cards who have the grain of the table running between them are also supposed to be helped thereby. This, I am told, is an

Irish superstition.

If you are a card-player, and, not having a table in your room, start to play cards on the bed, then beware, for this is an act sure to bring misfortunes innumerable.

Never throw a pack of cards at any one, as the act will bring all kinds of bad luck to the person struck.

When you have a pack of cards which have seen their best days, do not commit the imprudence of giving them away. It is also bad luck. The proper

plan is to burn them, and preferably with pepper and salt.

The belief that a large number of people have in the efficacy of fortunetelling by cards is too well known to dwell upon. These people, when a fortuneteller is not convenient, will often pick out their own fortune by means of divers kinds of solitaire.

Then there is the old proverb, "Lucky at cards, unlucky at love."

In a game of cards it is considered unlucky to a player to rest your foot on the back rung of his chair while looking at the game. Rest your foot on one of the side rungs or on the seat of the chair, but the back rung never.

One of the most curious superstitions I have met with is one which was told me of an old Irishman who could never be persuaded to play cards unless he wore his hat. When pressed for a reason he finally gave this one. The devil is always around when card-playing is in progress, and not to wear a hat would be a sign of respect to his majesty, and that would bring bad luck.—

American Notes and Queries.

BARBERS' POLES.—Of all symbols, none is so ancient as the barber's pole; few have caused so much antiquarian research. According to the "Athenian Oracle," the ancient Romans were so benefited by the first barber who came to their city that they erected a statue to his memory. Anciently barbers acted in a dual capacity, as hair-dressers and surgeons. In Rome they were wont to hang out, at the end of their poles, basins, that weary and wounded travellers might observe them at a distance. The parti-colored staff is said to indicate that surgery was carried on within, the color-stripe representing the fillet elegantly entwined round the patient's arm while he was phlebotomized. An illuminated missal of the time of Edward I. has a plate representing a patient, staff in hand and arm in fillet, undergoing phlebotomy.

Barbers proper—that is, hair-dressers and barber surgeons—were distinguished by the color of the bands on the poles, the former having a blue and the latter a red. As far back as 1797, barbers and surgeons were compelled by statute to display their poles, the latter likewise affixing a gallipot and red rag at the end. The fabulist Gay, in his fable on the "Goat without a Beard," alluding to a barber's shop, speaks of the red rag pendent from the pole.—All

the Year Round.

Extract from Shirley Dare's article in the New York Herald, June 15, 1890.

"COSMETIC AND PERFUME, MANICURE AND MASSAGE,—Lady Avilion, one of the high-born dames of the Primrose League in 'Syrlin,' says that 'shop-keepers all ought to go to Paris, Florence, or Dresden, to see how shops ought to be set out.'

"But a New York toilet house which I have in mind has little need of lessons from anything but the excellent taste of its owner. A page opens the door to the scented interior, deliciously fresh and cool, with its tea-rose-tinted walls, polished floor, bare but for a Turkish rug here and there, and the harmonious bric-à-brac which fills without crowding the room.

"The semblance of a shop is almost lost, for there are no counters or wall-cases, but white-and-gold Louis XVI. cabinets, loaded with charming things, each in its own color. One, violet scent-bags, boxes, china pots, and perfume-cases; another, jonquil yellow; a third, robin's-egg blue; a fourth, jade green. A white-and-gold hamper is piled with pale purple satin bags of lavender flowers for scenting linen, the sweetest, freshest scent in the world. Another great basket is heaped with almond-meal bags for the bath, another with the finest velvety sponges.

"One glittering case is filled with brushes and combs in embossed silver of rich designs, others with tortoise-shell, ivory, and scented wood mountings; and you can order a toilet comb set with rubies and pearls, if you like, with your crest in the middle.

"The manicure sets are complete beyond anything found elsewhere, with big buffers which polish the nails in a turn or two, powders and pastes delightfully tinted pink and carmine in charming lacquer boxes one covets for bonbons or jewel-holders. Toilet flagons in crystal and silver or enamel, quantities of Japanese and Dresden porcelain trays, boxes and pin-holders in delicious colorings, meet the eye, for a modern toilet table is decked out with as many pieces as a tea-service, and the glitter and gloss, the tint and tone, are all very pleasant.

"The scent sachets are a specialty, for the perfuming of houses and wardrobes is a business by itself nowadays, and an order for scenting a house is a
very welcome and profitable thing.

"The odors of white flowers now suit the fashionable taste. Accordingly, white rose, white lilac, white violet, white iris, jonquil, and white orchid figure on the list of new perfumes.

"Of course people have a funny way of decrying the use of cosmetics, having in mind the harm done by lead powders and mercurial paints. But all applications for the skin for the purpose of beautifying are cosmetics, and if you object to them on high moral grounds you must give up using a bit of cold cream for chapped lips, or a soothing wash for a sunburned face. Some cosmetics are injurious, many are not, and the safe ones are hurrying the others out of the market.

"One sees less of the kalsomine washes. The latest Parisian lotions are creams which plump the tissues and erase lines. There is real benefit for wrinkles and sallow complexions in these famous recipes if intelligently used. This charming little pot of toilet cream will last two months rightly applied, and soften the face to a marvel by its protecting layer on the skin. I saw it made the other day in the laboratory, and had a hand in the mixing, just to say so, and, for all there was in it, I should not be so afraid to eat it now. I wish

anything to eat looked half as good. If confectioners' creams had as many hours' beating as that pink emulsion, they might turn out as smoothly. If you want anything to keep your face fair, spite of wind, tan, and freckles, here is a nearly colorless liquid balm, one of the best things known, which will give quite a satin finish to most skins with the use of a bottle or two."

The above is a partial description of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Retail Shop, 305 Fifth Avenue, where, in addition to the famous Récamier Preparations, which are used and endorsed by Mesdames Adelina Patti Nicolini, Bernhardt, Brown-Potter, Modjeska, Langtry, Clara Louise Kellogg, and thousands of

others, every appointment of a gentlewoman's toilet may be obtained.

Kate Field says of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's New Shop, says the New York Star, that it is the most complete and perfect woman's shopping-place in the world. Send for circulars with copies of endorsements, and full list of Handkerchief Odors, Sachet Powders, Dentifrices, Manicure Goods, etc.

Paris.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER, 305 Fifth Avenue, New York. Saratoga.

THE ORDEAL OF THE DUEL.—It had attained a vigorous manhood among the tribes of Northern Europe before their written history began. It reached its legal prime in the early feudal ages, and enjoyed a new era of activity under the auspices of later chivalry. Its hardy constitution enabled it to set at naught the attacks of time, religion, and civilization until it was a hoary-headed anachronism long surviving its usefulness. Ordeals of various kinds, in their essence a passive appeal to the power of nature as the voice of God, once formed part of the judicial system of almost every nation, whether of the East or West. Trial by combat, on the contrary, in which the litigants were instruments in the appeal as well as subjects of it, had no such universality. Angry men have fought from the beginning, and will fight until the end. But trial by combat, a deliberate staking of a plea upon the issue of a duel, is a different and far higher thing.

It was not known to the Oriental races until after contact with the nascent chivalry of the West. It did not exist among the ancient Egyptians. We must reject, as Pope Nicholas I. did in the year 867, the argument that it was divinely instituted when David with his sling slew the mighty man of war of the Philistines. It was not practised by the Greeks. It was a department of jurisprudence which found no place in the codes of Roman Emperors or in the treatises of Roman jurists. It is true that it comes to the front in history at a time when the mistress of the world began to "droop and slowly die upon her throne," but it was not a growth likely to spring from the decaying tissues of a high civilization grown corrupt. Its roots must be sought in lands inhabited by a people not yet advanced beyond the barbarian stage.

THE chief chemist of the London Gas Company has succeeded in making from the refuse of a gas-retort a perfect emerald. The cost of making the gem, however, was many times greater than that for which a natural stone could be purchased at a jeweller's.

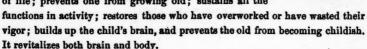
It is stated that a German artillery officer has succeeded in making a new explosive from carbolic acid, and that a shell filled with this material possesses a power hitherto unobtained. Experiments made with these shells thrown from mortars have all, it is stated, proved highly successful.

"My soul! I mean that bit of phosphorus that takes its place."-JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

CROSEY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES, from the nerve-giving principles of the brain of the ox, and the embryo of the wheat and oat.

For over twenty years physicians have acknowledged the fact that this brain principle is the best restorer of vigor to the human system; better than any "Elixir."

It is the principle that maintains man in the prime of life; prevents one from growing old; sustains all the



It strengthens the intellect, cures nervousness, restores vigor to the weakened, "used-up," or brain-wearied.

It has been used and recommended by Bishop Potter, Bishop Stevens, Bishop Robertson, Presidents Mark Hopkins, Parker, Draper, Dudley, and thousands of the world's best brain-workers.

It is a Vital, Nutrient Phosphite, not an inert Acid Phosphate.

"Every one speaks well of VITALIZED Phosphites."-Ed. Christian at Work.

F. Crosby Co., 56 West Twenty-Fifth Street, New York. Druggists, or sent by mail, \$1.00.

YOUR ANSWER TO THIS?—The argument for life insurance is almost as old as it is irresistible. The man who insures really strikes the key-note when he says, "Well, I won't expose my family to the chance of my dying, leaving them unprotected, before my work has achieved anything for them,—before I have accumulated a fund for their care." This is what frightens men into insuring; and they may well be affrighted at the probable fate of the family without life insurance.

This is but one phase. There is another, perhaps more influential because more selfish,—righteously selfish. It is the desire to pass one's old age in comfort. Who is a producer at sixty? How many at that age can earn a dollar? How few are they who are not wholly or partially dependent on charity! Look about you! The man who took the nickel from your hand and tugged at the strap which registered the fare was, twenty years ago, a prosperous merchant. The night watchman in the great —— Bank held his head very high but six years ago. With Monte-Christo, he then thought the world was his. It was a dream only. Mrs. S. now has a cheap boarding-house, and Mr. S., pinched in features, threadbare, wan, spiritless, ill, utterly crushed, goes marketing afoot. The wealth and splendor and pride which evoked applause and envy, now they are gone, call forth pity, contemptuous pity, from those who are exposed to the same hazard as was he.

The sensible man provides for both contingencies. If he die, the fate of the family is assured; if he live, he has days of independence and comfort.

Consult the PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Co., 921, 923, and 925 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. A PORTICAL WILL.—Mr. Will Jacket, one of the principal clerks in a London establishment, left behind him the following curious will, which was proved in the House of Commons:

I give and bequeath
(When I'm laid underneath)
To my two loving sisters most dear
The whole of my store,
Were it twice as much more,
Which God's goodness has granted me here.
And, that none may prevent
This my will and intent,
Or occasion the least of law racket,
With a solemn appeal
I confirm, sign, and seal
This the true act and deed of Will Jacket.

LONDON, 1769.

THE DECADENCE OF HIGH COMEDY.—This generation knows almost nothing by stage experience of high comedy, except in the way of revival. What under the name of comedy has occasionally won success on our English stage is a production which has somewhat reached upward to tragedy, or stretched downward to farce, or, more often, has borrowed the fine feathers of melodrama. The true, fuller modern comedy, such as Molière initiated, even our best Restoration comedy playwrights have but poorly imitated from him, and such as once or twice that greatest comedy genius of this century, Labiche, has attempted in an age that asked for lower things, is an unknown thing now on the London stage. Now, this finer and fuller comedy that we know not is more than a mere representation of life, or even an interpretation of it. It is a larger thing altogether, for, first, it must contain some element of not unkindly satire, with keen wit and broad humor, or it is no true comedy. Then, too, nature is not to be merely photographed, but a mirror is to be held up to reflect the likeness and at times the antics of human nature; but it must be a magic mirror that shall have just such a power of artful distortion in it as that we shall never ourselves be hurt to think we perceive our own lineaments disfigured or our own motions mocked. Finally, there must be some sort of eclecticism, -a picking out of the salient points of human nature, an intensification and an enhancement. It is clear there must be this, for the most realism-loving of audiences could not stand the pointless and long-winded talk of ordinary men and women. Moreover, we must have concentration of the little wit or fun there is in daily life, a shortening of its exuberance and an abridgment of what truth and wisdom there is in it into epigram and repartee. - The Fortnightly Review.

Possibly the Last of the Passion-Play.—It is rumored that the "Passion-Play" of 1890 is to be the last given in Ober-Ammergau, on the ground that the decadal harvest demoralizes the people for the nine intervening years. This would be a severe blow, not only financially, but also to the love for and pride in the observance, cultured from the very earliest years in every inhabitant of the village, for it is, as a German writer expresses it, the "Puls" and "Athem" of the place; neither Reichstag- nor district-voting has anything like the same interest for the people as the choice of the "Passion-Players," and the maidens think more of playing the "Heilige Mutter," or the "Magdalena," than of marrying.—Murray's Magazine.



QUINA-LAROCHE.— This preparation has for its basis a combination of all the principles of the best cinchonas with a rich special wine; not, like many mixtures, an ordinary compound of drugs, but a result of laborious researches, which has won for its inventor a National Prize of 16,600 france, and Gold Medals at the Expositions of Paris, Vienna, etc.

Quina-Laroche is par excellence the tonic with which

to combat stomach affections, loss of appetite, mental depression, anæmia, etc. Quina-Laroche is a powerful preservative against intermittent and continued fevers rebellious to sulphate of quinine, and of exceptional value in cases of tardy convalescence; in combination with iron, is especially recommended for poorness of the blood, chlorosis, difficulties of assimilation, debility, &c. Prevents Influenza and La Grippe.

E. Fougera & Co., Agents, No. 30 NorthWilliam St., New York. 22 Rue Drouot, Paris.

NOXIOUS HUMORS, combined with wind and water, are carried to and from every part of the body every six minutes. In many cases there are flying pains in the body,—sometimes in the back, sometimes in the side, and at other times in the arms and legs, and these are often called rheumatic pains, but in reality are nothing more than wind and water mingled with the blood and carried to every part of the body in its circulation. Let any one troubled with any or all of the symptoms here described take the wonderful English remedy, Beecham's Pills, four, five, or even six, and afterwards two pills morning and night for a few days, and they will carry off all noxious humors, expel the wind, cause a free circulation of the water, and lay the foundation of health and strength.

Beecham's Pills are prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York, Sole Agents for the United States, will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price, 25 cents a box, if your druggist does not keep them.

BE YOUR OWN HORSE-DOCTOR.—The Illustrated Catalogue issued by the Pioneer Buggy Co., Columbus, Ohio, not only contains full particulars about their Buggies, Carriages, and Road Carts, but gives much desirable information regarding the horse, how to tell his age, together with a list of all his diseases and what to do to cure them. This valuable book should be in the hands of every farmer and horse-owner. Will be sent to any address by sending six cents in stamps to the Pioneer Buggy Co., Columbus, Ohio. See advertisement in another column.

TURKISH PUNISHMENTS.—In Turkey twenty years ago men were hanged for trifles; tradesmen who sold short weight might be nailed by the ear to their own door-posts; and petty thieves, as well as men who were impertinent to officials or who refused to pay their taxes twice over, were bastinadoed on the soles of the feet. This last punishment, by the way, was light or cruel according as the patient was accustomed to go barefooted or to spend his life in babouches. The water-carriers, porters, street fruit-sellers, and peasants generally, whose soles were like horn, cared little for twenty-five cuts with a bamboo; but to tradesmen, clerks, and women the stripes were excruciatingly painful and brought weeks of lameness.

The present Sultan has abolished the bastinado in the European part of his dominions, and practically done away with capital punishment, except for brigandage and for attempts at assassinating high officials. Even brigands, however, are only hanged when they have laid hands on foreigners and caused an outcry in the European press. Genuine Turks seldom find their way into jail, saving for murder or inability to pay taxes, and the murders are often committed under the influence of religious fanaticism, when the Mussulman, driven mad by the fast of the Ramadan or by the rejoicings of the Bairam holidays, runs amuck with a knife among a crowd of Giaours. Such offenders, however, are always leniently dealt with by the Pashas, unless, of course, they happen to kill a foreign Christian, having an ambassador to avenge him.—Temple Bar.

SEVEN.—Seven was considered a holy number, and throughout the Scriptures it is frequently used as such. The seventh son of a seventh son was formerly looked upon as a natural doctor who possessed miraculous powers of healing the sick, and could, in fact, frequently effect a cure by merely touching the sufferer. Even at the present day this piece of superstition has not died out, and occasionally one may still meet with these so-called natural doctors, who fully believe in the marvellous powers ascribed to them. Among the Gaboon tribes there is a superstition that on the seventh day after the birth of a child the woman who is nursing the mother is in danger of being converted into an animal by some evil spirit if the necessary steps are not taken to prevent her metamorphosis. According to a popular superstition, seven years of bad luck may be expected by the unfortunate person who chances to break a mirror. There is a general belief with most people that they undergo some change every seven years; man's life is popularly divided into seven ages, and formerly it was supposed that seven and nine were capable of exerting much subtle influence over men, the product of these two numbers being particularly powerful in this respect. Thus, sixty-three years was called the grand climacteric, and that age was considered a very important crisis in a man's life. Women, on the other hand, were supposed to be more susceptible to the influence of six. Probably it was this belief in the supposed influence of nine and six on men's lives which originally gave rise to the custom of granting leases for multiples of seven or nine years. Long leases are granted for ninety-nine or nine hundred and ninety-nine years, instead of a hundred or a thousand years, and there is, we believe, a piece of superstition that otherwise the hundredth or the thousandth year would be under the influence of the evil one. - Chambers's Journal.

FORTY years ago almost every mother thought her child must have paregoric or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a few drops too many of them will produce the sleep from which there is no waking. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum, and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which, in poisonous doses, produces stupor, coma, convulsions, and death." The taste and smell of opium medicines are disguised, and sold under the names of

"Bateman's Drops," "Godfrey's Cordial," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician knows of what it is composed.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."—H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."—ALEX. ROBERTSON, M.D., 1057 Second Avenue, New York.

"From personal knowledge I can say that Castoria is a most excellent medicine for children."—Dr. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria promotes Digestion, assists Teething, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

• Unbelief is the worst of human foes, and has caused more procrastination of valuable time in the employment of the arts and sciences to man's use and profit than any other known obstacle in the path of human events. Unbelief fades away into comparative insignificance when confronted with Dr. Harding's Catarrh Cure.

The most sceptical people, who have become so from previous fruitless efforts to recover their health, become the warmest friends and greatest advocates of Dr. Harding's Catarrh Cure upon using same. It affords immediate relief, and the patient can realize a marked improvement from day to day until a perfect cure is established.

For sale by all druggists. Price per bottle, \$1.00, including Insufflator. Sent by mail to any address, postage prepaid. A treatise on Catarrh sent gratis upon application to the J. M. Harding Mfg. Co., 7 West 14th Street, New York City.

BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN TWO RACES.—The struggle for existence on equal terms between the two races is pursued in different parts of South Africa under varying conditions. In Cape Colony, under responsible self-government, the State educates the natives; it treats them with perfect equality before the law, and it gives them the same electoral rights as the white citizens. In the Transkei and in Basutoland the natives are massed in locations, and the land is held for their sole use on communal tenure, while in the Cape Colony proper. though a native may hold land in his own name on individual tenure, and though in certain districts they are placed on locations under communal rights. generally their holding on communal tenure, either as government lessees or on private ground, is discouraged. In Natal the Imperial government designedly keeps the natives as savages, without civil rights, on communal locations, and it administers a special native law which it would be complimentary to describe as barbarous. In the Transvaal, as in Natal, the natives have no civil rights, no attempt is made to administer any special law on their behalf; and the normal policy might fitly be described as the "go-as-you-please system," nominally of Draconian rigor, actually of slipshod indifference, tempered by occasional outbreaks of fitful ferocity. Nothing is more difficult than to estimate the feelings of the natives themselves toward the different systems of their white rulers. Perhaps it would be correct to say that in the Cape Colony they are more advanced, more useful both as servants and laborers, and more troublesome. In Natal they are least useful, and in the Transvaal least troublesome. In South Africa the Cape system has the fewest admirers .-The Fortnightly Review.

THE WINES OF FRANCE.—An era of prosperity has set in throughout the Médoc, as well as in the Champagne, Burgundy, and Rhône districts. Last year France produced nearly 663,000,000 gallons of wine (of which only 46,000,000, gallons were exported) and consumed over a milliard of gallons. The value of the 1888 produce—first cost in the growers' hands—was £40,000,000 in round numbers. To this mighty flood of wine, which would fill a canal twenty-four feet wide and twelve feet deep extending from London to York, the department of the Gironde contributed 66,000,000 gallons. As its wine-growing area is being largely and steadily extended, and as it has almost entirely rid itself of the phylloxera and mildew pests, it may be expected to yield a far greater quantity of clarets, Sauternes, and Graves in years to come.—The Fortnightly Review.

THE discoveries made by Stanley show that the Nile is the longest river in the world, being at least four thousand one hundred miles in length. Were the Mississippi regarded merely as a tributary to the Missouri, as some geographers contend, the latter stream would surpass the African watercourse, having a length of four thousand five hundred miles.

A STONE coffin in a tomb in Canterbury Cathedral on being opened was found to contain the body of an ancient archbishop fully vested. It is thought to be that of Cardinal Stephen Langton, who united with the barons in extorting Magna Charta from King John. Although buried six centuries ago, the features were still perfect and the vestments quite sound.